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THE GARDENS OF THE BOSPHORUS

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

THE Turk has never acquired the reputation of his Arab and Persian cousins in the matter of gardens. Perhaps it is that he belongs to a younger race and has had more conflicting traditions out of which to evolve a style. For he is a man to whom a garden is a necessity. He would never be content like ourselves with a bare lawn and a potato patch. He is given to staying much at home, he has a great love of flowers and fresh air, the nature of his domestic arrangements leads him to screen his private life from observation. Hence it is that the gardens of the Bosphorus are one of the most characteristic features of that river-like strait. They have, moreover, a definite *cachet* of their own. This is largely prescribed to them by the nature of the soil on which they are laid out. The banks of the Bosphorus slope sharply back to a height of some four hundred feet, and are broken by valleys penetrating more gradually into the rolling table-lands of Thrace and Asia Minor. Few of their houses, therefore, do not enjoy some view of the water and of the opposite shore, rarely more than a mile or two away. The gardens of the houses are accordingly laid out with reference to those views, and are determined in form by the steepness of the hill-sides on which they lie. They are terraces, that is, one or many according to the size of the garden.

Italian gardens are often laid out on the same principle. And the analogy is carried a step farther by the decorative part played in Constantinople by the cypress and the stone-pine. But the gardens of the Bosphorus have really very little of an Italian air. The smallest patch of ground in Italy is more architectural than the largest Turkish estate. Except in their mosques and the dependencies thereof the Turks have never been great putters together of stone and mortar. They do put any amount of stone and mortar together in retaining and enclosing walls, but the result has little architectural effect. They do not trim their terraces with stone or marble balustrades, while the lack of garden sculpture is with them a matter into which religion enters. In spite of their climbing terraces, therefore, they lean to the landscape school. Shade, flowers, and seclusion are for them the three treasures of a garden. To pick a rose, to sit in an arbor, to see water framed in trees, to take their *kef*, smoke their cigarette, chat with their family or friends, without being too closely spied upon, are the advantages which the gardens of the Bosphorus provide them in great variety. And a terrace ten feet long may be as enviable as an estate reaching from the water's edge to the top of the hill, since it is the blue panorama of the strait, with its busy boats and its background of hills, that is the chief ornament of the garden.

Those who have never visited Constantinople sometimes imagine the Bosphorus to be overhung by palms—I suppose because it washes the coast of Asia and flows into the Mediterranean. They are accordingly sadly disillusioned when they come to it at the end of a winter in Egypt and Palestine and encounter a snow-storm. As a matter of fact the Bosphorus, which lies in about the same latitude as Long Island

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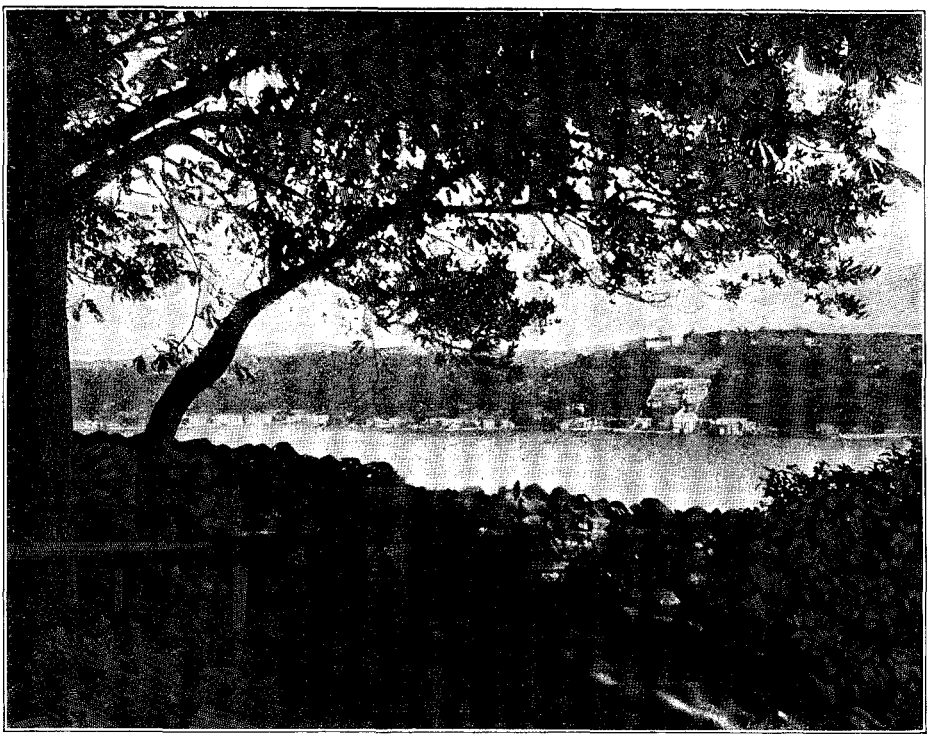

A terrace ten feet long may be as enviable as an estate reaching from the water's edge to the top of the hill. —Page 269.

Sound, has in spite of its rapid current been solidly frozen over two or three times in history. The last time was in February, 1621. That winter, if I remember correctly, was also severe for certain adventurers lately come from England to Massachusetts Bay. But if palms are as great a rarity in Constantinople as in New York or Connecticut, the trees that do grow there belong to a climate more like northern Italy. Most striking among them, and happily one of the commonest, is the stone-pine. These are often magnificent, marching along the edge of a terrace or the top of a hill with full consciousness of their decorative value. The cypress, perhaps even more common, inclines to raggedness rather than to slenderness or height. Other evergreens, including the beautiful cedar of Lebanon, have been domesticated in smaller numbers for ornamental purposes. The magnolia might properly be classed among them, the *magnolia grandiflora* of our Southern States, since it keeps its glossy leaves all winter long. Of the less tenacious brotherhood the plane tree is easily king, often reaching a majestic girth and stature. Lombardy poplars, horse-chestnuts, acacias of various sorts — I am too little of a botanist to know whether the curiously coiling umbrella tree so popular for arbors be one of them—are also characteristic. In the hill-side parks that are the pride of the larger estates, deciduous trees predominate altogether—chestnuts, walnuts, limes, oaks, elms, beeches, and sycamores. Among them is a graceful tree of heart-shaped leaves and dark contorted branches with whose true title I am unacquainted, but which is one of the greatest ornaments of the Bosphorus. It is popularly known as the Judas tree, after some legend that makes it the tree on which the traitorous apostle hanged himself. He must then have been of high descent, for the blossoms, which took thereafter the stain of his blood, have a decided violet tinge. They cover the branches so thickly before the leaves are out that they paint whole hillsides of April with their magenta.

These bits of wood, so pleasantly green in rainless summers, so warmly tawny in the autumn, are perhaps the last fragments

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Therapia enjoys some renown as the scene of combats between sea-marauders.

of vanished forests mentioned by the Byzantine historians. Not that you would suspect them of any great age, especially when violets are out and nightingales are busy among the branches. Neither are the houses to which they belong of an enduring architecture. A bit of marble in a deserted garden sometimes excites more interest than it should in an archæologically or romantically minded passer-by. But now and then a monstrous plane tree, a stately file of pines, has an air of saying to the nightingales: "Nous avons bien passé parlà." And sometimes a Byzantine capital, a broken pillar or stele, suddenly takes your thought back to pre-Turkish, even to pre-Roman springs. It can go back here, your thought, as far as you please—as far at any rate as Jason and the *Argo*, who sailed between these shores in the dawn of legend.

The name of one of the Bosphorus villages—of two, in fact—still recalls the transit of those early voyagers. When they returned from Colchis with Medea, that formidable passenger threw out poison upon the Thracian shore; whence the name Pharmakia, changed by the euphemism of the Greeks to Therapia, or Healing. The place which Therapia has long held in the hearts of Constantinopolitans would seem to prove that the latter was the truer name. While Therapia enjoys some renown as the scene of combats between sea-marauders of various nations, it is more celebrated as a place of *villeggiatura* for the great Phanariote families, who were interpreters of the Porte and Princes of Moldavia and Wallachia before the days of Balkan States. It is still the favorite summer resort of Christian Constantinople. There are, to be sure, reasons why it is better to look at Therapia than to be in it. The view it commands is the bleakest on the Bosphorus, and the prevailing north wind, which keeps the strait cooler in summer than Long Island Sound, sometimes gets on one's nerves. Nevertheless Therapia is an admirable centre for a variety of pleasant excursions; there are delicious gardens in the clefts of its hills, and from May till October the embassies impart to it such gayety as the somewhat meagre social resources of Constantinople afford.

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Constantinople is, I believe, the sole diplomatic post to which summer residences are attached. Each envoy also has a steam launch, for keeping in touch with the Sublime Porte, fifteen miles away, and a despatch boat is detailed to each embassy except the Persian. These dignities came about very naturally, by reason of the epidemics and disorders which used to break out in the city, the habit of Constantinople to transport itself bodily to the Bosphorus during the summer, and the generosity of the sultans. The English, French, and German governments all own beautiful estates at Therapia, presented to them by different sultans, while the Russians are magnificently established at an adjoining village. Their great hill-side park is a perfect wood, so dense in summer that the water is scarcely visible from it. If I might choose I would rather be the French ambassador than any other. He occupies a charming old red Turkish palace—or Greek rather, since it once belonged to the famous Ypsilantis—with jutting upper rooms supported on curved wooden corbels. His garden is not so large as some others, but more sapiently laid out. A bridge leads from the house to the first terrace, whose flowers and trees irregularly follow the curve of the hill-side. A formal avenue and steep wood-paths mount to the grassy upper terrace, commanding between noble pines and beeches the mouth of the Black Sea. The Italians also make *villeggiatura* at Therapia, the Austrians and Persians being installed farther down the Bosphorus. Our ambassador is the sole envoy of his rank obliged to hunt up hired quarters, though even some of the small legations occupy their own summer homes. Should Congress ever persuade itself that ambassadorial dignity is a thing worthy to be upheld, or should some sultan present us with one of the old estates still available, I hope we shall build an embassy in keeping, like the French, with its surroundings, and not such a monstrosity as other Powers have put up.

There is rivalry between the gardens of the upper, the middle, and the lower Bosphorus with regard to their advantages of position. The upper Bosphorus is from the European point of view the most desirable. The middle Bosphorus, however, is chiefly favored by the Turks, and for most reasons I am with them. The midsummer *meltem*, often intensely irritating nearer the mouth of the Black Sea, is here somewhat tempered by the windings of the strait. Then here the coasts of the two continents approach each other most closely, are most gracefully modelled and greenly wooded. The Asiatic shore in particular, which opposite Therapia is forbidding enough, is here a land of enchantment with its gardens, its groves, its happy valleys, its tempting points and bays, its weathered wooden villages, its ruined water-side castle of Anadolu Hissar, its skyline of cypresses and pines—and most so if seen from Europe in a light of sunset or early morning. Yet the spell is not broken if you enter it—as strangers often do at the famous Sweet Waters—and follow the curve of the shore, sometimes along an open quay, sometimes between garden walls and under garden bridges, past grave old latticed wooden houses of broad eaves and bracketed projections, or if you climb to hill-tops from which you may behold the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them.

The most notable of these overlooks the point of Candilli, the Beaconed. The crest of the hill is the ruin of an old villa, on a square terrace fringed by pines, whence the discerning person who lived there commanded nearly the whole length of the Bosphorus, with its successive basins and narrows, from Therapia to the Sea of Marmora. I know not of how antique a past those pines may be a memento, or the broken granite column at the fire signal station just below; but there are other pines in Candilli, and other abandoned terraces, to prove that earlier generations appreciated that magnificent site. And we know that Sultan Mohammed IV, who came to the throne in 1649, often stayed there. His favorite wife, a lady almost as famous in Turkish history as Roxelana, was a Greek, whose graceful Turkish name may be less gracefully rendered as Rosy Beverage of Spring. Discovering that her lord spent more of his hours than she found proper in the society of a Circassian dancing girl, she caused a man slave of her own to be educated in the terpsichorean art and presented him to Mohammed. She then asked one night as they sat at the edge of the water that the two dancers perform together for her amusement. The slaves accordingly danced on the terrace before their

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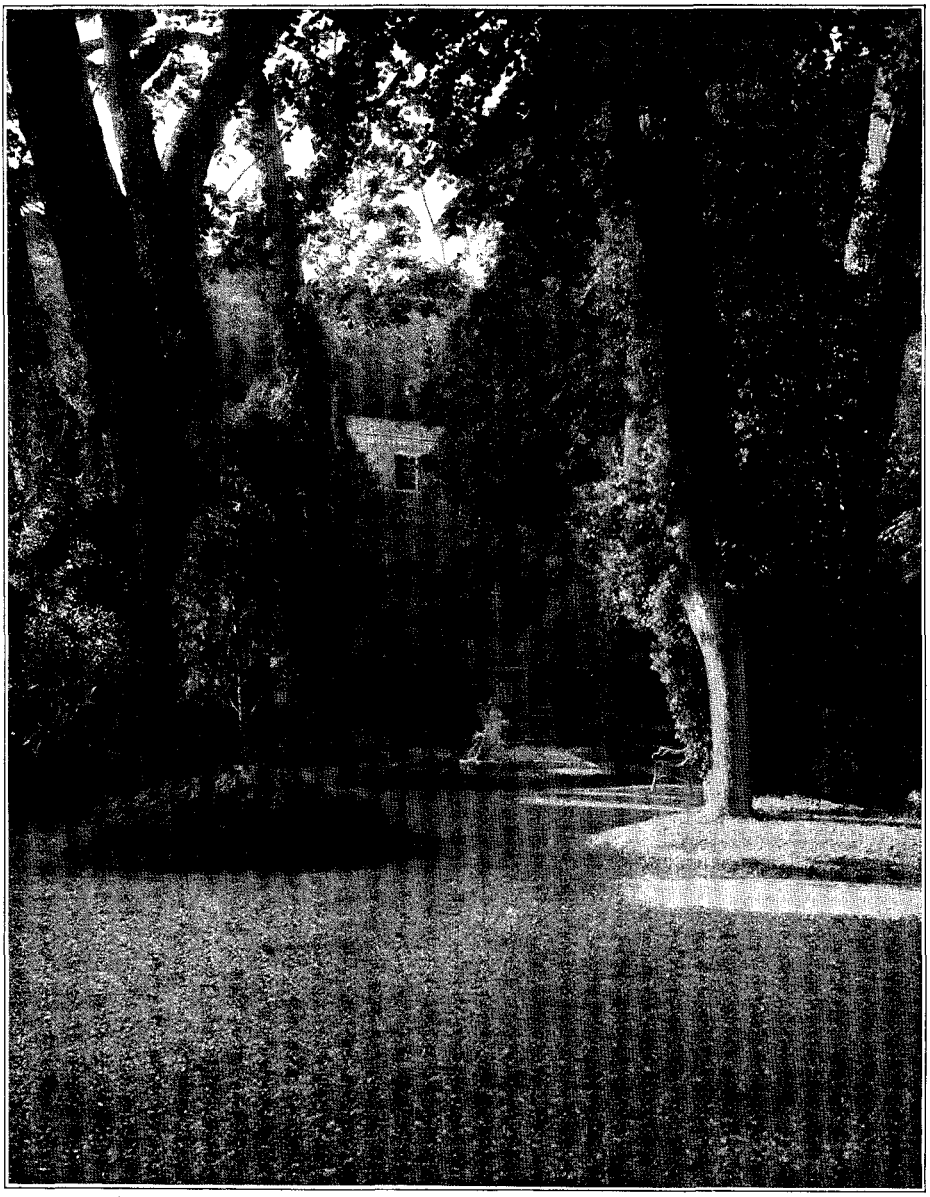

The garden of the Russian embassy, Buyukdereh.
The Russians are magnificently established.—Page 272.

imperial masters, nearer and nearer the water, till the man, by a seemingly careless thrust of his foot, tripped his companion into the Bosphorus. She was immediately carried away into the dark by the current, here extremely swift; and the Sultana doubtless slept the more sweetly, knowing there was one less dancer in the world. I presume the present imperial villa near the boat landing is the scene of this little drama. On a natural terrace higher up is a large white structure begun by Abdul Hamid II for one of his daughters. Surprised by the constitutional régime and wishing to curry favor with it, the wily old man gave the unfinished palace to the nation, for the first

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Turkish girls' college. "I built it for my daughter," he said; "I give it to my daughters." They say the directress is to be an American.

Several of the most enviable estates on this stretch of the Bosphorus belong to the vice-regal family of Egypt. Not least enviable is the one above Anadolu Hissar owned by a daughter of Ismaïl Pasha, the Khedive under whom the Suez Canal was dug. She made a romantic marriage in her youth with a handsome Circassian coachman in her father's employ, now a pasha of whom no one thinks the less for his humble origin. The view from their hill-top is almost equal to that of Candilli; but there are certain cypress avenues on their hospitable property, there is in particular an abandoned garden on the point of a lovely little bay, for which I sometimes think I would give all the rest of the Bosphorus. A villa on the other side of this most perfect of bays used to belong to an undersecretary of state, whose daughters, brought up like Europeans, gave Pierre Loti most of his material for "Les Désenchantées."

The beautiful wooded point of Chibouklou, a little farther up, is crowned by the château recently built by the present Khedive—or rather by workmen he imported from France. Directly opposite, on the southern point of Stenia Bay, is the immense old tumble-down wooden *yali* of his grandfather Ismaïl, who died there in exile. The estate behind it is the largest and historically one of the most interesting on the Bosphorus. The name of the deep, narrow bay is derived from that of the votive temple, Sosthenia or Safety, built by the Argonauts after their escape from King Amycus. A temple of Hecate was also known there in more authentic times, and a church dedicated to the Archangel Michael by Constantine the Great. In 1352 a great sea fight took place in the bay between the Venetian admiral Nicolò Pisani and the Genoese. Emirghian, the next lower village, is named after a Persian general who surrendered Erivan to Sultan Mourad IV in 1635 and ended his days in pleasant captivity on this wooded shore. Mourad used often to visit his Palace of Feridoun, where, "in the design of refreshing his vital spirits and of summoning the warmth which awakens joy, it pleased" the Sultan "to give rein to the light courser of the beverage of the sunrise," as a discreet historian put that violent young man's propensity to strong waters. It was after a debauch here that he died, at the age of twenty-eight, having beheaded a hundred thousand of his people and having entertained a bloody ambition that the house of Osman should perish with himself. He gave orders on his death-bed that the head of his brother Ibrahim, the last surviving male of his blood, should be brought to him; but his courtiers took advantage of his condition to dissemble their disobedience, and the imperial family to-day springs from that brother.

At Roumeli Hissar, still farther to the south, is a neglected garden which belonged to Halim Pasha, brother of the spendthrift Ismaïl. According to the custom of Islam he would have been Khedive in turn if Ismaïl had not bound the Turkish government by a substantial *quid pro quo* to make the vice-royalty hereditary to the eldest son in his own family. And Halim Pasha's family later suffered the misfortune to be nearly ruined by an English speculator. But there is one spot in their park which must have gone far to make up for their disinheritance. It is the brow of a bluff which seems to drop sheer into the Bosphorus. There an artful group of cypresses and one gnarled olive frame the blue below; and there on sunny afternoons, there most notably on starry evenings, when shore lights curve fantastically through the underlying darkness and all land and water sounds have some summer magic in them, an Antony might dream away content the loss of Egypt.

Halim Pasha owned another splendid garden on Bebek Bay, still farther south. Next to his faded pink wooden *yali* in the dignified old Turkish style, and likewise linked by bridges across the public road to a park that climbs the hill behind, is the trim *art nouveau* villa of the actual Khedive's mother. This majestic old lady is one of the most familiar figures on the Bosphorus. Her annual approach and departure on her son's big turbine-yacht *Mahroussah* are the signals for spring and autumn to open their campaigns, while her skimming mahogany steam-launch is an integral part of summer. She is, moreover, a person whom the poor of her neighborhood have cause to bless. During the lenten month of Ramazan she provides *iftar*, the sunset breakfast of the day, for any who choose to

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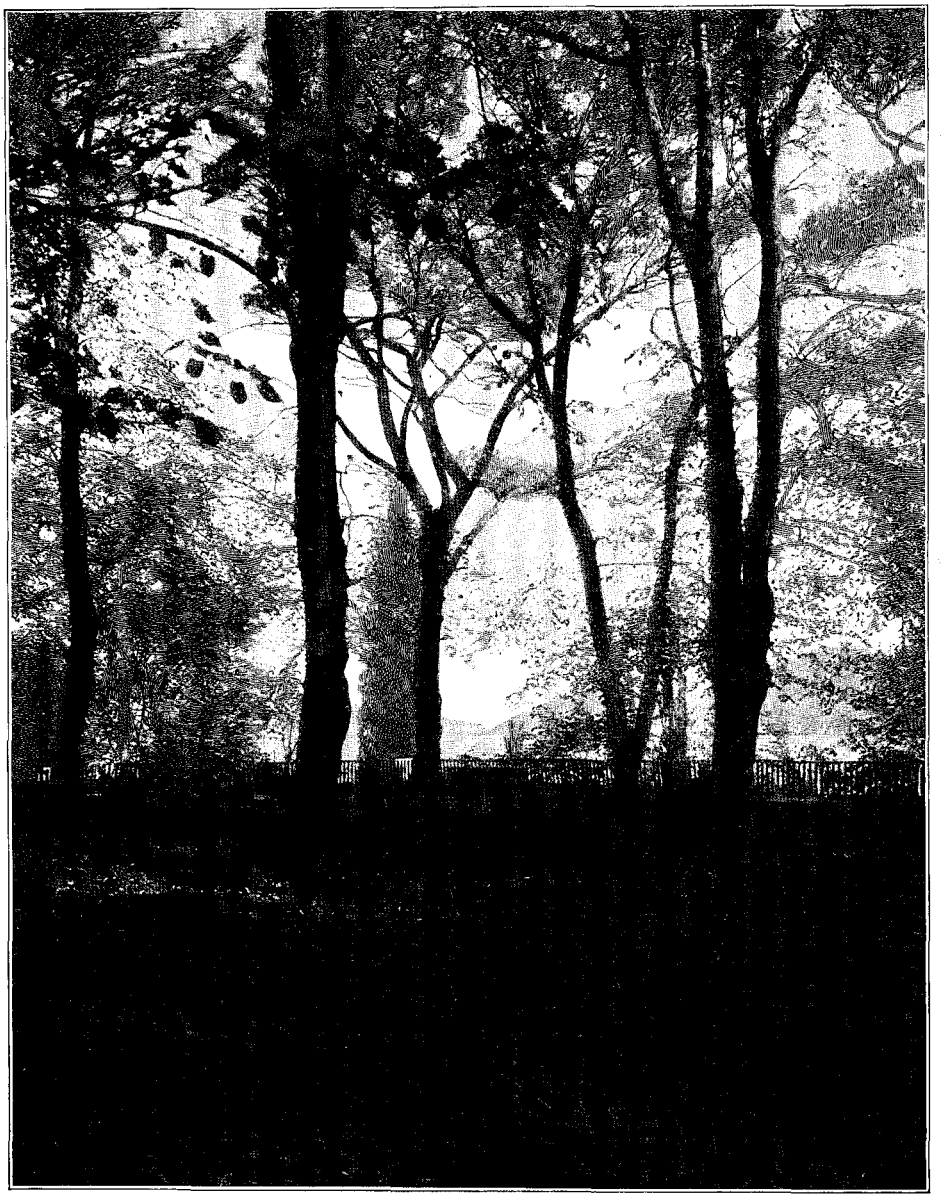

The grassy upper terrace of the French embassy, commanding between noble pines and beeches the mouth of the Black Sea.—Page 272.

come to her door. So many choose to come that during that month her grocery bills must be quite appalling. And on occasions of public rejoicing she literally keeps open house—or open garden. She admits any and all within her gates, offers them coffee, ices, and cigarettes, and entertains them with music.

The custom, for the rest, is common among the Turks on all occasions of festivity. I remember going one night to another garden in Bebek, not by invitation, but because any one was free to go in order to celebrate the Accession Day of his majesty Abdul Hamid II. The garden belonged to a younger brother of that personage, popularly known as Cowherd Solomon Esquire. Turkish princes have no title other than

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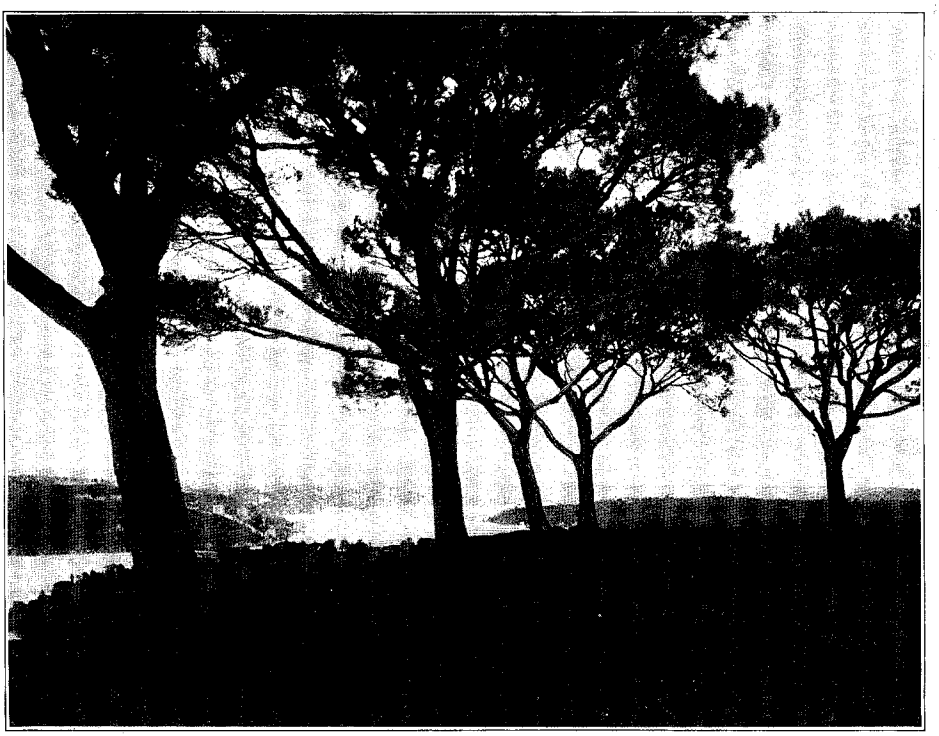

The discerning person who lived there commanded nearly the whole length of the Bosphorus.—Page 272.

that of the plainest commoner. A band was playing in the garden, which is on the very top of Bebek hill, and the Greeks of the village were dancing in an open space between the flower-beds, while a row of little princes and princesses in big gilt arm-chairs looked solemnly on. Beyond them a clump of huge umbrella pines lifted themselves darkly against the fairy scene of the illuminated Bosphorus. Every other villa was outlined in light, the water burned with the reflections of architectural designs or Arabic texts of fire, and a faraway height behind Scutari, garden of the Prince Youssouf Izzeddin who is now heir-presumptive to the throne, was one twinkling Field of the Cloth of Gold. Suleiman Effendi was reported to be not too strong in the head, but to make up for it by possessing the Evil Eye and the greatest understanding of cows of any man in Constantinople. Of these he kept a large herd, selling their milk like any commoner, and when he wished to add to their number no man dared refuse him. If he did the cow in question was sure to die within the month, by reason of the Evil Eye of the imperial milkman. Abdul Hamid caused this eccentric old gentleman much unhappiness during his later years, tormenting him greatly with spies. Suleiman Effendi lived long enough to see the last of the spies, however, and also of Abdul Hamid. And he must have been not altogether destitute of human qualities, for his wife died of grief the day after his death.

Bebek, the Apple of the Eye, has always been a favorite resort of the masters of Constantinople. Its pleasant public garden probably belonged to the villas of Ahmet III and Selim I. Certain great plane trees there may even have shaded the ancient Chelæ, where once stood a temple of Artemis Dictynna. Somewhere in their vicinity the boy emperor Alexius II Comnenus ended his unhappy days in 1183. Of his imperial kinsman and murderer, Andronicus I, the grave Gibbon remarks that "his genuine adventures might form the subject of a very singular romance." This is not the place to recount his amours with four royal ladies, his wanderings in Europe, Syria, and Asia Minor, his various captivi-

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There an artful group of cypresses and one gnarled olive frame the blue below.—Page 274.

ties, and his final usurpation of the Byzantine throne; but the charming wooded bay of Bebek reflected a scene of his tragic end. Himself supplanted by Isaac Angelus, he was taken there in chains and abandoned to the hatred of those whom he had wronged. The indignities they first heaped upon him were sharpened into torture. His teeth were broken, a hand was cut off, one eye was put out after the other. Paraded through the city on a mangy camel, he was pelted with every kind of filth; and he was eventually hanged head downward on the Hippodrome, where he was at last released from his agony by the sword of a compassionate Latin.

The gardens of the lower Bosphorus are in many ways less picturesque than those nearer the Black Sea. The hills on which they lie are lower, farther apart, and more thickly covered with houses. With their milder air, however, their more Mediterranean light, and their glimpse into the Sea of Marmora, they enjoy another, a supreme, advantage. The upper Bosphorus —well, in other places you may see sharply rising slopes terraced and wooded. Beside the Nordfjord, the coast of Dalmatia, or Lake Como, where would the Bosphorus be? But nowhere else may you behold the silhouette of Stamboul. And that, pricking the sky above its busy harbor, is the unparalleled ornament of the gardens of the lower Bosphorus.

The garden of the Seraglio, on the point of Stamboul itself, lacks that to be sure. But the garden of the Seraglio has its superb situation between the Marmora and the Golden Horn, its crescent panorama of cities, seas and islands, and its mementoes of the past, to put it alone among the gardens of the world. Acropolis of ancient Byzantium, residence of Roman, Greek, and Ottoman emperors for sixteen hundred years, it carries a heavier weight of history than any other garden in Europe. One could make a book alone of the precious things its triple walls enclose: the sarcophagi of Sidon, one of the greatest archæological finds of recent years; the column of Claudius Gothicus, the oldest Roman mon-

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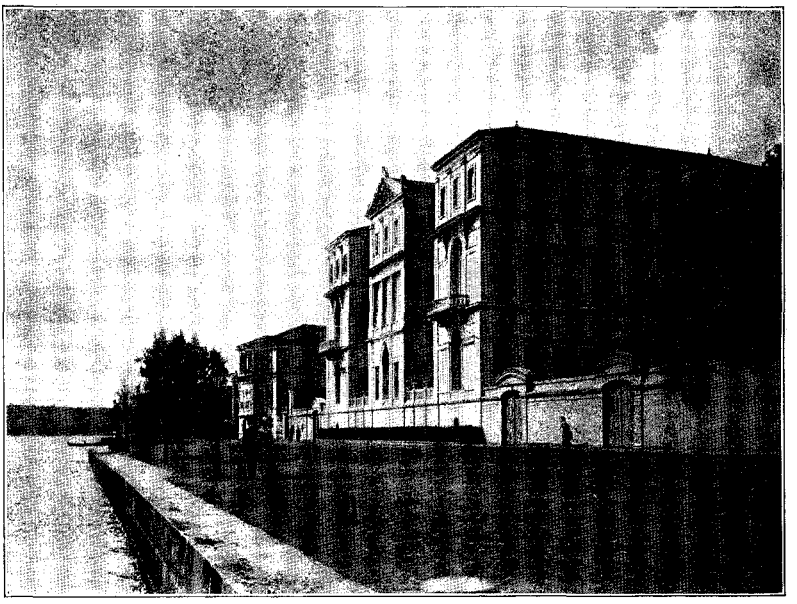
ument in the city; the church of St. Irene, originally built by Constantine, whose solemn mosaics look down as Justinian left them on the battle-flags of a hundred fields, the keys of conquered cities, the arms and trophies of the martial period of the Turks; the imperial Treasury, with its jewels, coins, rare stuffs, gemmed furniture, the gifts and spoil of kings, in vaults too dim and crowded for their splendor to be seen; the sacred relics of the Prophet—the green banner, the sword, the bow, the staff, the mantle, which Selim I captured with Egypt in 1517 and which constitute the credentials of the Sultans to the Caliphate of Islam. The structure in which these are preserved, its broad eaves and crusting of Persian tiles reflected in a pool bordered by lanterns to be lit on holy nights, is one of the things that make that garden incomparable. Then there are quaint kiosks and door-ways, there are white cloisters, a little grassy and neglected, there are black avenues of cypress, into which the sun looks with such an air of antique familiarity. . . .

Of all this every one has written who has ever been to Constantinople. But there is another imperial garden, visible from this one, and enjoying the view of its pinnacled outline, which has only within a few years been opened to the public. I speak of the garden of Yildiz, at Beshiktash, life-long residence of the dethroned Sultan Abdul Hamid II. The greatest of the imperial gardens, it originally belonged to the palace whose name has been corrupted by Europeans into Cheragan. Cheragan or Chira'an, if I am not mistaken, fell to the imperial family during the reign of Ahmet III, who ascended the throne in 1703. It was the property of his grand vizier and brother-in-law, Ibrahim Pasha, by some reports a renegade Armenian, famous in Turkish annals for his liberal administration, for his many public buildings, and for his introduction of printing into the Ottoman Empire. He also knew how to humor the tastes of his splendor-loving master, who delighted above all things in flowers, women, and illuminations. From their time dates the custom of illuminating the minarets for sacred anniversaries. Ibrahim Pasha gave the Sultan one night a garden party at which countless tortoises, with lights fastened to their shells, made a fantastic flicker among the trees. In such ways did the place acquire its name of Chira'an, The Torches. The culture of tulips under this congenial



A contrast in embassies.

The Austrian summer palace and the house hired by the American ambassador for the summer of 1910.

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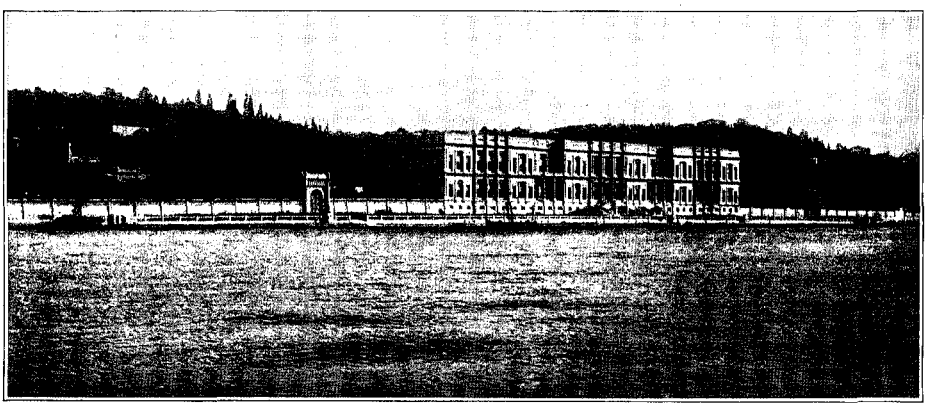

Palace of Chira'an.
Burned January 19, 1910.

pair became as extravagant a rage as ever it did in Holland. Indeed it was the Fleming Auger Busbecq, ambassador of the Holy Roman Empire to Suleiman the Magnificat, who first carried tulips into the Low Countries from Constantinople. Under the Latinized form of his name, Busbequius, he has left a quaint memoir of his two embassies. Sultan Ahmet had such an admiration for flowers that he created at his court a Master of them, whose credentials, ornamented by gilt roses, ended thus: "We command that all gardeners recognize for their chief the bearer of this diploma; that they be in his presence all eye like the narcissus, all ear like the rose; that they have not ten tongues like the lily; that they transform not the pointed pistil of the tongue into the thorn of the pomegranate, dyeing it in the blood of inconvenient words. Let them be modest, and let them keep like the rosebud their lips closed. Let them not speak before their time, like the blue hyacinth, which scatters its perfume before men ask for it. Finally, let them humbly incline themselves before him like the violet; and let them not show themselves recalcitrant."

An unhappy omen seems always to have clung about Chira'an. Ibrahim Pasha was strangled by the Janissaries and his body thrown out of the great gate of the Seraglio, beside the beautiful fountain he put there; while his master was deposed after a peaceful reign of twenty-seven years. The recently existing palace was built in 1863 by Sultan Abdul Aziz. He stumbled on the threshold the first time he went into it, and never would live in the house for which he spent millions; but after his dethronement he either committed suicide or was murdered there. His successor, Mourad V, dethroned in turn after a reign of three months, lived in Chira'an for nearly thirty years. Abdul Hamid is said to have kept his brother so rigorously that the ladies of the family were at one time obliged to dress themselves in the curtains of the palace, and that the so-called mad Sultan, deprived of books and even of writing materials, taught his children to read and write by means of charcoal on the parquet floor. The imperial prisoner occupied the central rooms in the rear of the palace, the doors leading from which were nailed up. When architects were called after his death to put the palace in order, they found a foot of water standing on the marble floor of the state entrance, at the north end; and street dogs, jumping in and out of the broken windows, lived in the throne-room above. Upon his own dethronement Abdul Hamid begged to be allowed to retire to this splendid residence. It was presented instead to the nation by Sultan Mohammed V for a Parliament House. But after two months of occupancy as such, it was mysteriously destroyed on the 19th of January, 1910, in broad daylight, when all the deputies were there, by a fire which left of the beautiful Palace of The Torches no more than its blackened marble walls.

The park of the palace, on the other side of the public road, came to bear the name of Yildiz, the Star, from a kiosk Abdul Mejid built there—whether for an odalisque of that name, or for his mother, report does not confirm. That kiosk at all events was the nucleus of the mass of build-

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ings on top of the hill where his son Abdul Hamid II reigned for thirty-three years. The place used to be of all the most impenetrable, a second Forbidden City. It is now the first public park of Constantinople. It is one of which any capital might be proud, with its groves, its lawns, its ponds, its April nightingales, and its superb outlook upon the minaret-guarded gate of the Marmora. There are spots of special interest in it too, like the Malta Kiosk, where Mourad passed the first months of his long captivity and where Midhat Pasha, father of the Turkish constitution, was tried for the murder of Abdul Aziz. In the charming lower hall of this little palace, almost filled by a marble basin of goldfish, it is not easy to reconstitute that drama so fateful for Turkey—which did not end when Abdul Hamid received from Arabia, in a box labelled "Old Japanese Ivory," the head of the murdered patriot.

But the Palace of the Star has the quicker association with that long drama, the strange man who played in it the master part. It stands on the crest of the hill, partly built out above the park on a gigantic retaining wall. The medley of buildings in the fortified enclosure are chiefly of wood and chiefly in the tawdriest European cottage style. Among them is shown Abdul Hamid's theatre, communicating by a bridge with the *harem*. In this bonbon box of red velvet the singers and variety actors visiting the city used to be invited to perform—sometimes before a solitary spectator. King Otto of Bavaria would have found no kinship with him, though. On the wall a photograph of Arturo Stravolo, an Italian transformationist, hangs beside a large and bad portrait of Verdi. A small fee now admits any one to the inmost close which no man but the Sultan might enter at his will—the *harem* garden. It is like the bird-house in a zoological garden. Pigeons flutter everywhere, water-fowl play in an artificial canal winding fancifully among the trees—row-boats, a motor-boat, and even a small cutter are moored there—and birds of gaudy plumage cackle in cages against the wall. At one spot only does a small kiosk, execrably furnished, give access to the immense prospect the garden might enjoy. Through the telescope on the upper floor Abdul Hamid used to watch the city he dared not enter.

His private apartments, overlooking one side of this garden, give the most singular picture of that singular man. They are not usually shown; but by a rare irony they were opened a few weeks after their occupant's removal, for the benefit of the widows and orphans with whom he filled Adana. The dark crowded rooms were scarcely to be distinguished in their use, so full were they all of desks, screens, couches, weapons, and pianos. In one of the least ambiguous, where white chairs stood about a long dining table, was shown the gilt Vienna *récamier* in which Abdul Hamid received the notification of his dethronement. An orchestrion filled one end of the room, where was also a piano. No less than four of these instruments were in another apartment. Farther on were the empty safes where the old man hoarded his gold and his famous jewels, a closet of ugly tiles that was a mixture of Turkish *hammam* and European bath without the luxuries of either, a perfectly appointed carpenter's shop, and a chamber that had more the air of a bedroom than any other. For the sultan rarely slept twice in the same place, or undressed to do so. On a table were two of the bullet-proof vests he wore at *Selamlik*. A handsome case of arms stood by the door. High on the walls hung some crude pictures which he perhaps painted himself. He was fond of playing with the brush. A canvas somewhere else represented a boat full of priests standing, to whom a group of plump pink sirens beckoned from an arsenic shore. The officer in charge said that the faces of the priests were those of Midhat Pasha and other reformers. With all their oddity, the rooms had a familiar air of habitation. Things of use and of ornament were where Abdul Hamid dropped them the night he was taken away. Writing materials were strewn on the desks. A photograph of the German imperial family looked out of a gold frame set with brilliants. In a corner stood a table, a chair, and a footstool, all with crystal legs, where the sultan sat in thunder-storms. The whole place was full of small human touches of the suspicious, ignorant, lonely old man who lived there. And east and west were strangely jumbled in his well-worn furniture, as they were in his ancient empire—as they were in the visitors inquisitively trampling the carpets and fingering the belongings of the fallen master of the house.

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Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

The False Note.

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GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

THE DISTAFF SIDE

BY PRICE COLLIER
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

MADAME NECKER writes of women: "Les femmes tiennent la place de ces légers duvets qu'on introduit dans les caisses de porcelaine; ou n'y fait point d'attention, mais si on les retire, tout se brise."

When one sees women and dogs harnessed together dragging carts about the streets; when one sees women doing the lighter work of sweeping up leaves and collecting rubbish in the forests and on the larger estates; doing the gardening work in Saxony and other places; when one sees them by the hundreds working bare-legged in the beet-fields in Silesia and elsewhere throughout Germany; when one reads "Viele Weiber sind gut weil sie nicht wissen wie Man es machen muss um böse zu sein," and "Der Mann nach Freiheit streibt, das Weib nach Sitte," two phrases from the German classics, Lessing and Goethe; when one recalls the shameless carelessness of Goethe's treatment of all women, including his own mother; of how his love-poems were sometimes sent by the same mail to the lady and to the press, and the unrestrained worship of Goethe by the German women of his day; when one sees time and time again all over Germany the women shouldered into the street while the men keep to the sidewalk; when one sees in the streets, railway carriages, and other public conveyances the insulting staring to which every woman is subjected if she have a trace of good looks, one realizes that at any rate Madame Necker was not writing of German women.

In the gallery at Dresden, where the loveliest mother's face in all the world shines down upon you from Raphael's canvas like a benediction, there is a small picture by Rubens, "The Judgment of Paris." The three goddesses—*induitur formosa est; exuitur ipsa forma est*—have taken literally the compliment paid to a certain beautiful customer by a renowned French dress-maker: "Un rien et madame est habillée!" They are coquettishly revealing their claims to the Eve-bitten fruit which Paris holds in his hand. Paris and his friend are in the most nonchalant of attitudes. They could not be more indifferent or more superior in appearance were they dandies judging the class for costermonger's donkeys at a provincial horse-show. The three most beautiful women in the world are squirming and posturing for praise and a decision before two as sophisticated and self-satisfied men as one will ever see on canvas or off it.

The same subject is treated by a man of the same breed, but of a later day, named Feuerbach, and his picture hangs, I think, in Breslau. Here again the supersuperiority of the male is portrayed.

In the Church of Saint Sebaldus at Nuremberg there is a delightful mural painting which makes one merry even to recall it. The subject is the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve are being lectured by an elderly man in flowing robes with a long white beard. His beard alone would more than supply Adam and Eve with the covering they lack. In an easy attitude, with neither haste nor anxiety, he is pointing out to them the error of their ways. He is as detached in manner as though he were Professor Wundt, lecturing to us at Leipsic on the fourth dimension of space. Adam is somewhat dejected and reclines upon the ground. Eve, unabashed, with nothing on but the apple which she is munching, is evidently in a reckless mood. She looks like a child of fifteen, with her hair down her back;

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the defiance of her attitude is that of a naughty little girl. The world-old problem is under discussion, but with an air of good humor and cheerfulness on the part of the lecturer, as though there were still time in the world, as though hurry were an undiscovered human attribute, as though possibly the world would still go on even if the problem were left unsolved and this first leafy parliament adjourned *sine die*.

They were so much wiser than are we! They knew then that there would be other sessions of congress, and that it was not necessary to decide everything on that spring day of the year One. But here again in this picture it is the male attitude toward the woman that is of chief interest. Adam is plainly bored. What if the woman has broken into the sanctuary of knowledge, she will only be the bigger fool, he seems to say. As for the professor in the red robes, his easy, patronizing manner is indicative enough of his mental toploftiness toward the woman question. You can almost hear him say as he strokes his beard: "Küche, Kinder, Kirche!"

From the fields of Silesia, where the beet industry is possible only because there are hundreds of bare-legged girls and women to single the beets, a process not possible by machinery, at a wage of from twenty-five to thirty cents a day, to these German paintings with their illustrations of the spiritual and moral attitude of the German man toward the German woman, one sees everywhere and among practically all classes an attitude of condescension toward women among the polite and polished; an attitude of carelessness bordering on contempt among the rude. Their attitude is like that of the Jews who cry in their synagogues, "Thank God for not having made me a woman!"

One can judge, not incorrectly, of the status of women in a country by the manners and habits of the men entirely dissociated from their relations to women. When one sees men equipped with small mirrors and small brushes and combs, which they use in all sorts of public places, even in the streets, in the street-cars, in omnibuses, and in the theatres; when one opens the door to a knock and finds a gentleman, a small mirror in one hand and a tiny brush in the other, preparing himself for his entrance into your hotel sitting-room, you are bound to think that these persons are in the childhood days of personal hygiene, as it cannot be denied that they are, but also that their women folk must be still in the Eryops age of social sophistication not to put a stop to such bucolic methods of grooming. Even though the Eryops is a gigantic tadpole, a hundred times older than the oldest remains of man, this is hardly an exaggeration. In no other country in the cultured group of nations is the animal man so naïvely vain, so deliciously self-conscious, so untrained in the ways of the polite world, so serenely oblivious, not merely of the rights of women but of the simple courtesy of the strong to the weak. It is the only country I have visited where the hands of the men are better cared for than the hands of the women, and this is not a pleasant commentary upon the question of who does the rough work and who has leisure for a meticulous toilet.

In the streets and public conveyances of the cities, in the beer-gardens and restaurants in the country, in the summer and winter resorts from the Baltic to the Black Forest, from the Rhine to Bohemia, it is ever the same. They seat themselves at table first and have their napkins hanging below their Adam's apples before their women are in their chairs; hundreds of times have I seen their women arrive at table after they were seated, not a dozen times have I seen their masters rise to receive them; their preference for the inside of the sidewalk is practically universal; even officers in uniform, but this is of rare occurrence, will take their places in a railway carriage all smoking where two ladies are sitting, and wait till requested before throwing their cigars away, and what cigars! and then by smiles and innuendoes make the ladies so uncomfortable that they are driven from the carriage.

The inconveniences and discomfort of going about alone, for ladies in Germany, I have heard not from a dozen, but in a chorus from German ladies themselves. I am reciting no grievances of my compatriots, for I have seen next to nothing of Americans for a year or more, and I have no personal complaints, for these soft adventurers scent danger quickly, and give the masters of the world. whether male or female, a wide berth.

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These gross manners are the result of two factors in German life that it is well to keep in mind. They are a poor people, only just emerging from poverty, slavery, and disaster; poor not only in possessions, but poor in the experience of how to use them. They do not know how to use their new freedom. They are as awkward in this new world of theirs of greater wealth and opportunity as unyoked oxen that have strayed into city streets. The abject deference of the women, who know nothing better than these parochial masters, adds to their sense of their own importance. It is largely the women themselves who make their men insupportable.

The other factor is the rigid caste system of their social habits. There is no association between the officers, the nobility, the officials, the cultured classes, and the middle and lower classes. The public schools and universities are learning shops; they do not train youths in character, manners, or in the ways of the world. They do not play together, or work together, or amuse themselves together. The creeds and codes, habits and manners of the better classes are, therefore, not allowed to percolate and permeate those less experienced.

In Homburg one day I saw a tall, fine-looking, elderly man step aside and off the sidewalk to let two ladies pass. It was for Germany a noticeable act. He turned out to be a famous general then in waiting upon the Emperor. There are not a few such courtly gentlemen in Germany, not a few whose knightliness compares with that of any gentleman in the world. Alas for the great bulk of the Germans, they never come into contact with them, their example is lost, their leaven of high breeding and courtesy does not lighten the bourgeois loaf! In America and in England we are all threading our way in and out among all classes. We are much more democratic. Men of every class are in contact with men of every other, we play together and work together, and consequently the level of manners and habits is higher. This state of things is less marked in south Germany than in Prussia, but is more or less true everywhere.

But how can this be possible, I hear it replied, in that land where every officer clacks his heels together with a report like an exploding torpedo, ducks his head from his rigid vertebræ, and then bends to kiss the lady's hand; and where every civilian of any standing does the same? I am not writing of the nobility and of the corps of officers in this connection. No doubt there are black sheep among them, though I have not met them. Of the many scores of them whom I have met, whom I have ridden with, dined with, romped with, drunk with, travelled with, I have only to say that they are as courteous, as unwilling to offend or to take advantage, as are brave men in other countries I know. I am writing of the average man and woman, of those who make up the bulk of every population, of those upon whom it depends whether a national life is healthy or otherwise.

The very stiffness of these mannerisms, the clacking of heels, the ducking of heads, the kissing of hands, the countless grave formalities among the men themselves, are all indicative of social weakness. They are afraid to walk without the crutches of certain formulæ, of certain hard-and-fast rules, of certain laws that they worship and fall down before. Slavery is still upon them. Escaped from a bodily master they fly to the refuge of a moral and spiritual one. These formalities are prescribed forms which they wear as they wear uniforms; they are not the result of innate consideration.

Uniform-wearing is a passion among the Germans, and may be included as still another indication of the universal desire to take refuge behind forms, and laws, and fixed customs, the universal desire to shrink from depending upon their own judgment and initiative. They will not even bow or kiss a lady's hand without a prescription from a social physician whom they trust.

The German officials are always officials, always addressed and addressing others punctiliously by their titles. They do not throw off officialdom outside their duties and their offices as we do, but they glory in it. We throw off our uniforms as soon as may be; we feel hampered by them. This leads to a feeling on the part of the Germans that we are too free and easy, and not respectful enough toward our own dignity or toward theirs. We

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feel, on the other hand, that it is a farce to go to the every-day markets of life, whether for daily food or for daily social intercourse, with the bullion and certified checks of our official dignity; we go rather with the small change that jingles in all pockets alike, and is ready to be handed out for the frequent and unimportant buying and selling of the day and hour. We look upon this grallatory attitude toward life as artificial and hampering, and prefer to walk among our neighbors as much as possible upon our own feet.

I am not pretending to fix standards of etiquette. I can quite understand that when we grab the hand of the German's wife and shake it like a pump-handle instead of bowing over it; that when we nod cheerfully to him in the street with a wave of the hand or a lifting of a cane or umbrella instead of taking off our hat; that when we fail to address both him and his lady with the title belonging to them, no matter how commonplace that title, we shock his prejudices and his code of good manners.

If there is a stranger, a lady, in the drawing-room before dinner the German men line up in single file and ask to be presented to her. If the lady is tall and handsome and the party a large one, it looks almost like an ovation. If you go to dine at an officers' mess the men think it their duty to come up and ask to be presented to you. They wear their mourning bands on the forearm instead of the upperarm; they wear their wedding-rings on the fourth finger of the right hand; many of them wear rather more conspicuous jewelry than we consider to be in good taste.

The sofa, too, plays a rôle in German households and offices for which I have sought in vain for an explanation. Not even German archæology supplies a historical ancestry for this sofa cult. It is the place of honor. If you go to tea you are enthroned on the sofa. Even if you go to an office, say of the police, or of the manager of the city slaughter-house, or of the hospital superintendent, you are manœuvred about till they get you on the sofa, generally behind a table. I soon discovered that this was the seat of honor. Sofas have their place in life, I admit. There are sofas that we all remember with tears, with tenderness, with reverence. They have been the boards upon which we first appeared in the rôle of lover perhaps; or where we have fondled and comforted a discouraged child; or where we have pumped new ambitions and larger life into a weaker brother; or where we have tossed in the agony of grief or disappointment; or where we have waited drearily and alone the result of a consultation of moral or physical life and death in the next room. Indeed, this all reminds me that I could write an essay on sofas that would be poignant, touching, autobiographical, luminous, as could most other men, but this would not explain the position of the sofa in Germany in the least. "Travels on a Sofa"—I must do it one day, and perhaps, with more serious study of the subject, light may be thrown upon this question of the sofa in Germany.

Even at large and rather formal dinner-parties the host bows and drinks to his guests, first one and then another. At the end of the meal, in many households, it is the custom to bow and kiss your hostess's hand and say "*Mahlzeit*," a shortened form of "May the meal be blessed to you." You also shake hands with the other guests and say "*Mahlzeit*." In some smarter houses this is looked upon as old-fashioned and is not done. I look upon it as a charming custom, and think it a pity that it should be done away with.

Young unmarried girls and women courtesy to the elder women and kiss their hands, also a custom I approve. On the other hand, where a stalwart officer appears in a small drawing-room and seats himself at the slender tea-table for a cup of afternoon tea, holding his sword by his side or between his legs, that seems to me an unnecessary precaution, even when Americans are present, for many of us nowadays go about unarmed.

Except on official or formal occasions it seems a matter of questionable good taste to appear, say in a hotel restaurant, with one's breast hung with medals or with orders on one's coat or in the button-hole. Let 'em find out what a big boy am I without help from self-imposed placards, seems to me to be perhaps the more modest way. The method in vogue in Japanese temples, where the worshippers jangle a bell to call the attention of the gods to

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their prayers or offerings, seems out of place where the god is merely the casual man in the street, in a Berlin restaurant.

At more than one dinner the soup is followed by a meat course, after which comes the fish. This does not mean that the dinners are not good. I fondly recall a dish of sauerkraut boiled in white wine and served in a pineapple. I may not give names, but the dinners of Mr. and Mrs. Fourth of December, of Mrs. Twenty-first of January, of Mr. and Mrs. Thirtieth of January, and of Mr. and Mrs. February First, and others rank very high in my gastronomic calendar. Do not imagine from what I have written that Lucullus has left no disciples in Germany. I could easily add a page to the list I have mentioned, and because we look upon some of these customs of the German as absurd is no reason for forgetting that he often, and from his stand-point rightly, looks upon us as boors. I like the Germans and I pretend to have learned very much from them. To sneer at superficial differences is to lose all profit from intercourse with other peoples. Goethe is right, "Überall lernt man nur von dem, den man liebt!" The argument is only all on our side when we are impervious to impressions and to other standards of manners and morals than our own.

"Am ende hangen wir doch ab"
"Von Kreaturen die wir machten"

are two lines at least from the second part of "Faust" that we can all understand.

It is sometimes thrown at us Americans that we love a title, and that we are not averse to the ornamentation of our names with pseudo and attenuated "Honorables" and "Colonels" and "Judges" and so on; and I am bound to admit the impeachment, for I blush at some of my becolonelled and becaptained friends, and wonder at their rejoicing over such effeminate honorifics, especially those colonelcies born of clattering behind a civilian governor, on a badly ridden horse. Which may be compared with that most attenuated title of all, that of a Texan who when asked why he was called "colonel" replied that he had married the widow of a colonel!

I prefer "Esqr." to "Mr." merely because it makes it easier to assort the daily mail; "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" are so easily taken for one another on an envelope; and particularly at Christmas time these more distinctly legible titles avoid the deplorable misdirection of the secrets of Santa Claus; aside from that I am happy to be addressed merely by my name, like any other sovereign.

We are, too, somewhat over-excited when foreign royalties appear among us. "What wud ye do if ye were a king an' come to this counthry?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "there's wan thing I wuddent do. I wuddent r-read th' Declaration iv Independence. I'd be afraid I'd die laughin'."

In Germany not only are titles showered upon the populace, but it is distinctly and officially stated by what title the office-holder shall be addressed.

In a case I know, a certain lady failed to sign herself to one of the small officials working upon her estate as, let us say, "I remain very sincerely yours," or its German equivalent; whereupon the person addressed wrote and demanded that communications addressed to him should be signed in the regulation manner. A lawyer was consulted and it was found that a similar case had been taken to the courts and decided in favor of the recipient of wounded vanity.

In hearty and manly opposition to this attitude toward life is the example of Admiral X. He had served long and gallantly, and just before he retired a friend said to him: "I hear that they're going to knight you." "By God, sir, not without a court-martial!" was the prompt reply. Indeed, things have come to such a pass in England that the offer of a knighthood to a gentleman of lineage, breeding, and real distinction has been for years looked upon as either a joke or an insult.

Not so among my German friends; they have a ravenous appetite for these flimsy tickets of passing commendation. At many, many hospitable boards in Berlin I have been present where no left breast was barren of a medal, and where the only medal won by participation in actual warfare, belonging to one of the guests, was safely packed away in his house. And as for the titles, there is no room in a small volume like this to enumerate them all;

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and the womenfolk all carry the titles of the husband, from Frau Ober-Postassistent, Frau Regierungs Assessor, up to the Chancellor's lady, who, by the way, wears a title in her mere face and bearing. Not long ago I saw in a provincial sheet the notice of the death of a woman of eighty, who was gravely dignified by her bereaved relatives as the relict of a veterinary.

Upon a certain funicular at a mountain resort, where the cars pass one another up and down every twenty minutes, the conductors salute one another stiffly each time they pass.

Of the army of people with titles of Ober-Regierungsrat, Geheimer Regierungsrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Regierungsrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Ober-Regierungsrat, Wirklicher Geheimerat, who also carries the additional title of "Excellenz" with his title; Referendar, Assessor, Justizrat, Geheimer Justizrat, Gerichts-Assessor, Amtsrichter, Amtsgerichtrat, Oberamtsrichter, Landgerichtsdirector, Amtsgerichtspräsident, Geheimer Finanzrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Ober Finanzrat, Legationsrat, Wirklicher Geheimer Legationsrat, Vice Konsul, Konsul, General Konsul, Commercienrat, Wirklichercommercienrat, Staatsanwalt, Staatsanwaltschaftsrat, Herr Erster Staatsanwalt, where the "Herr" is a legal part of the title; of those who must be addressed as "Excellenz," and in addition military and naval titles, and the horde of handles to names of those in the railway, postal, telegraph, street-cleaning, forestry, and other departments, one must merely throw up one's hands in despair and bow to the inevitable disgrace of being quite unable to name this Noah's-ark procession of petty dignitaries.

In the department of post and telegraph a new order has gone forth issued during the last few months by which, after passing certain examinations, the employees may take the title of Ober-Postschaffner and Ober-Leitungsaufseher. After thirty years' service the postman is dignified with the title of Ober-Briefträger. It is difficult to understand the type of mind which is flattered by such infantile honors. At any rate, it is a cheap system of rewards, and so long as men will work for such trumpery ends the state profits by playing upon their childish vanity.

All the professions and all the trades, too, have their pharmacopœia of tags and titles, and you will go far afield to find a German woman who is not Frau Something-or-other Schmidt, or Fischer, or Müller. Every day one hears women greeting one another as Frau Oberforstmeister, Frau Superintendent, Frau Medicinalrat, Frau Oberbergrat, Frau Apothekar, Frau Stadt-Musikdirektor, Frau Doktor Rechtsanwalt, Frau Geschäftsführer, and the like. All these titles, too, appear in the hotel registers and in all announcements in the newspapers. Even when a man dies, his title follows him to the grave, and even beyond it, in the speech of those left behind.

These uniforms and titles and small formalities do make, I admit, for orderliness and rigidity, and perhaps for contentment; since every man and woman feels that though they are below some one else on the ladder they are above others; and every day and in every company their vanity is lightly tickled by hearing their importance, small though it be, proclaimed by the mention of their titles.

It pleases the foreigners to laugh and sometimes to jeer at the universal sign of "*Verboten*" (forbidden) seen all over Germany. They look upon it as the seal of an autocratic and bureaucratic government. It is nothing of the kind. The army, the bureaucracy, the autocratic Kaiser at the helm, and the landscape bestrewn with "*Verboten*" and "*Nicht gestattet*" (not allowed), these are necessities in the case of these people. They do not know instinctively, or by training or experience, where to expectorate and where not to; where to smoke and where not to; what to put their feet on and what not to; where to walk and where not to; when to stare and when not to; when to be dignified and when to laugh; and, least of all, how to take a joke; how, when, or how much to eat, drink, or bathe, or how to dress properly or appropriately. The Emperor is almost the only man in Germany who knows what chaff is and when to use it.

The more you know them, the longer you live among them, the less you laugh at "*Verboten*." The trouble is not that there are too many but that there are not enough! When you see in flaring letters in the street-cars, "In alighting the left hand on the left-hand rail," when you

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read on the bill of fare in the dining-car brief instructions underlined as to how to pour out your wine so that you will not spill it on the table-cloth; when you see the list of from ten to fifteen rules for passengers in railway carriages; when you see everywhere where crowds go and come, "Keep to the right"; when you see hanging on the railings of the canals that flow through Berlin a life-buoy, and hanging over it full instructions with diagrams for the rescue of the drowning; when you see over a post-box, "Aufschrift und Marke nicht vergessen" (do not forget to stamp and address your envelope); when you see in the church entrances a tray with water and *sal volatile*, and the countless other directions and remedies and preventives on every hand, you shrug your Saxon shoulders and smile pityingly, if you do not stand and stare and then laugh outright, as I was fool enough to do at first. But you soon recover from this superficial view of matters Teutonic. In one cab I rode in I was cautioned not to expectorate, not to put my feet on the cushions, not to tap on the glass with stick or umbrella, not to open the windows, but to ask the driver to do it, and not to open the door till the auto-taxi stopped; one hardly has time to learn the rules before the journey is over. In the days when everybody rode a bicycle, each rider was obliged to pass an examination in proficiency, paid a small tax, and was given a number and a license. Women who persisted in wearing dangerous hat-pins have been ejected from public vehicles. In a carriage on the Bavarian railroad, a husband who kissed and petted his tired wife was complained of by a fellow-passenger. The husband was tried, judged guilty, and fined. There was no question but that the woman was his wife; thus there is no loop-hole left for the legally curious, and thousands of male Germans hug and kiss one another on railway-station platforms who surely ought to be fined and imprisoned or deported or hanged! Shortly after leaving Germany, I returned from a few weeks' shooting in Scotland. We bundled out of the train onto the station platform in London. Dogs, gun-cases, cartridge-boxes, men and maid servants, trunks, bags, baskets, bunches of grouse, and the passengers seemed in a chaotic huddle of confusion. In Germany at least twenty policemen would have been needed to disentangle us. I was so torpid from having been long Teutonically cared for that I looked on momentarily paralyzed. There was no shouting, not a harsh word that I heard; and as I was almost the last to get away, I can vouch for it that in ten minutes each had his own and was off. I had forgotten that such things could be done. I had been so long steeped in enforced orderliness that I had forgotten that real orderliness is only born of individual self-control. I forgot that I was back among the free spirits who govern a quarter of the habitable globe and who are making America; and even if here and there one or more, and they are often recently arrived immigrants, are intoxicated by freedom and shoot or steal like drunken men, I realized that I am still an Occidental barbarian, thank God, preferring liberty, even though it is punctuated now and then with shots and screams and thefts, to official guardianship, even though I am thus saved the shooting, the screaming, and the thieving.

You read their history, you watch closely their manners, you prowl about among them, in their streets, their shops, their houses, their theatres; you accompany the crowds on a holiday in the trains, in the forests, in the summer resorts, at their concerts or their picnics, in their beer-gardens and restaurants, and you soon see that the orderliness is all forced upon them from without, and not due to their own knowledge of how to take care of themselves. In a recent volume by a distinguished German prison official he writes that, after a careful study of the figures from 1882 to 1910, he has discovered that one person now living in every twelve in Germany has been convicted of some offence. This does not mean that the Germans are criminal or disorderly, but, on the contrary, it shows how absurdly petty are the violations of the law punished by fine or imprisonment.

Their whole history, from Charlemagne down until the last fifty years, is a series of going to pieces the moment the strong hand of authority is taken away from them. The German, and especially the Prussian, policeman has become the greatest official busybody in the world. No German's house is his castle. The policeman enters at will and, backed by the authorities, questions the householder about

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his religion, his servants, the attendance of his children at school, the status of the guests staying in his house, and about many other matters besides. If one of your children by reason of ill health is taught at home, the authorities demand the right to send an inspector every six months to examine him or her, to be sure that the child is properly taught. The policeman is in attendance on the platform at every public meeting armed with authority to close the meeting if either speeches or discussion seem to him unpatriotic, unlawful, or strife-breeding. Professors, pastors, teachers are all muzzled by the state and must preach and teach the state orthodoxy or go! A young professor of political economy in Berlin only lately was warned and has become strangely silent since.

The de-Germanizing of the German abroad is in line with this, and a constant source of annoyance to the powers that be. Buda-Pesth was founded by Germans in 1241, and now not one-tenth of the population is German. As the Franks became French, as the Long Beards became Italians, so the Germans become Americans in America, English in England, Austrian and Bohemian in Austria and Bohemia. It has been a problem to prevent their becoming Poles where the state has settled Germans for the distinct purpose of ousting the Poles.

In China, in South America, and even in Sumatra I have heard German officials tell with indignation of how their compatriots rapidly took the local color, and lost their German habits and customs and point of view.

One of the half dozen best-known bankers in Berlin has lamented to me that he must change his people in South America every few years, as they soon go to pieces there. Army officers came home from China indignant to find their compatriots there speaking English and unwilling even to speak German. Even as long ago as the time of the Thirty Years' War a forgotten chronicler, Adam Junghaus von der Ohritz, writes: "Further, it is a misfortune to the Germans that they take to imitating like monkeys and fools. As soon as they come among other soldiers, they must have Spanish or other outlandish clothes. If they could babble foreign languages a little, they would associate themselves with Spaniards and Italians."

Bismarck knew these people and the present Emperor knows these people better than do you and I! Bismarck even insisted upon using the German text, and once returned a letter of congratulation from an official body because it was written in the Latin text. Even the Great Elector must have recognized this weakness when he said: "Gedenke dass du bist ein Deutscher!" The present Kaiser lends his whole social influence to keep the Germans German. He will have the bill of fare in German, he prefers the dreadful word *Mundtuch* to napkin. His officers very often demand that the bill of fare in a German hotel shall be presented to them in German and not in French. And they are quite right to do so, and quite right to hang the German world with the sign "*Verboten*"; quite right to distribute titles and medals and orders, for the more they are uniformed and decorated and ticketed and drilled, and taken care of, the better they like it and the more contented these people are. Overorganization has brought this about. Their theories have hardened into a veritable imprisonment of the will. They have drifted away from Goethe's wise saying: "That man alone attains to life and freedom who daily has to conquer them anew."

Let me refer again just here to the socialist propaganda, which seems to the outsider so strong here in Germany. Even this is far flabbier than it looks, as I have attempted to explain elsewhere. In such strong and out-and-out industrial centres as Essen, Duisburg-Mühlheim, Saarbrücken, and Bochum, where a vigorous fight has been made against socialism, the following are the figures of the last election in 1912 when the socialists largely increased their vote throughout other parts of Germany:

	NATIONALLIBERAL	ZENTRUM	SOCIALDEMOKRAT
Essen	25,937	42,832	40,503
Duisburg-Mühlheim	33,934	31,559	34,187
Saarbrücken	25,108	24,228	4,157
Bochum	42,257	37,650	64,833

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I cite this example because it seems as though the growth of socialism in Germany were in direct contradiction to my argument that they are a soft, an impressionable, an amenable, and easily led and governed people.

State socialism as thus far put into practice in Germany is, in a nutshell, the decision on the part of the state or the rulers that the individual is not competent to spend his own money, to choose his own calling, to use his own time as he will, or to provide himself for his own future and for the various emergencies of life.

They have been knocked about and dragooned by their own rulers and, be it said and emphasized, they have received certain compensations and gained certain advantages, if nothing else an orderliness, safety, and care for the people by the state unequalled elsewhere in the world. But there is no gainsaying, on the other hand, that they have lost the fruits that are plucked by the nations of more individualistic training.

They have clean streets, cheap music and drama, and a veritable mesh of national education with interstices so small that no one can escape, and they are coddled in every direction; but they have no stuff for colonizers, and they have been not infrequently wofully lacking in stalwart statesmen.

To deprive the worker of his choice of expenditure by taking all but a pittance in taxation is a dangerous deprivation of moral exercise. To be able to choose for oneself is a vitally necessary appliance in the moral gymnasium even if here and there one chooses wrong. It is a curious trend of thought of the day which proposes to cure social evils always by weakening rather than by strengthening the individual.

Socialism is merely a moral form of putting a sharper bit in humanity's mouth; when of course the highest aim, the optimistic view, is to train people to go as fast and straight and far as possible with the least possible hampering of their natural powers by legislation. "Some men are by nature free, others slaves," writes Aristotle, but whether this axiom can be accepted fully or not it is undoubtedly true that you can first dragoon and then coddle a whole people into a lack of independence and a shrinking from the responsibilities of freedom. We are drugging the people ourselves just now with legislation as a cure for the evils of industrialism, but such legislation will only do what soporifics can do, they numb the pain, but they never bring health. What a forlorn philosophy it is! Men take advantage, rob and steal, we say, and to do away with this we give up the fight for fair play and orderliness and propose sweeping away all the prizes of life, hoping thus to do away with the highwaymen of commerce and finance. If there is no booty, there will be no bandit, we say, forgetting altogether the corollary that if there are no prizes there will be no prizemen! Neither God nor Nature gives anything to those who do not struggle, and both God and Nature appoint the stern task-master, Necessity, to see to it that we do struggle. Now come the ignorant and the socialists, demanding that the state step in and roll back the very laws of creation by supplying what is not earned from the surplus of the strong. Who cannot see anarchy looming ahead of this programme, for it is surely a lunatic negation of all the laws of God and Nature? They do not seem to see either in America or in England that state supervision carried too far leads straight to the sanction of all the demands of socialism and syndicalism. Legislation was never intended to be the father of a people, but their policeman. Overlegislation, whether by an autocrat or a democratic state, leads straight to revolution, to Cæsarism, or to slavery. In Germany the state by giving much has gained an appalling control over the minute details of human intercourse. I am no philosophic adviser to the rich; it is as the champion of the poor man that I detest socialism and all its works, for in the end it only leads backward to slavery. Every vote the working man gives to a policy of wider state control is another link for the chains that are meant for his ankles, his wrists, and his neck. If the state is to take care of me when I am sick or old or unemployed, it must necessarily deprive me of my liberty when I am well and young and busy, and thus make my very health a kind of sickness. A year in Germany ought to cure any sensible working man of the notion that the state is a

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better guardian of his purse and his powers than he is himself. A distinguished German publicist, criticising this overpowering interference of the state, writes: "Mir ist wohl bewusst dass diese Gedanken einstweilen fromme Wünsche bleiben werden: die Schatten lähmender Müdigkeit die über unserer Politik lagern, lassen wenig Hoffnung auf fröhliche Initiative. Allein immer kann und wird es nicht so bleiben." ("I am well aware that for the time being these ideas will remain only devout wishes; the shadows of paralyzing lassitude that brood over our politics leave little hope for buoyant initiative. Yet it cannot and will not always be so!") And he ends with the ominous words: "Reform oder Revolution!"

One often hears the apostles of a certain kittenish humanitarianism talking of the great good that would result if we in America would provide light wines, and beer and music, and parks and gardens for our people. They see the crowds of men and women and children flocking by thousands to such resorts in Germany, where they eat tons of cakes and *Brödchens* and jam, and where they drink gallons of beer and wine, and where they sit hour after hour apparently quite content. Why, Lord love you, ladies and gentlemen, our populace would never be content with such mild amusements! Fancy "Silver Dollar" Sullivan or "Bath-house" John attempting to cajole their cohorts in such fashion!

It may be a pity that our people are not thus easily amused, but, on the other hand, it means simply that our energy, our vitality, our national nervousness if you like, will not be so easily satisfied. Our disorderly nervousness, or nervous disorderliness, though it has been a tremendous asset in keeping us bounding along industrially and commercially, and though it gives an exhilarating, champagne-like flavor to our atmosphere, has cost us dear. If you will have freedom, you will have those who are ruined by it; just as, if you will have social and political servitude, you will have a stodgy, unindependent populace.

Only one out of sixty perpetrators of homicidal crime suffers the extreme penalty attaching to such crimes in America. We use as large an amount of habit-forming drugs per capita as are used in the Chinese empire, so says Dr. Wright, who was commissioned by the State Department to gather facts on this subject. We import and consume 500,000 pounds of opium yearly, when 70,000 pounds, including its derivatives and preparations, should suffice for our medical needs. In the year 1910 no less than 185,000 ounces of cocaine were imported, manufactured, and consumed, although 15,000 ounces would supply every legitimate need. America collected $340,000,000 from tariff taxes in 1911, and $40,000,000 of this from tobacco and alcoholics.

My readers may look back to the title of this chapter and ask: What has all this to do with the status of women in Germany? I have told you in these few pages the whole secret. The men are not independent; what can you expect of the women! The men have, until very lately, had no surplus wealth or leisure, and have now, to all appearance, little surplus vitality or energy. Germany is getting to be a very tired-looking nation. One hears almost as little laughter in Germany as in Japan. Gayety and laughter are the bubbles and foam on the glass of life, proving that it is charged with energy. Do not believe me, although I have carefully watched many thousands of Germans in all parts of Germany taking their pleasure and their ease; come over and see for yourself! These thousands at their simple recreations are not gay.

It is the men who must supply the leisure, the independence, the setting, the background for the women. All Europe says that our women are spoiled, that they are tyrants, that they treat us men badly, that they flout us, do not do their duty by us, and finally divorce us. We can afford to let them say it! We have given our women an independence that many of them abuse, it is true. We perhaps give them more than their share to spend, and more of luxury than is good for them; and all too many of the underbred among them paint and bejewel and begown themselves to imitate the lecherous barbarism of the too free. But one of the greatest ladies in Germany tells me, "I am never so flattered as when I am taken for an American!" I can pay her no handsomer compliment than to reply that she is worthy

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of the mistake. Our women revive the drooping dukedoms of England, and few will maintain that some of them at least are unsuited to the position. I have seen them in Germany as Frau Gräfin this or that, and not only their appearance but their house-keeping machinery, running noiselessly and accurately, proves that there is something more than dollars behind them.

One of the rare human beings whom I have known, who has at the same time the characteristics of the generous comrade, the good fellow, and the fine gentleman; who in moral courage in time of terrible strain or in physical courage when one's back is to the wall, never quailed, is an American woman; and thousands of my countrymen will say the same.

You cannot produce this type without freedom, without giving them opportunity, and taking the risks that are inherent in giving free scope to personal prowess. But they are not the women whom our blatant newspapers exploit, nor the women who buy the British aristocracy to launch them socially, nor the women who pervade the continental hotels and restaurants, nor the women whom as a rule the foreigner has the opportunity to meet. They are the women who have helped us to absorb the 21,000,000 aliens who have entered America since the Civil War; the women who stood behind us when we fought out that war for four years, leaving a million men on the fields of battle; the women who in the realm of house-keeping, to come down to practical levels, have revolutionized these duties and turned a drudgery into an art as have no other women in the world. The best answer the American can make to the luxurious lawlessness of some of our women is to point to the house-keeping and home-making of his compatriots, not only at home but right here in Germany.

The English attitude of women toward men is somewhat that of comradeship, and once married the man's comfort is looked after with some care; the American attitude of women toward men, in the more luxurious circles, is often, I admit, that of a spoiled child toward a gift-bringing uncle, and she permits him to worship her along the lines of a restricted rubric; but in Germany the subordination, the unquestioning and unthinking adulation, the blind acceptance of inferiority have not only softened the men but robbed the women of even sufficient independence to make them the helpmates that they try to be. There have been women of social and even political influence: Bettina von Arnhim, Caroline Schlegel, Charlotte Stieglitz, Rahel Varnhagen, and lately Frau Lebin, who seems to have been a soothing adjunct of the Foreign Office. It is rather as admirers than as executives that they shine. Their attitude toward the great Goethe and his nonchalant polygamy toward them is difficult for us to understand and approve.

> "The gentle Henrietta then,
> And a third Mary next did reign,
> And Joan and Jane and Andria;
> And then a pretty Thomasine,
> And then another Katherine,
> And then a long et cetera."

No real man is a misogynist, for not to like women is not to be a man. There are, however, many men, both in Germany and out of it, who greatly dislike sham women; that is, women who shirk their functional responsibilities. This form of dislike is a healthy instinct. Women are given the greatest and most inspiring of all tasks: to make men; and a woman who cannot make a man, by giving birth to one, or by developing one as son or husband, has failed more deplorably even than a man who cannot make a living. This task of theirs constitutes a superiority impossible to deny or to overcome. A woman, therefore, who craves man's activities and standards is as foolish as though a wheat-field should long to be a bakery. Most healthy-minded men hold this view, though some of us may think that German men overemphasize it.

The coarse sentimentality of the lower classes has been noted, but it is not confined to them. The premarital relations of all but the most cultured and experienced are marked by a mawkish sweetness which is all the more noticeable in contrast with the dull routine of saving and slaving which follows. She begins by being photographed sitting in her hero's lap, and ends by sitting on the less comfortable chair to darn his socks and to tend his babies. There are women enthroned, and who deserve to be, in Ger-

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many as in other countries; but taken in the mass, speaking in hundreds of thousands, it is not an inaccurate picture to say that the women are not taken seriously in Germany except as mothers and servants.

The census of 1910 shows that there are 32,040,166 men in Germany and 32,885,827 women, or 845,661 more women than men. The number of men in proportion to the number of women is steadily increasing in Germany, showing that the habits of the men are more and more feminine, that the state provides for them and protects them, and that the women take good care of them.

In a virile state, where the men take risks, where they play hazardous games, where they travel and seek adventure, where they emigrate to seek new opportunities, the women will greatly outnumber the men. The German army, which is in itself a school of hygiene for the man, and where the death-rate is the lowest of any army in Europe, and the many provisions for the state care of the population, all go to coddle the men and protect them. The various forms of labor insurance alone in Germany cost the state over $250,000 a day, and if we include the amount expended in compensation in all its forms the yearly bill of the state for the care of its sick, injured, and aged amounts to nearly $170,000,000. No wonder that between the care of a grandmotherly state and the attentions of a subservient womankind the male population increases. I sometimes question whether there is not something of the hot-house culture about this male crop. Certainly consumption and other diseases are very wide-spread. A very detailed and careful investigation of certain forms of weakness is being made by our Rockefeller Institute at this time, and if I am not mistaken in the results of what these investigations have thus far disclosed, it will be found that Germany has her full share of rottenness to deal with. To those who care to corroborate these hints with facts I recommend the reading of certain recent numbers of the hygienic *Rundschau*, a German technical magazine of repute.

There is a lack of vitality and elasticity, a stodgy, plodding way of working, much indulgence in gregarious eating and drinking, and very mild forms of exercise and holiday-making, comparatively little sport, almost no game-playing where boys and men hustle one another about as in foot-ball and polo, and very long hours of application, from the school-boy to the ministers of state, all of which tend to and do produce a physical lack of alertness, vivacity, and audacity in the men of practically all classes.

The way to see the people of a country is to stand by the hour in the large industrial towns and watch them as they go to and from their work; to watch them flocking in and out of railway stations, and at work in large numbers in the fields of Saxony, Silesia, and other parts of Prussia; to spend hours, and I admit that they are tedious hours, strolling through factories, ship-yards, mines, and offices, paying no attention to the talk of your guide, but studying the faces and physique of the men and women. Having done this, an impartial observer is bound to remark that industrial and commercial Germany is taking a tremendous toll for the rapid progress she has made. It may be no worse here than elsewhere, but neither has the problem of a healthy, happy, toiling population been satisfactorily solved here though better than elsewhere. I have heard the women and girls in factories singing at their work, but the bird is no less caged because it sings.

Men who ought to know better set an example of long hours of confinement at their work which is quite unnecessary. They tell you with pride that they are at it from eight or nine in the morning till seven and often till later at night. That is something that no sane man ought to be proud of. On investigation you find that in industrial and commercial circles, and in the offices of the state, men take two hours for luncheon and then return to work till nightfall. Two hours in the open air at the end of the day could be managed easily, but they do not want it. There is no vitality left for a game, for exercise, for a bath, and a change.

They drug themselves with work, and slip away to the theatre, to a concert, to a *Verein* or circle, unwashed, ungroomed, and physically torpid, and the great mass of the population, high and low alike outside the army officers, look it.

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The army officer's career is dependent upon his mental and physical vigor. The "cylinder" is quickly handed him and the helmet taken away if he grows too fat and too slow physically and mentally. There is no nepotism, no favoritism, and on reaching a certain rank he goes, if he falls below the standard required, and consequently he keeps himself fit. But a huge bureaucracy, with its stupid promotions by years and not by ability, with its government stroke, and its dangling pensions, positively breeds lassitude, laziness, and dulness. You may see it on every hand, in government offices, in the railway and postal services, where men are evidently kept on not for their fitness but by the tyranny of the system. High officials admit as much. In the little state of Prussia the railways pay well and are well managed, but they are clogged to a certain extent by inefficient and unnecessary employees, and were the system spread over the United States the chaos in a dozen years would be almost irreparable, and even here the complaints are many and vigorous. Probably one male over twenty-five years of age out of every four is in government employ. This alone would account for the general air of lassitude which is one of the most noticeable features of German life. The Germans as a whole are beginning to look tired. It is a German, not an Italian or a Frenchman, the philosopher Nietzsche, who writes: "Seit es Menschen giebt, hat der Mensch sich zu wenig gefreut; das allein ist unsere Erbsünde." ("Ever since men have existed, man has given himself too little enjoyment; that only is our hereditary sin.")

There has been a great change in the status of women in the last twenty-five years. The apophthegm of Pericles, or rather of Thucydides, "That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, either for good or evil," is not so rigidly enforced. Increased wealth throughout Germany has left the German woman more leisure from the drudgery of the home. She is not so wholly absorbed by the duties of nurse, cook, and house-maid as she once was. But even to-day her economics and her ability to keep her house with little outside assistance are amazing. Some of the most delightful meals I have taken have been in professional households where small incomes made it necessary that wife and daughters should do most of the work.

The German professor has his faults, but in his own simple home, the work of the day behind him, his family about him at his well-filled but not luxurious board, with some member of the family not unlikely to be an accomplished musician and with his own unrivalled store of learning at your service, when he raises his glass to you, filled with his best, with a smile and a hearty "Prosit," he is hard to beat as a host, to my thinking. Perhaps there is nothing like overindulgence to make one crave simplicity, and no doubt this accounts for the fact that the really great ones of earth are satisfied and happy with enough and abhor too much.

They tell me that the *Dienstmädchen* is no longer what she used to be, but to my untutored eye her duties still seem to be as comprehensive as those of a Sioux squaw, and her performances unrivalled. As is to be expected, Germany is not blessed with trained servants. They are helpers rather than professional servants. In the scores of houses, public and private, where I have been a guest only in one or two had the servants more than an alphabetical knowledge of what was due to one's clothes and shoes. The servants are rigidly protected by the state; they must have so much time off, they cannot be dismissed without weeks of warning, and they themselves carry books with their moral and professional biographies therein, which are always open to the inspection of the police; and they must all be insured.

In many towns, and cities too, there are hospitals and bands of nurses who for a small annual payment undertake to take over and care for a sick servant. If the doctor prescribes a "cure" for your servant, away she goes at the expense of the state to be taken care of. Wages are very small as compared with ours. Ten dollars a month for a cook, five for a house-maid, ten for a man-servant, forty to fifty for a chauffeur, and of course more in the larger and more luxurious establishments; though a chef who serves dinners for forty and fifty in an official household I know is content with twenty dollars a month. A nursery governess can be had

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for twelve, and a well-educated English governess for twenty dollars a month. Even these wages are higher than ten years ago. To be more explicit, in a small household where three servants are kept the cook receives 30 marks, the maid-servant 25 marks, and the nursery governess 35 marks a month. In the household of an official of some means the man-servant receives 45 marks, the cook 30 marks, and the maid-servant 30 marks a month. When dinners or other entertainments are given, outside help is called in. In the household of a rich industrial, whose family consists of himself, wife, and four children, the man-servant receives 80 marks, the chauffeur 200, the cook 45, the lady's maid 35, the house-maid 25, kitchen-maid 12, and the governess 30 marks a month.

I carry away with me delightful pictures of German households, big, little, and medium; and, though it does not fit in nicely with my main argument, households whose mistresses were patterns of what a chatelaine should be. But I must leave that loop-hole for the critics, for I am trying only to tell the truth and to be fair, and not to be scientific or to bolster up a thesis.

I can see the big castle, centuries old, with its rambling buildings winging away from it on every side, and in the courtyard its regal-looking mistress positively garlanded with her dozen children. There is no sign of the decadence of the aristocracy here. We sit down twenty or more every day at the family luncheon. Tutors and governesses are at every turn. A French abbé, as silken in manner and speech as his own soutane, bowls over all my prejudices of creed and custom, as I watch him rule with the lightest of hands and the softest of voices a brood of termagant small boys; to turn from this to a game of billiards, and from that to the Merry Widow Waltz on the piano, that we may dance. An aide-de-camp trained in India and a French abbé, I am convinced that these are the apotheosis of luxury in a large household. My Protestant brethren would, I am sure, throw their prejudices to the winds could they spend an evening with my friend, Monsieur l'Abbé! Nor Erasmus, nor Luther, nor Calvin would have had the heart to burn him. He is just as good a fellow as we are, knows far more, can turn his hand to anything from photography to the driving of a stubborn pony, knows his world as few know it, and yet is inviolably not of it. I have chatted with Jesuit priests teaching our Western Indians; I have travelled with a preaching friar in Italy on his round of sermonizing; I have seen them in South America, in India, China, and Japan, and I recognize and acclaim their self-denying prowess, but no one of them was a more dangerous missionary than my last-named friend among them, Monsieur l'Abbé!

There was a profusion, there a heartiness of welcome, a patriarchal attitude toward the countless servants and satellites, an acreage of roaming space in the buildings, that smacked of the feudalism back to which both the castle and the family dated. How many Englishmen or Americans who sniff at German civilization ever see anything of the inside of German homes? Very few, I should judge, from the lame talk and writing on the subject. Let us go from this mediæval setting for modern comfort to a smaller establishment. Here a miniature Germania, with blue eyes and golden hair, presides, looking like a shaft of sunlight in front of you as she leads the way about the paths of her gloomy forest. In these, and in not a few other houses, there is little luxury, no waste, a certain Spartan air of training, but abundance of what is necessary and a cheery and frank welcome.

I sometimes think the Germans themselves lose much by their rather overdeveloped tendency to meet not so often in one another's homes as in a neutral place: a restaurant, a garden, a *Verein* or circle, of which there is an interminable number. You certainly get to know a man best and at his best in his own home, and you never get to know a wife and a mother out of that environment; for a woman is even more dependent than a man upon the sympathetic atmosphere that frames her. I should be, after my experience, and I am, the last person in the world to say that the Germans are not hospitable, but there is much less visiting even among themselves, and much less of constant reception of strangers in their homes, than with us. Habit, lack of wealth, lack of trained servants, and a certain proud shyness, and in some cases indifference and

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a lack of vitality which welcomes the trouble of being host, account for this. No doubt, too, the old habit of economy remains even when there is no longer the same necessity for it, and saving and gayety do not go well together. *In Geldsachen hört die Gemüthlichkeit auf.* I should be sorry to spoil my picture by the overemphasis of details. The reader will not see what I have intended to paint, if he gets only an impression of caution, of economy, of sordidness and fatigue. No nation that gives birth to an untranslatable word like *Gemüthlichkeit* can be without that characteristic. The English words "home" and "comfort," the French word "esprit," and the German word *Gemüthlichkeit* have no exact equivalents in other languages. This in itself is a sure sign of a quality in the nation which bred the word. The difficulty lies in the fact that another language is another life.

The Germans are not cheerful as we are cheerful; they are not happy as we are happy; they are not free as we are free; they are not polite as we are polite; they are not contented as we are contented; and no one for a moment who is even an amateur observer and an amateur philologist combined would claim that the three words *love* and *amour* and *Liebe* mean the same thing. No word in the English language is used so often from the pulpit as the word *love*, but this cannot be said of the use of *amour* in France or of *Liebe* in Germany. Nations pour themselves into the tiny moulds of words and give us statuettes of themselves. The Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, and the Teuton have filled these three words with a certain vague philosophy of themselves, a hazy composite photograph of themselves. No one writer or painter, no one incident, no one tragedy, no one day or year of history has done this. To us, love is the coldest, cleanest, as it is perhaps the most loyal of the three. *L'amour* sounds to us seductive, enticing, often indeed little more than lust embroidered to make a cloak for ennui. *Liebe* is to us friendly, soft, childlike.

The nations of the earth, close as they are together in these days, are worlds apart in thought. Each builds its life in words, and the words are as little alike as in the days of Babel; and thus it comes about that we misunderstand one another. We translate one another only into our own language and understand one another as little as before, because we only know one another in translations, and the best of the life of each nation remains and always will remain untranslatable. No one has ever really translated the Greek lyrics or the choruses of Æschylus, or the incomparable songs of Heine. Who could dream of putting the best of Robert Louis Stevenson into German, or Kipling's rollicking ballads of soldier life into Spanish, or Walter Pater into Dutch, or Edgar Allan Poe into Russian! The one language common to us all, music, tells as many tales as there are men to hear. Each melody melts into the blackness or the brightness of the listener's soul and becomes a thousand melodies instead of one. What does the moaning monotony of a Korean love-song mean to the Westerner, or what does the Swan song mean to the Korean? Only God knows—we can never translate one nation into the language of another; our best is only an interpretation, and we must always meet the criticism that we have failed with the reply that we had never hoped to succeed. We are forever explaining ourselves even in our own small circles; how can we dare to suggest even that we have made one people to speak clearly in the language of another? The best that we can do is to give a kindly, a good-humored, and, at all times and above all things, a charitable interpretation.

There is a world of good humor, of cheerfulness, of contentment, of domestic peace and happiness in Germany. There are courtesy, politeness, even grand manners here and there. But these words mean one thing to them, another thing to us, and it is that I am striving, feebly enough to be sure, to make clear. May I beg the reader and the student to follow me with this point clearly in mind? While I am outlining with these painful details that their ways are not as our ways, I am not denouncing their ways, but merely offering matter for consideration and comparison.

A nation is most often punished for its faults by the exaggeration of its qualities, and if, as it seems to me, Germany suffers like the rest of us in this respect, it is none of my doing. It will be my failure and the

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reader's failure if we do not profit by watching these qualities in ourselves and in others festering into faults. Woman's position and ambitions, the home, the amusements, and the satisfactions of life, are very different in Germany from ours. I note these as facts, not as inferiorities. I note, too, that in Germany, as elsewhere, Hegel was profoundly right in his dictum, that everything carried to its extreme becomes its contrary. Too much caution may become a positive menace to safety; too much orderliness may result in individual incapacity for self-control; just as liberty rots into license and demos descends to a crown and sceptre and tyranny. I am merely calling attention to this great law of national development that the exaggeration of even fine qualities is the road to the punishment of our faults in Germany as in every other nation under the sun.

It is only when you have had a peep into a small farmer's house in Saxony, into the artisans' houses in the busy Rhine and Westphalia country; spent a night in a peasant's house and stable, for they are under the same roof, in the mountains of the South; and visited the greater establishments of the large land-holder and the less pretentious houses of the gentleman farmer, and the country houses, big and little, in all parts of Germany, that you get anything of the real flavor of Germany.

If, as Burke says, it is impossible to indict a whole nation, it is even more difficult to fit a people with a few discriminating and really enlightening adjectives. One word I dare to apply to them all, though I know well how different they are in the north and south and east and west, as diversified indeed as any nation in the world, and that is the word patient. They can stand longer, sit longer, eat longer, drink longer, work longer hours, and dream longer, and dawdle longer than any people except the Orientals. The Emperor himself sets the example. He is an indefatigable stander, if I may coin the word, and on horseback he can apparently spend the day and night without inconvenience. Their patient quarry work in archæology and in comparative philology laid the foundations for the new history-writing of Heeren and Mommsen; and their scholarship to-day is still of the digging kind. They seldom produce a Jebb, a Jowett, a Verrall, and never that type of scholar, wit and poet combined, a Lowell or an Arthur Hugh Clough. Indeed, with a suspicious self-consciousness the German professional mind inclines to be contemptuous of any learning that is not unpalatably dry. What men can read with enjoyment cannot be learning, they maintain.

I have visited many hospitals, and on one or two occasions been present at an operation by a famous surgeon. It is evident from the bearing of patients, nurses, and students that they are dealing with a less highly strung population than ours. Indeed, the surgeons who know both countries tell me that here in Germany they have more endurance of this phlegmatic kind. They suffer more like animals. Their patience reaches down to the very roots of their being.

On that delightful big fountain in that paradise of fountains, Nuremberg, the statues of the electors and citizens picture men who were untroubled and cheerful, slow-moving, contented, patient; while the little figures on the guns are positively jolly. The only mournful figure on the whole fountain is a man with a book on his knees teaching a child. He is pallid, even in bronze, and his face is lined as he muses over the problem that has stumped the wisest of us: how to make a man by stuffing a child with books! It cannot be done, but we follow this will-o'-the-wisp through the swamps of experience with the pitiable enthusiasm of despair.

Only liberty can make a man, and she is such a costly mistress that with our increasing hordes of candidates for independence we cannot afford her; so we go on fooling them with mechanical education. But even this figure is patient!

The Germans are patient even with their food. What would become of them without the goose, the pig, the calf, and the duck, that meagre alimentary quartette? The country is white with home-raised geese, and yet they imported 8,337,708 in 1910, and 7,236,581 in 1911.

One of their most charming bits of classic art is the famous miniature statue of the Gooseman; and the real name of the great Gutenberg, who did more than any other mortal to make it easy for the hu-

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man race to acquire the anserine mental habits and the anserine moral characteristics, was Gänsfleisch.

The goose is really the national bird of the German people. You eat tons of goose, and then you sleep beneath the feathers. The goose first nourishes you and then protects your digestion. The extraordinary make-up of the German bed must be laid to the door of the guilty goose. The pillows are so soft that your head is ever sinking, never at rest. Instead of easily applied blankets, that you can adapt to the temperature, you are given a great cloud of feathers, sewn in a balloon-like bag, which floats upon you according to your degree of restlessness, and leaves you for the floor, when in stupid sleepiness you endeavor to protect your whole person at once with its flimsy and wanton formlessness. As a rule the bed is built up at the head so that you are continually sliding down, down under the goose feathers, your nose and mouth are soon covered, and who can breathe with his toes!

They accumulate comfort very slowly. The wages are small and the satisfactions are small. On the street-cars the conductor is grateful for a tip of five pfennigs, and his daily customers are handed from the car-steps and respectfully saluted in return for this tiny *douceur*. When you dine or lunch at a friend's house you are expected to leave something in the expectant palm of his servant who sees you out.

Women carry small parcels of food to the theatre, to the tea and beer gardens, and thus save the small additional expense. Many a time have I seen these thrifty housewives pocket the sugar and the zwiebacks and *Brödchen* left over. In the hotels soap, paper, and common conveniences of the kind are taken, so I am told—not, I maintain, as a theft, but as an economy. We are in the habit of carrying our small change loose in a trousers pocket, but the German almost without exception carries even his ten and five pfennig pieces carefully in a purse. Outside many of the big shops is placed a row of niches where you may leave your unfinished cigar till you return. The economy thus illustrated shows a certain disregard of a not altogether agreeable chance of interchangeability that might even be dangerous to health. On the other hand, it is a wise precaution that marks beer-glasses and beer-jugs with a line to show just how much beer you are entitled to, and thus puts the foam-stealing vendor at your mercy.

The entertainments, dinners, luncheons, teas, except among the small cosmopolitan companies who do not count as examples of German manners and customs, are very prolonged affairs. There is much standing about. At ten o'clock, having dined at half past seven, beer, tea, coffee, sandwiches are brought in, and you begin the gastronomics over again on a smaller scale, so to speak. There is no occasion when eating and drinking are not part of the programme. If you go to the play or the opera you may eat and drink there; if you go for a walk the goal is not a bath and a rub-down but beer or chocolate and cakes.

I am not sure that there is not something in the theory that their soil has less iron in it, being so intensively cultivated, and that our food is consequently stronger than theirs; at all events, they eat more frequently and more copiously than we do. It seems to me that both the men and the women show it in their faces and figures. They are a heavy, puffy, tumbling lot after forty, and with my prepossessions on the subject I am inclined to put it down to irregular eating, to too much eating of soft and sweet food, too much drinking of fattening beverages, and much, much too little regular exercise, and to the fact that they are still infants in the matter of personal hygiene. Dressing-gowns, slippers, proper care of the teeth and hair, regular ablutions, changing of clothes, all these dozens of helps to health are patiently neglected. It is just as troublesome to take care of yourself, to groom your person, to be regular in your habits, and restrained and careful in your diet as to take proper care of a horse or a dog. It shows a rather high grade of persistent prowess in a man just to keep himself fit, to keep himself in working or playing health. Without the drilling they receive in the army in these matters, one wonders where this population would be.

The doggedness, the patience of the German is notable, but the alertness, vivacity, the energy easily on tap, these are lacking both among the men and the

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women, and, as it seems to me, for these easily apparent reasons. There are more rest-cures, rheumatism, heart, liver, kidney, anæmic cures in Germany, and to suit all purses, than in all Anglo-Saxondom combined, even if subject territories are included. In Saxony alone, which is not renowned for its cures, the number of visitors at Augustus Bad, Bad Elester, Hermanus Bad, Schandau, and some seven others has increased from 13,000 ten years ago to 30,000 in 1910.

Between 1900 and 1909 while the population of Germany increased 15 per cent, the days of sickness in the insurance funds increased 59 per cent and the expenditure 95 per cent. Some alterations were made in the law between those years permitting a certain extension of the days of sickness, but an accurate percentage may be taken between the years 1905 and 1909. During those years the population increased by 7 per cent, the days of sickness by 17 per cent, and the expenditure out of the sick-funds by 32 per cent. The total cost of sickness insurance in 1900 was $42,895,000 and in 1909 $83,640,000. Of course, it is impossible to tell how many people are sick by being paid for it, probably not a small number. We all have mornings when we would turn over and stick to our pillows if we were sure of payment for doing so. The German apparently is the only person in the world who is happy, *ægrescit medendo*. The Germans keep going, we must all admit that, but at a slower pace, with less energy to spare, and with far less robust love of life.

If the men are patient, the women must be more so, and they are. The marriage service still reads: "He shall be your ruler, and you shall be his vassal." The women are not only patient with all that requires patience of the men, but they are patient with the men besides, a heavy additional burden from the American point of view. Beethoven writes: "Resignation! Welch' elendes Hülfsmittel! Und doch bleibt es mir das einzige übrige." ("Resignation! What a pitiful expedient! And yet it is the only one I have left!") They take resignation for granted as we never do.

Some ten years ago only, was formed the Women's Suffrage League in Germany. It was necessary to organize in the free city of Hamburg, because women were not allowed either to form or to join political unions in Prussia! It is only within a very few years that the girls' higher schools have been increased and cared for in due proportion to the schools provided for the higher education of the boys. The first girls' rowing club was organized at Cassel in 1911. Even now as I write there are protests and petitions from the male masters against women teachers in the higher positions of even these schools. In the discussions as to the proper subjects to be taught to the girls, who in 1912 began attending the newly constituted continuation schools for girls in Berlin, there is a strong party who argue that all of them should be taught only house-keeping and the duties pertaining thereto. To the great majority of German men, children and the kitchen are and ought to be the sole preoccupations of women, with occasional church attendance thrown in.

There have been enormous changes in the place women hold in the German world in the last thirty years. The Red Cross organization of the women throughout Germany is admirable and as complete and efficient as the army that it is intended to help; one can hardly say more. There are many private charities in Berlin and other cities, managed entirely by women, and doing excellent and sensible work; such as the kindergartens, the Pestalozzi-Fröbelhaus for example, where four hundred children are taken care of daily and fifteen thousand ten-pfennig meals provided, besides classes for the young women students under the supervision of the Berliner Verein für Volkserziehung, with courses in the elements of law and politics and other matters likely to concern them in their activities as teachers, nurses, or charity helpers, the invalid-kitchens, the societies for looking after young girls, the work in the Temperance League, the Lette-Verein, one of the most sane and sensible institutions in the world for the training of girls and young women, where they turn out some two thousand girls a year trained in housewifely economy; the wonderful and pitiful colony at Bielefeld, founded by one of Germany's greatest organizers and saints, Pastor Bodelschwing, and now carried on

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by his equally able son and aided largely by the sympathy and resources of women. Only another Saint Francis could have imagined, and produced, and loved into usefulness such an institution.

The summer colonies, called Gartenlauben colonies, where the outlying and unused land on the outskirts of the cities is divided up into small parcels and rented for a nominal sum to the poorer working people of the city, constitute a most sensible form of philanthropy. You see them, each named by its proprietor, with a flag flying, with the light barriers dividing them, and with the small huts erected as a shelter, where flowers and fruits and vegetables are grown, often adding no small amount to income, and in every case offering the soundest kind of work and recreation. These colonies were started by a woman in France, and the idea worked its way through Belgium to Germany, and they are now supported and helped by the direct interest of the Empress. The woman who put this scheme into operation ought to have a monument! At Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, on a plot lent by the city, there are thirteen of these colonies divided into over a thousand plots.

There are three-quarters of a million women in Germany who are independent owners and heads of establishments of different kinds, and some ten million who are bread-winners. Of the increase in the number of women students I have written in another chapter, and of their increasing participation in the political, economical, literary, and scholarly life of the nation there are many examples. Once or twice I have even heard them speak in public, and speak well, while if my memory serves me, this was practically unknown in my university days here. The problem of domestic apprenticeship is also being worked out by the women of Germany. In Munich, in Frankfort-on-Main, and elsewhere, this most difficult and delicate question is being partially answered at least. Girls are apprenticed to families needing them, under the supervision of a committee of women. The girls and their families agree to certain terms and the families agree also to teach them household duties, give them proper food, eight hours' sleep, their Sunday out, and so on. The German women's societies who have thus boldly tackled this problem are plucky indeed and prove easily enough that there is a large and growing body of women in Germany who have minds and wills of their own and great executive ability.

Let me suggest to some of our idle women that they pay a visit to the Hausfrauenbund at Frankfort and the Frauenverein-Arbeiterinnenheim at Munich before they pass judgment upon this chapter. For I should be sorry to leave the impression that all the women of Germany are listless, oppressed, and without any feeling of civic responsibility.

All these things have been accomplished by women in Germany with far less sympathy from the men than they receive in America or in England. Cato wrote of women's suffrage: "Pray what will they not assail, if they carry their point? Call to mind all the principles governing them by which your ancestors have held the presumption of women in check, and made them subject to their husbands. . . . As soon as they have begun to be your equals they will be your superiors." It is an older story than the unread realize, this of the rights of women. The bulk of Germany's male population still hold to Cato's view. It is not so much that they are antagonistic, except in the case of the teachers, where the women have become active competitors; they are in their patient way impervious. Nor can it be said that any very large number of the women themselves are eager for more rights; rather are they becoming restless because they receive so little consideration.

Their pleasures are simple and restricted: regular attendance at the theatre, at concerts, an occasional dinner of an anniversary at a restaurant, excursions with the whole family to a beer restaurant of a Sunday, and the endless meeting together for reading, sewing, and gossip—no German woman apparently but what belongs to a verein or circle, meeting, say, once a week.

The women and the men are gregarious. *Væ soli* is the motto of the race. They love to take their pleasures in crowds, and I am not sure that this does not dull the enthusiasm for personal rights and gratifications and for individual supremacy and

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dignity. It is rare to find a German who would subscribe to Andrew Marvell's misogynist lines:

> "Two paradises are in one
> To live in Paradise alone."

It is typical of this love of being together that an independent member of the Reichstag, owing allegiance to no party, is called a *Wilde*, and this same word *Wilde*, or wild man, is applied to the student at the university who belongs to no corps or association of students. This love of being together, of touching elbows on all occasions, makes them more easily led and ruled. They hate the isolation of independence and revolt.

Of the relations between men and women I long ago came to the conclusion that this is a subject best left to the scientific explorer. It is, however, open to the casual observer to comment upon the monstrous percentage of illegitimacy in Berlin, twenty per cent, or one child out of every five, born out of wedlock; fourteen per cent in Bavaria; and ten per cent for the whole empire. This alone tells a sad tale of the attitude of the men and women toward one another. There is a long journey ahead of the women who propose to lift their sisters on to a plane above the animals in this respect. In the matter of divorce Prussia comes fourth in the list of European nations. Norway, with the cheapest and easiest, and at the same time the wisest, divorce law in the world, has almost the lowest percentage of divorce. In 1910 there were 390 divorces out of 400,000 existing marriages, of which 14,600 had taken place that year. The percentage is thus only about two and a half per year. The total per 100,000 of the population in Switzerland is 43; in France 33; in Denmark 27; and in Prussia 21. In industrial Saxony there are 32 and in Catholic Bavaria 13. The number of married people in Germany according to the last census shows an increase, the number of bachelors and widowed persons a decrease. Since 1871 the number of married persons has increased by 2 per cent. The birth rate shows a proportional decline. The problem that bothers all social economists is to the fore in Germany as elsewhere, for the people between sixty and seventy years of age number 14.65 per cent of the population, while the young people under ten number only 11.12, and those between twenty and thirty 10.93 per cent. The birth rate therefore shows the same tendency as in France, England, and America. A recent investigation on a small scale seems to show that bureaucracy has a certain influence here. Of 300 officials questioned, only 10, or 3½ per thousand, had more than two children. It is not an impossible, but certainly a laughable, outcome of state interference carried too far, should it result in the state's becoming an incubator for the unfit, in a country where the pensions for officers and employees of the state have risen from 50,000,000 marks in 1900 to 111,000,000 marks in 1911.

Even in higher circles in Germany there is a gushing idealism about the relations of the sexes. In their songs and sayings, as well as in their mythology, there is a laudation of love that is overstimulating. The lines of that inconsequential philosopher, that irresponsible moralist, that dreamy Puritan, Emerson,

> 'Give all to love;
> Obey thy heart;
> Friends, kindred, days,
> Estate, good fame,
> Plans, credit and the Muse—
> Nothing refuse,"

would be warmly praised in Germany.

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more,"

are lines more to our taste. Even love should have a deal of toughness of fibre in it to be worth much.

I must leave it to my readers to guess what I think of the German woman; indeed, it is of little consequence what any individual opinion is, if matter is given for the formation of an opinion by others. Truth cannot afford to be either gallant or merciless. There are women in Germany whom no man can know without respect, without admiration, without affection. There are the blue eyes, sunny hair, peach-bloom complexions of the north; there are the dark-eyed, black-haired, heavy-browed women of the Black Forest; there is often a Quakerish elegance

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of figure and apparel to be seen on the streets of the cities; and from time to time one sees a real Germania, big of frame, bold of brow, fearless of glance—*patet dea!*

But we can none of us be quite sure of the impartiality of our taste in such matters. Our baby fingers and our baby lips were taught to love a certain type of beauty. Our mothers wove a web of admiration and devotion from which no real man ever escapes; our maturer passions lashed themselves to an image from which we can never wholly break away; our sins and sorrows and adventures have been drenched in the tears of eyes that are like no other eyes; and consequently the man who could pretend to cold neutrality would be a reprobate.

The German looks to Germany, the Englishman to England, the Frenchman to France, as do you and I to America for

"The face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

A BENEVOLENT DESPOTISM

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop

Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission

"WHERE," asked a British colonial governor who was visiting a canal official on the Isthmus and was examining with many expressions of surprise and approval the screened, wide-verandaed, airy dwelling in which he was received—"where did you get this type of house?" The official replied that it was the result of American ingenuity applied to the needs of the situation. The needs of the situation being novel, novel methods of meeting them had been invented. The demand was for a house suitable for life in the tropics, and at the same time constructed and equipped in accordance with the modern ideas of comfortable living prevailing in the United States, and with modern ideas in sanitary science. By process of evolution, there was developed a type of building which met the requirements of the situation in every respect.

What is true of the dwellings is true of all features of the canal work on the Isthmus, from the dominating, autocratic government down to the housing and feeding of the common laborers. All are the results of a process of evolution, of the application of American intelligence and ingenuity to the needs of the situation. The nation was confronted with a task not only unprecedented in magnitude but unprecedented also in the conditions and surroundings in which it must be performed. Its own experience afforded no light for guidance, and the experience of other nations nothing except the dismal warnings of disaster.

A clear conception of this situation at the outset is necessary for a proper understanding of why there was built up in the Canal Zone a system of control which has been styled variously "paternalism," "modified socialism," and "benevolent despotism." It was not the work of a month or a year, but a gradual evolution, the outgrowth of practical experience, covering several years.

Congress, building better than it knew perhaps, left the direction of the great work entirely in the hands of President Roosevelt. It empowered him, through the law known as the Spooner Act, to construct the canal through a commission of seven members, selected in accordance with certain requirements as to personnel. In a separate act it conferred upon him all the military, civil, and judicial powers, as well as the power to make all rules and regulations, necessary for the government of the Canal Zone, which powers he was to exercise through such persons as he might choose and in such manner as he might direct. He was authorized to exercise these powers till the expiration of

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the Fifty-eighth Congress; that is, from the date of the act, April 28, 1904, down to March 4, 1905, when the Congress named expired. That Congress went out of existence without taking further action in the matter, thus leaving the President without Congressional authority to continue the exercise of those powers which it had conferred in the act of 1904, and under which he had established a form of government in the Canal Zone, using the Canal Commission as a legislative body. As he was directed to construct the canal, as the maintenance of a government in the Canal Zone was essential to such construction, and as there was an existing government bound by existing laws which continued in effect, though the power to make or to amend them had ceased, the President decided that it was his duty, under his constitutional obligation, to see to it that the laws were enforced and that the established government carried out its functions as limited by legislative acts.

Through this failure of Congress to continue the legislation which it had enacted at the outset, the government of the Canal Zone, as well as the direction of the canal work, passed entirely into the hands of the President, and rule by Executive Order, rather than through legislative action by Congress or by the Canal Commission, was established over the canal work. Nothing more beneficial to that work could have happened. It substituted prompt action in place of indefinite delay in all matters of pressing importance. How valuable this was to the successful prosecution of the task will be made apparent as this narrative proceeds.

When the Americans took possession of the Canal Zone in the spring of 1904, it was virtually the universal belief in the United States, and, indeed, throughout the civilized world, that every person who ventured to go to the Isthmus did so at the peril of health and life. Scarcely had a small force been assembled when the outbreak of yellow-fever came in 1905, confirming the universal dread and making the task of assembling a competent force more difficult than ever. The fact that the pestilence had been checked and overcome through the application of newly discovered methods of suppressing it commanded far less public attention than the fact that thirty-five American employees had died of it. The gloomy reports of panic-stricken survivors who had been able to get back to the United States, and equally gloomy letters from their less fortunate associates who remained behind and were determined to get away at the first opportunity, had a wide hearing and intensified the original dread. These eye-witnesses of pestilence in action, who had seen their companions stricken at their side, spoke with the awful authority that terror alone can supply. They had escaped the supreme peril, but many of them were the victims of malaria, with its debilitating and depressing effects, and were sad examples of what the Isthmus climate could do to the health of a sojourner from the temperate zone.

It was evident that extraordinary inducements must be offered to persuade competent and satisfactory persons to enter the canal service in the first place, and other extraordinary inducements to persuade them to remain there after arrival. They must be given wages considerably in advance of those paid at home. They must be provided with living quarters that were not merely satisfactory but to some extent attractive. They must be provided also with a food supply similar to that to which they had been accustomed. Quarters and food must be furnished also on terms so low as not to offset the higher wages. There were no suitable quarters on the Isthmus, no food supply worth considering, and no supply of the ordinary necessities of life that was at all adequate, and what there was could be obtained only at exorbitant prices.

In fact, the Isthmus was a barren land so far as its ability to supply the vital, pressing needs of the invading army of American canal workers was concerned. There was no adequate base of supply nearer than two thousand miles by water, and no competent agent of supply and transportation except the United States Government. The canal force was precisely in the position of any army in the field two thousand miles from the base of supply. It had been sent there by the government; it was to be paid by the government; it was to be ruled by the government, and it must be housed, fed, clothed, and cared for in all respects by the government. There was

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no escape from this, for no other method of care was possible. In due time it was to become clear that, being an army in the field, it must be ruled like an army; that is, by autocratic power.

The first Canal Commission began its efforts to assemble a force by authorizing the payment of the same wages and salaries that the French Canal Company had paid, but it soon discovered that satisfactory service could not be secured in that way. Higher rates were offered, but the response was still unsatisfactory. Special inducements were added, one after another, until an established system was developed which contained perquisites and gratuities that, in number and value, far exceeded anything of the kind bestowed upon a working force elsewhere on the face of the globe.

Inducements to enter the service included salaries and wages from twenty-five per cent to one hundred per cent above those paid in similar employments in the United States; free transportation from the United States to the Isthmus to all new employees and reduced transportation for their families; free furnished quarters, with free fuel, light, and water; free hospital and medical service, and thirty days of sick leave with pay each year; six weeks' vacation with pay each year, with reduced transportation to and from the United States for salaried employees and their families; privilege for all employees to buy at commission commissaries' provisions, clothing, and other necessary supplies at final cost prices, and to obtain meals at commission hotels, mess-houses, and kitchens at like prices.

Like all other features of canal management, these inducements were the result of evolution. Quarters had to be supplied because none existed. These had to be equipped with furniture and household articles, because employees could not be expected to bring these from the United States, and they could not be bought on the Isthmus, even if employees had been willing to go to that expense. Furthermore, if furnished by the government, they were kept in that condition through all changes of occupants. Being the property of the government, they must be under governmental supervision at all times, both for maintenance and conformity to sanitary regulation, so that care and repairs must be paid for by the government. Fuel, water, and light must be supplied by the government, because obtainable in no other way. They were a part of the commission's system of supply and control, and the question of making occupants pay for them was never seriously considered.

In the evolution of a system of food supply an interesting experiment was made. There had been on the Isthmus for several years, when the canal work began, a commissary store operated by the Panama Railroad Company for the benefit of its employees. This was used for a time by the commission as a base of supplies for hotels and mess-houses in labor camps and other settlements of employees, but as the force grew in size it became evident that a more comprehensive system must be devised, and, as the commission had so many other pressing problems on its hands, it was suggested by Mr. Wallace, the first chief engineer, who had had large experience in railway construction camps in which employees were fed by a private contractor, that the same method might be advisable on the Isthmus. In accordance with this suggestion, bids were asked for in the summer of 1905, and in September of that year a contract was awarded by the Panama Railroad Company to the lowest bidder. When the prices at which the contractor agreed to furnish meals to employees were made public on the Isthmus, they were seen to be considerably higher than those hitherto paid, and at once a vigorous protest was made by the employees, and Mr. Stevens sent a cable message to the Canal Commission at Washington saying that if he had that contract he would guarantee to make a million dollars a year under it. The contract was annulled by mutual consent before being put into operation, and no effort was made to obtain another.

During the period in which the matter had been under discussion the conclusion had been reached by Mr. Stevens and his associates that the government could furnish food at lower rates than were possible under a contract, for the simple reason that the government did not seek a profit on the business, while a profit was the only inducement which led a con-

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tractor to undertake it. Furthermore, the government could obtain supplies at lower prices than a private contractor could, and through its ownership of the Panama Railroad Steamship Line could get lower rates of transportation. This was the first of several demonstrations destined to be made, as the canal work advanced, of the superior advantages possessed by the government over private operators or contractors, both in the performance of the work itself and in the care of those who were engaged in it.

With the abandonment of the private-contract plan of food supply, the commission turned its attention to the enlargement and perfecting of its existing system. It had the steamers of the Panama Railroad Steamship Line equipped with cold-storage facilities; established a cold-storage plant at Cristobal; ordered refrigerator cars for the Panama Railroad; entered into large contracts for meat and other food supplies; increased its hotels and mess-houses along the line until there was one in every settlement of employees, and within a year had an unbroken line of cold-storage provision supply between the markets of New York, Chicago, and New Orleans and the hotels, mess-houses, and dwellings of the Canal Zone. Within the same period, acting through the Panama Railroad, it took possession of and enlarged its commissary, converting it into a large modern department store; opened branch stores in all the larger line settlements; established a bakery and a laundry, and began the construction of warehouses for the storing of provisions at Cristobal. Later an ice-cream plant, coffee-roasting plant, and other features were added.

During the most active years of canal construction, when the force was at its maximum, the government, acting through the commissary and subsistence department of the Canal Commission, was housing, feeding, and, in large degree, clothing and providing with all necessities of life, nearly sixty-five thousand persons. This was about the number of employees and their families or dependants. It maintained a central commissary or department store and about twenty branch stores in as many villages and settlements of the Canal Zone. It operated the Hotel Tivoli, a public hotel with modern facilities and accommodations for five hundred guests; about twenty line hotels for American employees, and about the same number each of mess-houses and kitchens for common laborers. It did a business of about seven million dollars annually, and was self-sustaining.

There is a steady diminution in the volume of business as the canal nears completion and the force is reduced, but the system continues in operation unchanged and will continue till the end. When the canal is thrown open to commerce the plant will be used by the government to furnish supplies to the operating force, the Isthmus military establishment, the United States naval vessels, and all passing ships which desire to purchase them.

Every morning at 4 o'clock a supply train starts across the Isthmus from Cristobal, made up of refrigerator and ordinary freight cars carrying ice, cold storage, and other supplies. These are delivered at the stations along the line between the Atlantic and Pacific, and by the local quartermasters are taken to the hotels, mess-houses, and dwellings of the employees.

Prices in general have been and still are lower than those prevailing in the United States because supplies are purchased on very large contracts, awarded on open competitive bidding, and no profit is sought by the government. The only addition to the original wholesale cost is the actual expense of transportation, handling, and delivery. The business is managed as closely as possible so as to make both ends meet. Previous to January 1, 1912, whenever a profit resulted, which was not always the outcome of a year's operations, it was turned into a sinking fund to pay off the cost of cold-storage and other plants. This aggregated six hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars, and was all paid off by the end of 1911. Since that time, whenever a profit is shown, the consumer is given either a reduction in prices or an improvement in the quality of supplies.

The net resulting benefit has been that the employees of the Canal Commission have been obtaining during the past six years their food and other supplies at prices considerably lower than those prevailing in the United States, and consequently

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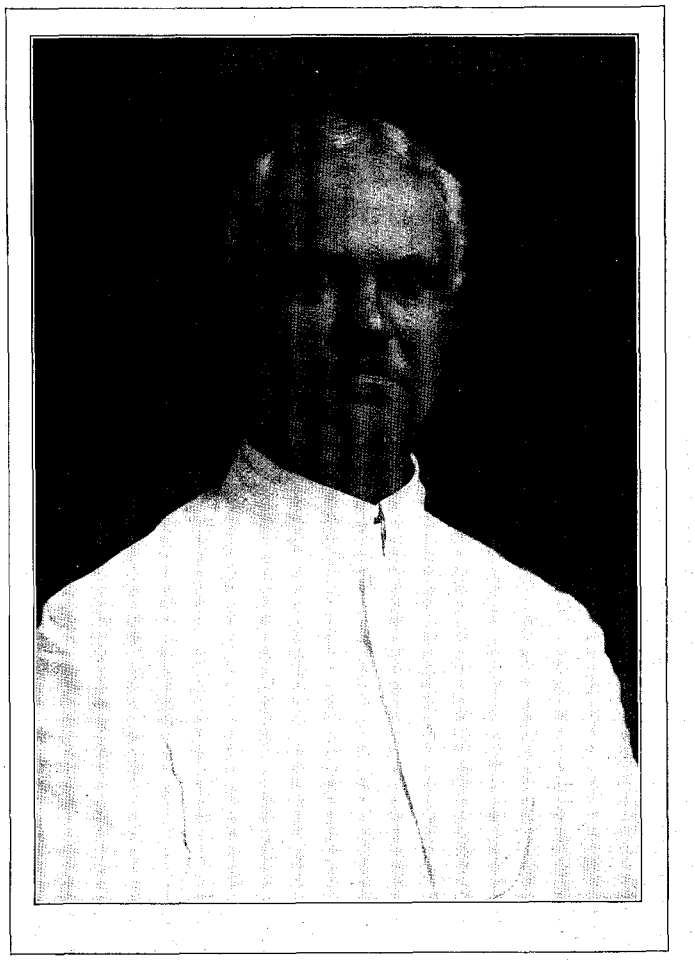

Photo, Marine, Panama. Taken specially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

"The Benevolent Despot of the Canal Zone."

Colonel George Washington Goethals, U. S. A., Chairman and Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission and Governor of the Canal Zone.

have suffered less than their fellow countrymen at home from the "high cost of living." This is especially true in the item of beef and meats in general. While the price of beef was soaring steadily upward in 1911 and 1912 the canal employees were paying the same price that they had paid during the preceding year. This was partly due to the system of purchase on large contracts, and partly to the ability of the subsistence department, through its control of all supplies, to equalize prices in such a way as to raise the lowest and maintain the highest unchanged.

When the contract plan was under consideration in 1905, the price of meals in hotels for American employees that was named in the accepted contract was thirty dollars a month, and that named for all common laborers was forty cents a day for three meals. Notwithstanding the advance in prices which has been in quite steady progress since that time, the Canal Commission has maintained its price, fixed in 1905, of thirty cents a meal for American employees, and has improved the quality. The price for European laborers, who are mainly Spaniards and Italians, is forty cents a day for three meals, and for West Indian laborers twenty-seven cents a day. The ability to maintain these prices, while increasing the quantity and improving the

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quality of the food, demonstrates clearly the superior advantages possessed by the government over the private contractor as a caterer, and vindicates the judgment of the Canal Commission in the course which it adopted.

Following closely upon the decision in regard to the supply of food and other necessities, the Canal Commission took up the question of labor supply. When the Americans arrived on the Isthmus in 1904, there was no labor available except that of West Indians. There was a force of about seven hundred men, nominally in employment by the reorganized French company, but it was incompetent and inadequate. To attempt to construct the canal with West Indian labor alone was to invite indefinite delay in the time of completion. More efficient labor must be sought elsewhere. The first proposition was to secure Chinese. This was viewed with so much favor that the commission, in August, 1906, asked for proposals to furnish twenty-five hundred Chinese laborers, for a period of not less than two years, with privilege of increasing the number to fifteen thousand. Four bids were offered, two of which complied with the terms specified and agreed to supply the labor at prices very much lower than those which the commission paid subsequently to other labor. There was, however, a great outcry raised in the United States against the employment of Chinese, and partly because of this and partly because of certain undesirable conditions accompanying the bids, all were rejected and the plan was abandoned.

The commission thereupon, in October, 1906, issued invitations for proposals to have the work done by groups of contractors, the work to be divided into two or more sections, and each group of contractors to be composed of men who had achieved conspicuous success in their profession. The idea was to secure for the canal the services of contractors who had had experience in large railway construction work, and who would take to the Isthmus their gangs of trained laborers. The successful bidders were to be paid an agreed percentage on the work done, the government furnishing the capital. Several bids were received, but when they were opened on January 1, 1907, none of them was found to be satisfactory, and a call for new proposals was issued. Before answers to the second call were received President Roosevelt decreed that the plan should be abandoned.

In taking this action he proceeded in accordance with the views of Mr. Stevens, the chief engineer. When the plan was first proposed, Mr. Stevens favored it as offering the most available means of obtaining an efficient working force. While it was under discussion, however, certain tentative arrangements for collecting a force had been put in operation and had proved successful. The chief of these was the importation of laborers from northern Spain. These became the nucleus of an efficient force, and soon after the bids of contractors had been opened Mr. Stevens had become convinced that a force could be assembled by the commission without the aid of the railway contractors that would be as efficient as any that they might supply, and that with its own force the government could do the work more cheaply than would be possible under a contract system. Experience has fully justified this opinion and the action of President Roosevelt in accordance with it.

The working force which Mr. Stevens began to assemble in 1906 grew steadily and rapidly into a high condition of efficiency that was maintained undiminished during the entire period of active construction, and was surpassed by that of no other labor force anywhere and equalled by few. With this force at its command, with the unlimited capital and credit of the United States Government behind it, and with the entire canal work and administration under a single, all-powerful head, the commission was enabled to accomplish its task, not only more quickly and more cheaply than would have been possible under a contract plan, but in a manner so excellent in every part as to be beyond successful criticism. So clearly was the superiority of government operation demonstrated that contractors who had made bids for the work and who visited the Isthmus a few years later, declared frankly that not only was the work better done than they could have done it, but that if they had been intrusted with the task the outcome would have been failure and financial ruin for themselves.

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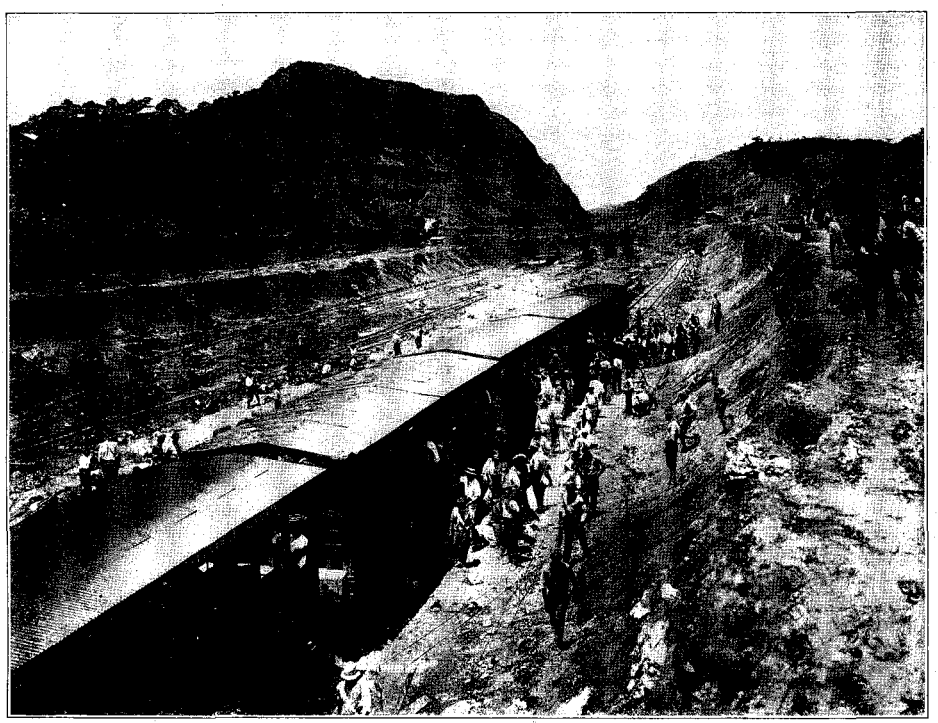
Thus, by process of evolution through practical experience, the government, acting through the Canal Commission, having been compelled through necessity to provide living quarters for a canal force, and through sound economic reasons having been compelled to establish and operate its own system of food and other necessary supplies, was compelled next to assemble its own force of laborers and take into its own hands the work of construction.



Typical labor train in Culebra Cut, noon hour.

After these problems had been solved there remained still another that from the outset had been pressing for solution. This was to induce the Americans who composed the clerical, subordinate engineering, and skilled mechanical elements of the force to remain in the service after arrival. During the first two years the annual changes in these occupations were ninety per cent. It was clearly impossible to attain anything like efficiency under such conditions or to hope for anything approximating a permanent force. After a few months on the Isthmus, the great majority of American employees became discontented and depressed, lost interest in their work, and had no other ambition than to "get back to God's country" at the earliest opportunity. There were abundant reasons for this. Life on the Isthmus was without relief or diversion of any kind. There were no reputable places of amusement, no clubs, libraries, or reading-rooms. The only distractions from the constant dread of sickness and the inevitable loneliness of existence in a land not merely foreign but lacking in most of the familiar comforts of modern civilization, were vicious and degrading. It was evident that means must be devised to supply opportunities for amusement and recreation, and early in 1906 the second Canal Commission, with the cordial cooperation of President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft, took up the question of providing them. Efforts in these directions had been made by the employees themselves, but lack of adequate means had prevented these from assuming more than very modest dimensions.

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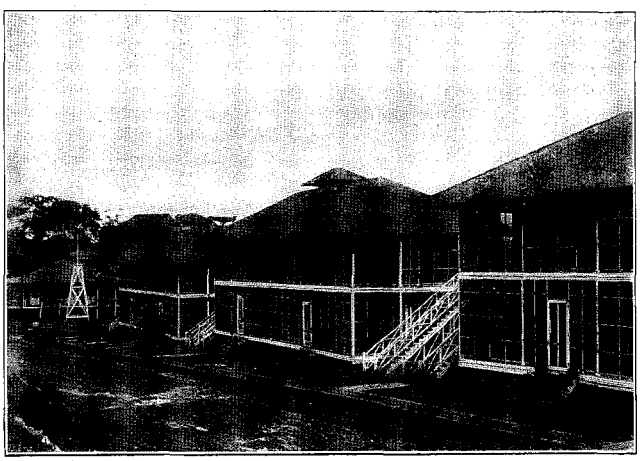
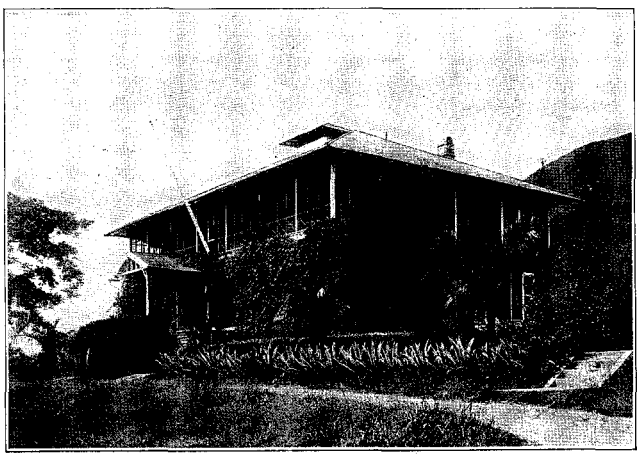
One-family houses.



Typical four-family house, two families upstairs and two down.



Type of canal official's residence, at Ancon, Canal Zone.

It was first thought by the commission that it would be sufficient to build club-houses or recreation buildings for the employees and leave to them the task of furnishing and maintaining them, but this was found to be impracticable because the furnishing alone was far beyond the means of the employees. Gradually the commission enlarged its benefits till finally it provided for five of the principal centres of workers large buildings, fully furnished, at a total cost of $35,000 each. These contained an assembly room, a billiard and pool room, reading-room, bowling alleys, and other features of similar institutions in the United States. Smaller buildings, with less expensive equipment, were erected later at minor points.

The supreme value of the direct system of government through Executive Order in the canal work was demonstrated when the question of spending the necessary money for the erection and equipment of these club-houses came before the commission. Doubt was expressed as to whether or not it was a proper and lawful use of the funds appropriated for canal construction. If they were to be erected in time to be of service, they should be authorized immediately and work upon them should be begun at the earliest possible moment. De-

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lay for any length of time would be fatal. The question was taken to President Roosevelt and the situation was explained to him. He directed that the expenditure be authorized at once and erection be begun, saying that if objections were raised later and the propriety of the use of the the supervision of an advisory committee appointed by the commission. The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association sent trained workers to the Isthmus for this duty. Their salaries were paid by the commission with the approval of President Roosevelt. For the

West Indian laborers' quarters at Cristobal.

money were questioned, he would appeal to Congress for a special appropriation to cover the cost. As a matter of fact, no objection was ever made. If it had been necessary to refer the question of expenditure to Congress for decision, indefinite delay would have been the inevitable outcome, with strong probability of an inadequate appropriation in the end, and in the meantime the beneficial effect which the club-houses began to exercise as soon as opened, upon the contentment and well-being of the force, and the resulting increase in permanency and efficiency, would have been lost.

By direction also of President Roosevelt, the Young Men's Christian Association, because of its large experience in work of this kind in the United States, was asked by the commission to undertake the management of the clubs, under large club-houses, libraries of six hundred volumes each were purchased by the direction of the President through the secretary of war. All employees on the "gold roll," who were virtually all white Americans, were eligible to membership on payment, at first, of one dollar a month, subsequently ten dollars a year. The revenues derived from this source and from the sale of certain privileges in the club-houses were placed in a fund. It was hoped originally that the clubs would become nearly if not quite self-sustaining, but this was not realized. The revenues were used to replenish worn-out and to purchase additional equipment and to defray a portion of the remaining expenses, but they were far from adequate to meet all expenditures. The larger club-houses cost the commission during the great part of the period of canal construction about seven thousand

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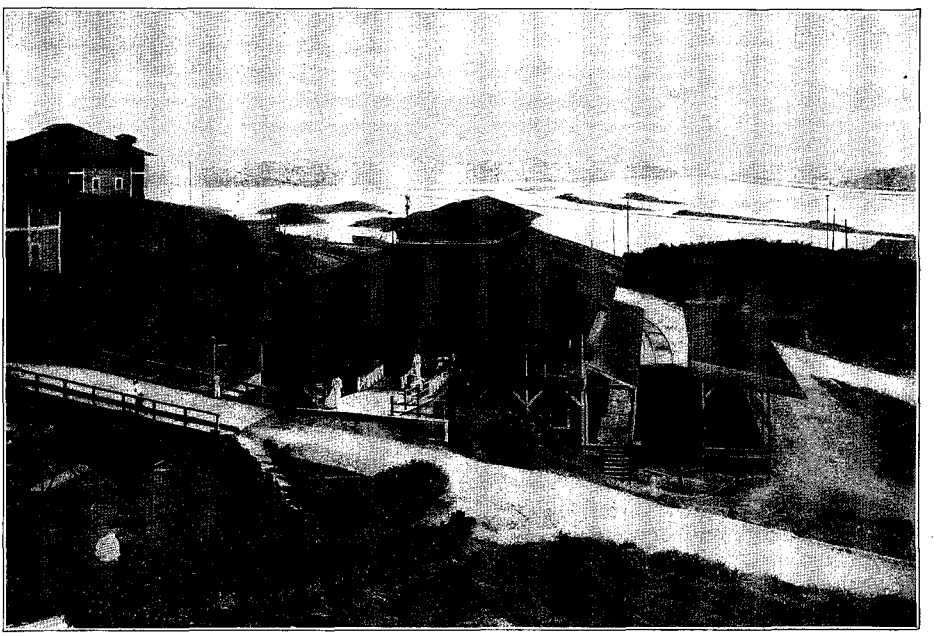
dollars a year each for maintenance, in addition to the original outlay.

The club-houses were only one feature, though a most valuable one, in the general policy of making life more attractive to the employees and of cultivating among them at the same time a community spirit in support of public morality and good order. A no less valuable feature of this policy was the work of organized religious bodies, and to this hearty co-operation and generous aid were given from the outset. Two-story buildings were provided in the chief labor centres, one story for use as a church and the other as a lodge or society room. All denominations were treated on equal terms. Resident and visiting chaplains were employed by the commission to hold services, to visit the sick in hospitals, and to perform other duties within their calling. In 1910 there were thirty-nine church buildings in the Canal Zone, twenty-six of which were owned by the commission, and all but two of which were on sites owned by the United States Government. Seven of these were Catholic, thirteen Episcopalian, five Baptist, two Wesleyan, one Seventh-Day Adventist, eight non-denominationalist, including one Salvation Army. There were at that time in the pay of the commission fifteen chaplains, three Catholic, four Episcopal, four Baptist, two Methodist, one Wesleyan, and one Presbyterian.

Another feature of the commission's policy was encouragement to efforts on the part of employees to develop among themselves amusements and other means of recreation. When the employees organized a band of music from their own membership, the commission hired a leader and voted to pay the players a small monthly stipend, expending in this manner about twelve thousand dollars a year. Through this aid a very creditable musical organization was built up which gave regular concerts on Sundays in the various villages of the Canal Zone. Base-ball nines were encouraged by the creation of parks with suitable grounds and other aid, and all forms of athletic sports received similar support. The formation of women's clubs was encouraged and assisted in like manner.



Branch commissary at Gatun.
The Gatun Lake, now filling, in the distance.

It was estimated officially, when the canal force was at its maximum, that the

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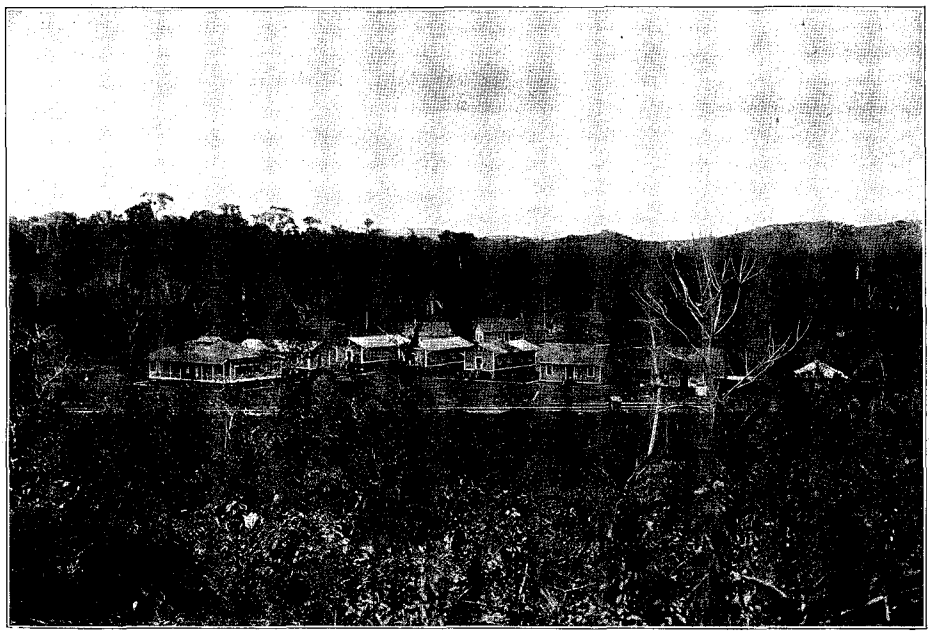
cost to the commission of the various privileges or perquisites to employees, not granted in similar employments in the United States, aggregated over two and a half million dollars a year; and that the average value of them to a married "gold," or American, employee was about seven hundred and fifty dollars a year; to a bachelor American employee about four hundred and twenty-five dollars a year; to a married "silver," or alien, employee about fifty dollars a year, and to a bachelor alien employee about thirty dollars a year.



Typical camp for European laborers.

Many persons, including members of Congress, who visited the Isthmus during the latter half of the construction period regarded the expenditure for these various objects as excessive, and, in some degree at least, unwarranted. The same critics considered the granting of free quarters, fuel, light, and water, the payment of high wages, and the bestowal of other benefits upon employees as unnecessarily generous treatment. They saw everywhere among employees contentment, enthusiasm, pride in their work, and the resulting high efficiency, and, being ignorant of original conditions on the Isthmus, were unable to see that the end amply justified the means. The fact that with all the special inducements afforded the annual change in the personnel of the canal "gold" force was at no time less than fifty per cent per year furnished indubitable evidence that without them nothing like a permanent force could have been maintained. Through their use, there was built up gradually a Canal Zone community, with its peculiar social activities and interests, and with no inconsiderable public spirit. It comprised about eight thousand white Americans, of whom five thousand were employees and three thousand women and children. A more orderly community of like size could not be found anywhere. While the annual change was fully fifty per cent a year, there was a permanent body of sufficient size to preserve a continuing public sentiment.

The imperative necessity for single-handed, autocratic control of the entire enterprise was made apparent within a few weeks after the first Canal Commission came into office in 1904. It was an

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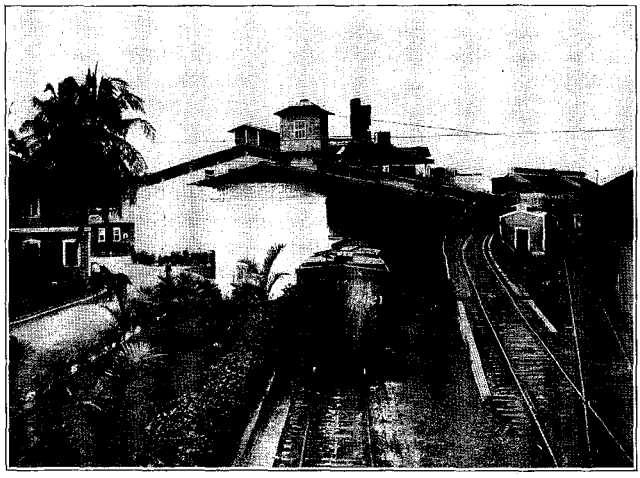
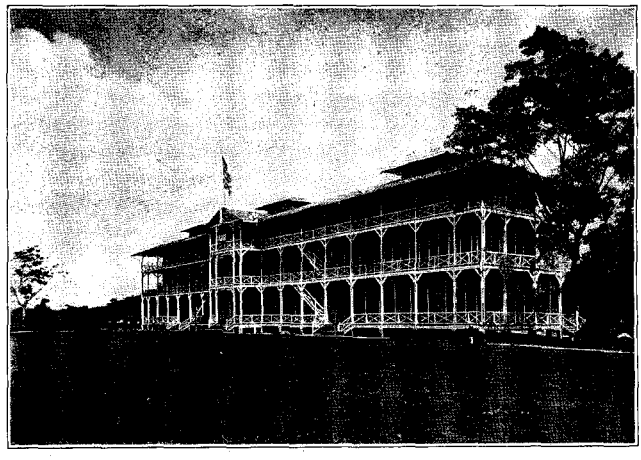


General view, cold-storage plant, Cristobal.



Commission hotel at Corozal.

This is the hotel described by a critic of canal work as being in a "hog wallow."

ting the commission's first annual report to the President, Secretary Taft declared that the commission had shown itself to be an unelastic body and not well adapted to canal work. The President had reached the same conclusion, and in sending the report to Congress he requested in the accompanying message such legislation as would allow him to select a smaller body, preferably one of three persons. The House passed a bill in accordance with this request, but it failed in the Senate.

excellent body of seven men, with special equipment for the work, whose selection had commanded general approval. But it was a body of seven executives, each of strong individuality, each accustomed to his own exercise of leadership, and most of them, either by temperament or confirmed habit, incapable of yielding to the leadership of others. This body selected a chief engineer who was subject entirely to its orders. One of its members, while designated governor of the Canal Zone by the President, was largely under the control and direction of the commission.

The inevitable developed almost immediately. There was constant discord in the commission, constant friction and lack of co-ordination between the commission and the chief engineer, and a similar state of affairs between the commission and the governor. Matters reached such a condition of inaction and inefficiency that six months after the commission was formed, one of its members resigned, and another advised the President of his intention to do so, on the ground that progress through such a body was impossible. In transmit-

President Roosevelt thereupon requested the members of the commission to resign, and appointed an entirely new body, with the exception of a single member of the former one. This new commission he reorganized in such a way as to make it in reality a body of three members. By Executive Order he constituted the chairman of the commission, the chief engineer, and the governor of the Canal Zone, an executive committee and centralized power in their hands. Each was to be supreme in his own department, and the three were to act for the entire commission. The four

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other members of the commission were constituted an engineering committee, with merely advisory functions.

This three-headed plan proved to be more efficient than the full commission plan had been, but it developed such an amount of friction between the chairman and chief engineer that before it had been in operation a year the former resigned, and the President, having become convinced that a further concentration of power was desirable, made the chief engineer also chairman of the commission. Before entering upon his duties in this dual capacity the chief engineer resigned, and President Roosevelt decided to make a complete change and put the work in the hands of United States Army engineers.

Dinner-time on veranda of commission hotel.

The third commission, composed mainly of army engineers, entered upon its duties with the positions of chairman and chief engineer consolidated in one person. The executive committee of three had ceased to exist and rule by seven executives had virtually been restored. After a brief experience with this once rejected system, the President, who had reached the conclusion some time before that the only satisfactory solution was one-man control, issued, in January, 1908, an Executive Order which, by placing virtually supreme power in the hands of Colonel Goethals, who was chairman of the commission and chief engineer of the canal work, made him also governor of the Canal Zone. The members of the commission who were heads of departments and divisions became subordinate to him, and the commission itself mainly an advisory body. The process of evolution through practical experience had thus reached its logical and final stage, passing through various experimental stages of divided authority and responsibility to the concentration of all authority and responsibility in one person, whose only superior officer was the President of the United States, acting through the secretary of war.

The period of highest achievement in canal construction dates from the issuance of this Executive Order. During the three years which followed, 1908, 1909, and 1910, one-half of the entire amount of excavation needed for the canal was accomplished, and the whole work was carried forward

Reading-room in commission club-house at Culebra.

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with such impetus that the canal's completion a year or more in advance of the date fixed for it was assured. The force was knitted into a compact, harmonious, enthusiastic body whose zeal, efficiency, and pride in the work commanded the wonder and admiration of all observers. When President Taft visited the Isthmus in November, 1910, he was much impressed by it, saying on the eve of his return to Washington: "The first thing that strikes one is the fact that work is being done apparently on every foot of the fifty miles of the canal, and is being done under an organization of men, plants, and material that operates as economically and effectively as if it were a machine with the hand of Colonel Goethals in control of the lever which sets and keeps the whole machine in operation."

As a matter of fact, the canal organization *was* a machine with the hand of Colonel Goethals on the controlling lever when the President saw it in operation in 1910, and it is so to-day—a huge, smoothly working engine of the highest capacity and efficiency. Its creation in the first place and its successful operation subsequently are both due to the possession of autocratic power by the man at the lever. Without that power he could not have set and kept the machine at "full speed ahead," with no fear of interference from any quarter, accomplishing results which in efficiency and economy are without parallel in great construction work either under private or governmental direction. That this is a conservative statement can be shown easily by a few citations from the record.

In October, 1908, the Isthmian Canal Commission made a carefully revised estimate of the total excavation and cost of the canal. This action had been made necessary by an advance in the cost of labor and in the prices of materials and manufactured articles, and by changes in the plan of the canal upon which the original estimates had been based, the most important of which were enlarging the size of the locks and widening the channel through Culebra Cut from 200 to 300 feet at the bottom. This revised estimate placed the total amount of excavation at 174,666,595 cubic yards, and the total cost, including the $40,000,000 purchase price to the French Canal Company, the $10,000,000 to the Panama Republic for the Canal Zone, and loans to the Panama Railroad Company, authorized by Congress, exceeding $8,000,000, at $375,201,000. This estimate included an allowance for about 8,000,000 cubic yards of "slides" or "breaks" in the banks of the canal through the Culebra Cut.

Soon after this revision was made, a great increase in the volume of slides and breaks began, lasting through several years, and bringing the amount of material that had to be removed because of them to about 21,000,000 cubic yards. Because of these, and of other developments as the work advanced, a further revision of excavation estimates was made in August, 1912, and the total required for the completion of the canal proper was placed at 203,433,000 cubic yards, or 28,766,000 more than the estimate upon which the final canal cost of $375,201,000 had been calculated. Yet, because of the efficiency and economy of operation which the one-man-power canal machine had attained, the commission will be able, even with this considerable lump of unanticipated extra work thrown in, to complete its great task a full year or more ahead of time, and with from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 of its $375,000,000 of authorized expenditure not needed and available for auxiliary work.

An elaborate system of cost-keeping, providing complete control over expenditures for labor, material, and supplies, and showing total unit costs for various parts of the work, which has been in operation since January 1, 1910, has been of great use in promoting economy.

Surely if any form of government or control was ever justified by results, that in force in the Canal Zone for the past five years has been. The great end sought was the construction of the canal in the shortest time, at the lowest price, and in the best manner possible. Precisely this accomplishment is assured. As the work has advanced, hostile criticism, which during the early years was abundant, often reckless and not infrequently mendacious and malicious, has fallen gradually into total silence, and in its stead there is a world-wide chorus of praise. Not a shadow of scandal hovers over the

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task as the end approaches, nor is there audible the faintest whisper of "graft" in connection with it.

What is the proper definition of the form of government under which this triumph, which is bringing credit and honor to the American name throughout the world, has been achieved? Not "socialism," for there has been no suffrage in the Canal Zone, and suffrage is the foundation stone of the socialist creed. Not "paternalism," for what the United States Government has been doing for the canal workers, its great army of peace, is nothing more than it does habitually for an army of its soldiers either in the field or in military posts. The canal colony was merely a huge construction camp in a foreign land, doing a great piece of work for its employer, the United States Government, which, like other employers, must provide for all needs of its workers. No precedent is established by the acts of the government in this respect on the Isthmus, except for procedure in other government work under like conditions hereafter.

Canal Commission club-house at Gatun, with band-stand adjoining.

It was an autocratic government in the same sense that the direction of every great enterprise of similar character by private individuals or corporations is autocratic. In adopting the one-man-power system on the Isthmus, the United States Government was doing simply what is done in every great private engineering or construction project—select the right man for the head of it and give him absolute power to execute it without interference. No private enterprise, not even a peanut stand on a street corner, could be conducted successfully with seven executives of equal power, and very few any better with three. The United States Government tried both seven and three with most unsatisfactory results, and was fairly compelled to select one and give him virtually despotic powers. It depended upon the man whether his use of those powers should lead to success and national honor or to failure and national disgrace, for it is upon the man and not upon the system that success or failure hinges in all cases. Happily in the case of the canal the man was not wanting.

When in the spring of 1907 the decision was reached by President Roosevelt

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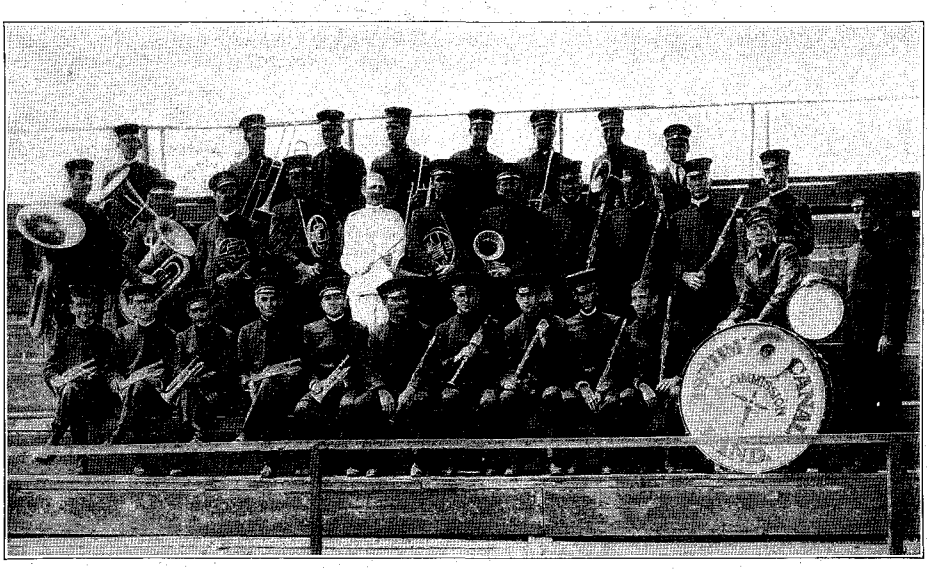
to turn the task of canal construction over to the Engineering Corps of the army there was no difference of opinion in government circles as to the member of that corps who should be selected as chief engineer. By unanimous consent George W. Goethals, then holding the rank of major, was the man. He had won, through his services in various kinds of engineering work for the government, the



Isthmian Canal Commission band.

undisputed reputation of ablest engineer in the army. He was selected chief engineer as a matter of course. He entered upon his new duties at a critical moment in the canal work, for two civilian chief engineers, one after the other, each after serving less than a year, had abandoned the task, their departure leaving the force in a condition of great nervous uncertainty about the future. It was a civilian force, and the change from civil to military control was a hazardous proceeding, for it might so aggravate existing uneasiness as to create thorough demoralization.

But from the moment of his advent on the Isthmus, Colonel Goethals showed that he was indeed the man for the work. He quieted the uneasiness of the force about military leadership, or "militarism," by announcing at once that there would be on the Isthmus no more militarism in the future than there had been in the past, that he was no longer a commander in the United States Army, but commander of the army of Panama, and that every man who did his duty would have no cause to complain of militarism. He has kept that promise to the letter during his leadership. From the first moment to the present time he has been an engineer and an administrator rather than a soldier. He has never been seen in uniform, for he brought none to the Isthmus. The final test in all cases has been efficiency, and not a complaint of militarism has been heard from any quarter.

A few months after Colonel Goethals had entered upon his duties, President Roosevelt, who had been keeping a close and somewhat anxious watch upon the situation on the Isthmus, wrote to a friend, in a tone of visible relief: "Evidently Goethals is exactly the man for the work. How fortunate we have been to get him! I shall back him up on all points."

In order to "back him up on all points," the Executive Order of January, 1908, was issued, and under that Colonel Goethals became the supreme ruler of the Canal Zone, creating that unique form of government which is best described as "benevolent despotism," or "rule by a benevolent despot," what Carlyle declared

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to be the ideal form of government, provided an able and just man be secured as despot. That the Canal Zone has had such a despot for five years, a despot who has not abused his great powers, but has used them with justice and wisdom, is the unanimous and enthusiastic verdict of the great body of his subjects. No ruler anywhere has ever had under him a more loyal, devoted, and contented people than Colonel Goethals has had during his leadership and will have to the end. They have unbounded faith in his ability as an engineer and like faith in his ability and justice as a ruler. "He's onto his job, and he's square," is the terse way in which the average canal worker puts it, and when you come to think of it, that is not a bad definition of a benevolent despot.

My official relations with Colonel Goethals forbid any analysis by me in this place of his character and personal attributes, for a subordinate cannot discuss publicly the merits of his chief; but I may be permitted to quote the estimate of a keen observer who has had wide experience in the study of affairs and men, and who, whatever else may be said of him, has never been accused of too great leniency in judgment or a tendency to overpraise. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, who visited the Isthmus in 1911, and made a careful study of the canal work, said in a paper read after his return before the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he is president:

"In the course of a fairly long and somewhat varied life it has been my fortune to be brought in contact with many men—men prominent politically, and in administrative and professional work; generals in command of armies in active warfare; executives in the direction of large enterprises; financiers; notables of the marketplace. The one thing in these contacts which has always insensibly but most impressed me has been the presence or absence in individuals of that element known as character. Whether there or not there, the sense of its being there or not being there is instinctive. If there, in the man at the head, the thing permeates. You are conscious of it in every part. The individuality and character of Colonel Goethals to-day permeate, and permeate visibly, the entire zone; unconsciously on his part, unconsciously on the part of others, his influence is pervasive. Nor, in expressing this opinion of Colonel Goethals, do I for a moment wish to depreciate, much less to ignore, the zeal and fidelity shown by the heads of departments in the present canal organization. One and all, so far as my brief stay afforded me opportunities of reaching an opinion, were stamped by the same die. Of some, of course, I saw but little; others I did not meet at all; but indications of the influence of Goethals were, I thought, perceptible everywhere. Quiet, reserved, unassuming, known to every one engaged on the work, but noticed, as he quietly moved around, by no one, he gave the impression of conscious because innate but unobtrusive force."

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that the man who has won victory for his country in the greatest campaign ever conducted in the interest of world-wide peace and progress should have been trained by the government to serve his country as a soldier in time of war.

THE ROCKET

By Louise Saunders Perkins

SKYWARD it storms, with a rain of gold fire,
Roaring its song as it ploughs high and higher
Into the dark.

A bursting of stars! A wild splendor of light!
Then—slowly down-drifting alone through the night
Fades the last spark.

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OLD PORTRAITS REVISITED

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

I

THIS lady's pearly shoulders dawn
Above a liquid India lawn,
(Such as Sir Joshua loved to paint);
Encased in beaded mittens quaint,
Her hands lie folded on her knee;
Her head a little wearily
Leans back against the carven chair,
As overweighted with its hair;
She bends her eyes of clouded gray
Beyond the inlet, down the bay,
A hundred thousand miles away!

Such was my great-aunt Madeline;
'Twas thus she looked at seventeen.

II

Elder and more robust than she,
This portrait's named *Penelope*.
—And fitly named, her carriage high
And amply sweeping skirts reply.
Although her shining braids are bare,
A shadowy cap seems resting there:
And in her hands, though clasped at ease,
I can discern the shadowy keys.
Her portrait thus foretells her fate,—
One of those learned ladies great
Who ruled and blessed some broad estate.

III

Can this the "little sister" be,
So oft described, so tenderly,—
With boyish locks all backward drawn,
And beech-brown eyes shot through with fawn?
O painter! with what art hast thou
Portrayed the bronzed November bough,—
The very wind that billows full
Her winter dress of crimson wool!

. . . . .

Alas the treacherous rapids fleet,
The vine that tangled round her feet—
Alas the glassy pool below!
And was it sixty years ago,
Or late by twilight yesterday,
The searching farmers chanced this way . . .
Where, through the shallows amber-brown,
One like Ophelia floated down?

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

XLII

GRAY PENDLETON, hearing from a house servant of the death of Steve Hawn, hurried over to offer his help and sympathy, and Martha Hawn, too late for Jason's protest, let loose the fact that the responsibility for that death lay between the two. To her simple faith it was Jason's aim that the intervening hand of God had directed, but she did not know what the law of this land might do to her boy, and perhaps her motive was to shield him if possible. While she spoke, one of her hands was hanging loosely at her side and the other was clinched tightly at her breast:

"What have you got there, mammy?" said Jason gently. She hesitated, and at last held out her hand—in the palm lay a misshapen bullet.

"Steve give me this—hit was the one that got him, he said. He said mebbe you boys could tell whichever one's gun hit come from."

Both looked at the piece of battered, blood-stained lead with fascinated horror until Gray, with a queer little smile, took it from her hand, for he knew, what Jason did not, that the night before they had used guns of a different calibre, and now his heart and brain worked swiftly and to a better purpose than he meant, or would ever know.

"Come on, Jason, you and I will settle the question right now."

And, followed by mystified Jason, he turned from the porch and started across the yard. Standing in the porch, the mother saw the two youths stop at the fence, saw Gray raise his right hand high, and then the piece of lead whizzed through the air and dropped with hardly more than the splash of a rain-drop in the centre of the pond. The mother understood and she gulped hard. For a moment the two talked and she saw them clasp hands. Then Gray turned toward home and Jason came slowly back to the house. The boy said nothing, the stony calm of the mother's face was unchanged—their eyes met and that was all.

An hour later John Burnham came over, told Jason to stay with his mother, and went forthwith to town. Within a few hours all was swiftly, quietly done, and that night Jason started with his mother and the body of Mavis's father back to the hills. The railroad had almost reached the county-seat now, and at the end of it old Jason Hawn and Mavis were waiting in the misty dawn with two saddled horses and a spring wagon. The four met with a hand-shake, a grave "howdye," and no further speech. And thus old Jason and Martha Hawn jolted silently ahead, and young Jason and Mavis followed silently behind. Once or twice Jason turned to look at her. She was in black, and the whiteness of her face, unstained with tears, lent depth and darkness to her eyes, but the eyes were never turned toward him.

When they entered town there were Hawns in front of one store and one hotel on one side of the street. There were Honeycutts in front of one store and one hotel on the other side, and Jason saw the lowering face of little Aaron, and towering in one group the huge frame of Babe Honeycutt. Silently the Hawns fell in behind on horseback, and on foot, and gravely the Honeycutts watched the procession move through the town and up the winding road.

The pink-flecked cups of the laurel were dropping to the ground, the woods were starred with great white clusters of rhododendron, wood-thrushes, unseen, poured golden rills of music from every cool ravine, air and sunlight were heavy with the richness of June, and every odor was a

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whisper, every sound a voice, and every shaking leaf a friendly little beckoning hand—all giving him welcome home. The boy began to choke with memories, but Mavis still gave no sign. Once she turned her head when they passed her little log school-house where was a little group of her pupils who had not known they were to have a holiday that day, and whose faces turned awe-stricken when they saw the reason, and sympathetic when Mavis gave them a kindly little smile. Up the creek there and over the up-sloping green plain of the tree tops hung a cloud of smoke from the mines. A few moments more and they emerged from an arched opening of trees. The lightning-rod of old Jason's house gleamed high ahead, and on the sunny crest of a bare little knoll above it were visible the tiny homes builded over the dead in the graveyard of the Hawns. And up there, above the murmuring sweep of the river, and with many of his kin who had died in a similar way, they laid slick Steve Hawn. The old circuit-rider preached a short funeral sermon, while Mavis and her mother stood together, the woman dry-eyed, much to the wonder of the clan, the girl weeping silently at last, and Jason behind them—solemn, watchful, and with his secret working painfully in his heart. He had forbade his mother to tell Mavis, and perhaps he would never tell her himself; for it might be best for her never to know that her father had raised the little mound under which his father slept but a few yards away, and that in turn his hands, perhaps, were lowering Steve Hawn into his grave.

From the graveyard all went to old Jason's house, for the old man insisted that Martha Hawn must make her home with him until young Jason came back to the mountains for good. Until then Mavis, too, would stay there with Jason's mother, and with deep relief the boy saw that the two women seemed drawn to each other closer than ever now. In the early afternoon old Jason limped ahead of him to the barn to show his stock, and for the first time Jason noticed how feeble his grandfather was and how he had aged during his last sick spell. His magnificent old shoulders had drooped, his walk was shuffling, and even the leonine spirit of his bushy brows and deep-set eyes seemed to have lost something of its old fire. But that old fire blazed anew when the old man told him about the threats and insults of little Aaron Honeycutt and the story of Mavis and Gray.

"Mavis in thar," he rumbled, "stood up fer him agin me—agin *me*. She 'lowed thar wasn't a Hawn fitten to be kinfolks o' his even by marriage, less'n t'was you."

"*Me?*"

"An' she told me—*me*—to mind my own business. Is that boy Gray comin' back hyeh?"

"Yes, sir, if his father gets well, and maybe he'll come anyhow."

"Well, that gal in thar is plum' foolish about him, but I'm goin' to let you take keer o' all that now."

Jason answered nothing, for the memory of Gray's worshipping face, when he went down the walk with Marjorie at Gray's own home, came suddenly back to him, and the fact that Mavis was yet in love with Gray began to lie with sudden heaviness on his mind and not lightly on his heart.

"An' as fer little Aaron Honeycutt——"

Over the barn-yard gate loomed just then the huge shoulders of Babe Honeycutt coming from the house where he had gone to see his sister Martha. Jason heard the shuffling of big feet and he turned to see Babe coming toward him fearlessly, his good-natured face in a wide smile and his hand out-stretched. Old Jason peered through his spectacles with some surprise, and then grunted with much satisfaction when they shook hands.

"Well, Jason, I'm glad you air beginnin' to show some signs o' good sense. This feud business has got to stop—an' now that you two air shakin' hands hit all lays betwixt you and little Aaron."

Babe colored and hesitated.

"That's jus' whut I wanted to say to Jason hyeh. Aaron's drinkin' a good deal now. I hears as how he's a-threatenin' some, but ef Jason kind o' keeps outen his way an' they git together when he's sober, hit'll be easy."

"Yes," said old Jason grimly, "but I reckon you Honeycutts had better keep Aaron outen his way a leetle, too."

"I'm a-doin' all I can," said Babe earnestly, and he slouched away.

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"Got yo' gun, Jason?"

"No."

"Well, you kin have mine till you git away again. I want all this feud business stopped, but I hain't goin' to have you shot down like a turkey at Christmas by a fool boy who won't hardly know whut he's doin'."

Jason started for the house, but the old man stayed at the stable to give directions to a neighbor who had come to feed his stock. It sickened the boy to think that he must, perhaps, be drawn into the feud again, but he would not be foolish enough not to take all precaution against young Aaron. At the yard-fence he stopped, seeing Mavis under an apple-tree with one hand clutching a low bough and her tense face lifted to the west. He could see that the hand was clinched tightly, for even the naked forearm was taut as a bowstring. The sun was going down in the little gap, and above it already one pale star was swung and upon it her eyes seemed to be fixed. She heard his step and he knew it, for he saw her face flush, but without looking around she turned into the house. That night she seemed to avoid the chance that he might speak to her alone, and the boy found himself watching her covertly and closely, for he recalled what Gray had said about her. Indeed, some change had taken place that was subtle and extraordinary. He saw his mother deferring to her—leaning on her unconsciously. And old Jason, to the boy's amazement, was less imperious when she was around, moderated his sweeping judgments, looked to her from under his heavy brows, apparently for approval or to see that at least he gave no offence—deferred to her more than to any man or woman within the boy's memory. And Jason himself felt the emanation from her of some new power that was beginning to chain his thoughts to her. All that night Mavis was on his mind, and when he woke next morning it was Mavis, Mavis still. She was clear-eyed, calm, reserved when she told him good-by, and once only she smiled. Old Jason had brought out one of his huge pistols, but Mavis took it from his unresisting hands and Jason rode away unarmed. It was just as well, for, as his train started, a horse and a wild youth came plunging down the river bank, splashed across, and with a yell charged up to the station. Through the car-window Jason saw that it was little Aaron, flushed of face and with a pistol in his hand, looking for him. A sudden storm of old instincts burst suddenly within him, and had he been armed he would have swung from the train and settled accounts then and there. As it was, he sat still and was borne away shaken with rage from head to foot.

XLIII

Commencement Day was over. Jason Hawn had made his last speech in college, and his theme was "Kentucky." In all seriousness and innocence he had lashed the commonwealth for lawlessness from mountain-top to river-brim, and his own hills he had flayed mercilessly. In all seriousness and innocence, when he was packing his bag three hours later in "Heaven," he placed his big pistol on top of his clothes so that when the lid was raised the butt of it would be within an inch of his right hand. On his way home he might meet little Aaron on the train, and he did not propose to be at Aaron's mercy again.

While the band played, ushers with canes wrapped with red, white, and blue ribbons had carried him up notes of congratulation, and among them was a card from Marjorie and a bouquet from her own garden. John Burnham's eyes sought his with pride and affection. The old president, handing him his diploma, said words that covered him with happy confusion and brought a cheer from his fellow-students. When he descended from the platform Gray grasped his hand and Marjorie with lips and eyes gave him ingenuous congratulations, as though the things that were between them had never been.

An hour later he drove with John Burnham through soldiers in the streets and past the Gatling-gun out into the country, and was deposited at the mouth of the lane. For the last time he went to the little cottage that had been his mother's home and walked slowly around garden and barn, taking farewell of everything except memories that he could never lose. Across the fields he went once more to Colonel Pendleton's, and there he found Gray radiant, for his father was better,

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and the doctor, who was just leaving, said that he might yet get well. And there was little danger now from the night-riders, for the county judge had arranged a system of signals by bonfires through all the country around the town. He had watchers on top of the court-house, soldiers always ready, and motor-cars waiting below to take them to any place of disturbance if a bonfire blazed. So Gray said it was not good-by for long, for when his father was well enough he was coming back to the hills. Again the old colonel wished Jason well and patted him on the arm affectionately when they shook hands, and then Jason started for the twin-house on the hill across the turnpike to tell Marjorie and her mother good-by.

An hour later Gray found Marjorie seated on a grape-vine bench under honeysuckles in her mother's old-fashioned garden, among flowers and bees. Jason had just told her good-by. For the last time he had felt the clasp of her hand, had seen the tears in her eyes, and now he was going for the last time through the fragrant fields —his face set finally for the hills.

"Father is better, the county judge has waked up, and there is no more danger from the night-riders, and so I am going back to the mountains now myself."

"Jason has just gone."

"I know."

"Back to Mavis?"

"I don't know."

Marjorie smiled with faint mischief and grew serious.

"I wonder if you have had the same experience, Gray, that I've had with Mavis and Jason. There was never a time that I did not feel in both a mysterious something that always baffled me—a barrier that I couldn't pass, and knew I never could pass. I've felt it with Mavis, even when we were together in my own room late at night, talking our hearts to each other."

"I know—I've felt the same thing in Jason always."

"What is it?"

"I've heard John Burnham say it's a reserve, a reticence that all primitive people have, especially mountaineers; a sort of Indian-like stoicism, but less than the Indian's because the influences that produce it—isolation, loneliness, companionship with primitive wilds—have been a shorter while at work."

"That's what attracted me," said Marjorie frankly, "and I couldn't help always trying to break it down—but I never did. Was—was that what attracted you?" she asked naïvely.

"I don't know—but I felt it."

"And did you try to break it down?"

"No; it broke me down."

"Ah!" Marjorie looked very thoughtful for a moment. They were getting perilously near the old theme now, and Gray was getting grim and Marjorie petulant.

And then suddenly:

"Gray, did you ever ask Mavis to marry you?"

Gray reddened furiously and turned his face away.

"Yes," he said firmly. When he looked around again a hostile right shoulder was pointing at him, and over the other shoulder the girl was gazing at—he knew not what.

"Marjorie, you oughtn't to have asked me that. I can't explain very well. I—" He stumbled and stopped, for the girl had turned astonished eyes upon him.

"Explain what?" she asked with demure wonder. "It's all right. I came near asking Jason to marry me."

"Marjorie!" exploded Gray.

"Well!"

A negro boy burst down the path, panting:

"Miss Marjorie, yo' mother says you an' Mr. Gray got to come right away."

Both sprang to their feet, Gray white and Marjorie's mischievous face all quick remorse and tenderness. Together they went swiftly up the walk and out to the stile where Gray's horse and buggy were hitched, and without a word Marjorie, bareheaded as she was, climbed into the buggy and they silently sped through the fields.

Mrs. Pendleton met them at the door, her face white and her hands clinched tightly in front of her. Speechless with distress, she motioned them toward the door of the sick-room, and when the old colonel saw them coming together, his tired eyes showed such a leap of happiness that Gray, knowing that he misunderstood, had not the heart to undeceive him, and he looked helplessly to Marjorie.

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But that extraordinary young woman's own eyes answered the glad light in the colonel's, and taking bewildered Gray by the hand she dropped with him on one knee by the bedside.

"Yes, Uncle Bob," Gray heard her say tenderly, "Gray's not going back to the mountains. He's going to stay here with us, for you and I need him."

The old man laid a hand on the bright head of each, his eyes lighting with the happiness of his life's wish fulfilled, and chokingly he murmured:

"My children—Gray—Marjorie." And then his eyes rose above them to the woman who had glided in like a shadow. "Mary—look here."

She nodded, smiling tenderly, and Gray felt Marjorie rising to her feet.

"Call us, mother," she whispered.

Both saw her kneel, and then they were alone in the big hallway, and Gray, still dazed, was looking into Marjorie's eyes.

"Marjorie—Marjorie—do you——"

Her answer was a rush into his outstretched arms, and, locked fast, they stood heart to heart until the door opened behind them. Again hand in hand they kneeled side by side with the mother. The colonel's eyes dimmed suddenly with the coming darkness, the smiling, pallid lips moved, and both leaned close to hear.

"Gray—Marjorie—Mary." His last glance turned from them to her, rested there, and then came the last whisper:

"Our children."

XLIV

JASON did not meet young Aaron on the train, though as he neared the county-seat he kept a close watch, whenever the train stopped at a station, on both doors of his car, with his bag on the seat in front of him unbuckled and unlocked. At the last station was one Honeycutt lounging about, but plainly evasive of him. There was a little group of Hawns about the Hawn store and hotel, and more Honeycutts and Hawns on the other side of the street farther down, but little Aaron did not appear. It seemed, as he learned a few minutes later, that both factions were in town for the meeting between Aaron and him, and later still he learned that young Honeycutt loped into town after Jason had started up the river and was much badgered about his late arrival. At the forks of the road Jason turned toward the mines, for he had been casually told by Arch Hawn that he would find his mother up that way. The old circuit-rider's wife threw her arms around the boy when he came to her porch, and she smiled significantly when she told him that his mother had walked over the spur that morning to take a look at her old home, and that Mavis had gone with her.

Jason slowly climbed the spur. To his surprise he saw a spiral of smoke ascending on the other side, just where he once used to see it, but he did not hurry, for it might be coming from a miner's cabin that had been built near the old place. On top of the spur, however, he stopped—bewildered. That smoke was coming out of his mother's old chimney. There was a fence around the yard which was clear of weeds. The barn was rebuilt, there was a cow browsing near it, and near her were three or four busily rooting pigs. And stringing beans on the porch were his mother—and Mavis Hawn. Jason shouted his bewilderment, and the two women lifted their eyes. A high, shrill, glad answer came from his mother, who rose to meet him, but Mavis sat where she was, with idle hands.

"Mammy!" cried Jason, for there was a rich color in the pallid face he had last seen, she looked years younger, and she was smiling. It was all the doing of Arch Hawn—a generous impulse or an act of justice long deferred.

"Why, Jason!" said his mother. "Arch is a-goin' to gimme back the farm fer my use as long as I live."

And Mavis had left the old circuit-rider and come to live with her. The girl looked quiet, placid, content—only, for a moment, she sank the deep lights of her eyes deep into his and the scrutiny seemed to bring her peace, for she drew a long breath and at him her eyes smiled. There was more when later Mavis had strolled down toward the barn to leave the two alone.

"Is Mavis goin' to live with you all the time?"

"Hit looks like hit—she brought over ever'thing she has."

The mother smiled suddenly, looked to see that the girl was out of sight, and then

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led the way into the house and up into the attic, where she reached behind the rafters.

"Look hyeh," she said, and she pulled into sight the fishing-pole and the old bow and arrow that Jason had given Mavis years and years ago.

"She fotched 'em over when I wasn't hyeh an' *hid* 'em."

Slyly the mother watched her son's face, and though Jason said nothing she got her reward when she saw him color faintly. She was too wise to say anything more herself, nor did she show any consciousness when the three were together in the porch, nor make any move to leave them alone. The two women went to their work again, and while Mavis asked nothing the mother plied Jason with questions about Colonel and Mrs. Pendleton and Marjorie and Gray, and had him tell about his graduating speech and Commencement Day. The girl listened eagerly, though all the time her eyes were fixed on her busy fingers, and when Jason told that Gray would most likely come back to the hills, now that his father would get well, she did not even lift her eyes and her face was calm as a star.

A little later Jason started back over to the mines. From the corner of the yard he saw the path he used to follow when he was digging for his big seam of coal. He passed his trysting-place with Mavis on top of the spur, walled in now, as then, with laurel and rhododendron. Again he felt the same pang of sympathy when he saw her own cabin on the other side, tenanted now by negro miners. Together their feet had beat every road, foot-path, trail, the rocky bed of every little creek that interlaced in the great green cup of the hills about him. So that all that day he walked with memories and Mavis Hawn; all that day it was good to think that his mother's home was hers, that he would find her there when his day's work was done, and that she would be lonesome no more. And it was a comfort when he went down the spur before sunset to see her in the porch, to get her smile of welcome that for all her calm sense of power seemed shy, to see her moving around the house, helping his mother in the kitchen and, after the old way, waiting on him at the table. Jason slept in the loft of his childhood that night, and again he pulled out the old bow and arrow, handling them gently and looking at them long. From his bed he could look through the same little window out on the night. The trees were full-leafed and as still as though sculptured from the hill of broken shadows and flecks of moonlight that had paled on their way through thin mists just rising. From the tree tops came the high vibrant whir of toads, the calls of katydids were echoing through forest aisles, and from the ground crickets chirped modestly upward. The peace and freshness and wildness of it all! Ah, God, it was good to be home again.

XLV

NEXT day Jason carried over to Mavis and his mother the news of the death of Colonel Pendleton, and while Mavis was shocked she asked no question about Gray. The next day a letter arrived from Gray saying he would not come back to the hills—and again Mavis was silent. A week later Jason was made assistant superintendent in Gray's place by the president of Morton Sander's coal company, and this Jason knew was Gray's doing. He had refused to accept the stock Gray had offered him, and Gray was thus doing his best for him in another way. Moreover, Jason was to be quartered in Gray's place at the superintendent's little cottage, far up the ravine in which the boy had unearthed the great seam of coal, a cottage that had been built under Gray's personal supervision and with a free rein, for it must have a visitors' room for any officer or stockholder who might come that way, a sitting-room with a wood fireplace, and Colonel Pendleton meant, moreover, that his son should have all the comfort possible. Jason dropped on the little veranda under a canopy of moon-flowers, exultant but quite overcome. How glad and proud his mother would be—and Mavis. While he sat there Arch Hawn rode by, his face lighted up with a humorous knowing smile.

"How about it?" he shouted.

"D'you have anything to do with this?"

"Oh, just a leetle."

"Well, you won't be sorry."

"Course not. What'd I tell ye, son? You go in now an' *dig* it out. And say, Jason—" He pulled his horse in and spoke

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seriously: "Keep away from town till little Aaron gets over his spree. You don't know it, but that boy is a fine feller when he's sober. Don't you shoot first now. So long."

The next day Jason ran upon Babe Honeycutt shambling up the creek. Babe was fearless and cordial, and Jason had easily guessed why.

"Babe, my mammy told you something."

The giant hesitated, started to lie, but nodded assent.

"You haven't told anybody else?"

"Nary a livin' soul."

"Well, don't."

Babe shuffled on, stopped, called Jason, and came back close enough to whisper:

"I had all I could do yestiddy to keep little Aaron from comin' up hyeh to the mines to look for ye."

Then he shuffled away. Jason began to get angry now. He had no intention of shooting first or shooting at all except to save his own life, but he went straightway over the spur to get his pistol. Mavis saw him buckling it on, he explained why, and the girl sadly nodded assent.

Jason flung himself into his work now with prodigous energy. He never went to the county-seat, was never seen on the river road on the Honeycutt side of the ancient dead-line, and the tale-bearer son each side proceeded to get busy again. The Hawns heard that Jason had fled from little Aaron the morning Jason had gone back for his commencement in the blue-grass. The Honeycutts heard that Aaron had been afraid to meet Jason when he returned to the county-seat. Old Jason and old Aaron were each cautioning his grandson to put an end to the folly, and each was warning his business representative in town with commercial annihilation if he should be discovered trying to bring on the feud again. On the first county-court day Jason had to go to court, and the meeting came. The town was full with members of both factions, armed and ready for trouble. Jason had ridden ahead of his grandfather that morning, and little Aaron had ridden ahead of his. Jason reached town first, and there was a stir in the Honeycutt hotel and store. Half an hour later there was a stir among the Hawns, for little Aaron rode by. A few minutes later Aaron came toward the Hawn store, in the middle of the street, swaggering. Jason happened at that moment to be crossing the same street, and a Hawn shouted warning.

Jason looked up and saw Aaron coming. He stopped, turned, and waited until Aaron reached for his gun. Then his own flashed, and the two reports sounded as one. One black lock was clipped from Jason's right temple, and a little patch flew from the left shoulder of Aaron's coat. To Jason's surprise Aaron lowered his weapon and began working at it savagely with both hands, and while Jason waited Aaron looked up.

"Shoot ahead," he said sullenly, "it's a new gun and it won't work."

But no shot came, and Aaron looked up again, mystified and glaring, but Jason was smiling and walking toward him.

"Aaron, there are two or three trifling fellows on our side who hate you and are afraid of you. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, the same thing is true about me of two or three men on your side, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"They've been carrying tales from one side to the other. I've never said anything against you."

Aaron, genuinely disbelieving, stared questioningly for a moment—and believed.

"I've never said anything against you, either."

"I believe you. Well, do you see any reason why we should be shooting each other down to oblige a few cowards?"

"No, by God, I don't."

"Well, I don't want to die and I don't believe you do. There are a lot of things I want to do and a lot that you want to do. We want to help our own people and our own mountains all we can, and the best thing we can do for them and for ourselves is to stop this feud."

"It's the God's truth," said Aaron solemnly, but looking still a little incredulous.

"You and I can do it."

"You bet we can!"

"Let's do it. Shake hands."

And thus, while the amazed factions looked on, the two modern young mountaineers, eye to eye and hand gripping hand, pledged death to the long warfare

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between their clans and a deathless friendship between themselves. And a little later a group of lounging Hawns and Honeycutts in the porches of the two ancient hostile hotels saw the two riding out of town side by side, unarmed, and on their way to bring old Aaron and old Jason together and make peace between them.

The coincidence was curious, but old Aaron, who had started for town, met old Jason coming out of a ravine only a mile from town, for old Jason, with a sudden twitch of memory, had turned to go up a hollow where lived a Hawn he wanted to see and was coming back to the main road again. Both were dim-sighted, both wore spectacles, both of their old nags were going at a walk, making no noise in the deep sand, and only when both horses stopped did either ancient peer forward and see the other.

"Well, by God," quavered both in the same voice. And each then forgot his mission of peace, and began to climb, grunting, from his horse, and each hitching it to the fence.

"This is the fust time in five year, Jason Hawn, you an' me come together, an' you know whut I swore I'd do," cackled old Aaron.

Old Jason's voice was still deep.

"Well, you've got yo' chance now, you old bag o' bones! Them two boys o' ours air all right, but thar hain't no manhood left in this heyh war o' ours. Hit's just a question of which hired feller gits the man who hired the other feller. We'll fight the ole way. You hain't got a knife—now?"

"Damn yo' hide!" cried old Aaron. "Do you reckon I need hit agin you?" He reached in his pocket and tossed the curved-bladed weapon into the bushes.

"Well," mumbled old Jason, "I can whoop you, fist an' skull, right now, just as I allers have done."

Both were stumbling back into the road now.

"You air just as big a liar as ever, Jase, an' I'm goin' to prove it."

And then the two tottering old giants squared off, their big, knotted, heavily veined fists revolving around each other in the old-fashioned country way. Old Jason first struck the air, was wheeled around by the force of his own blow, and got old Aaron's fist in the middle of the back. Again the Hawn struck blindly as he turned, and from old Aaron's grunt he knew he had got him in the stomach. Then he felt a fist in his own stomach, and old Aaron cackled triumphantly when he heard the same telltale grunt.

"Oh, yes, dad-blast ye! Come on ag'in, son."

They clinched, and as they broke away a blind sweep from old Jason knocked Aaron's brass-rimmed spectacles from his nose.

They fell far apart, and when old Jason advanced again, peering forward, he saw his enemy silently pawing the air with his back toward him, and he kicked him.

"Here I am, you ole idgit!"

"Stop," shouted old Aaron, "I've lost my specs."

"Whar?"

"I don't know," and as he dropped to his knees old Jason bent, too, to help him find his missing eyes. Then they went at it again—and the same cry came presently from old Jason.

"Stop; I've lost mine!"

And both, being out of breath, sat heavily down in the sand, old Jason feeling blindly with his hands and old Aaron peering about him as far as he could see. And thus young Jason and young Aaron found them, and were utterly mystified until the old men rose creakily and got ready for battle again—when both spurred forward with a shout of joy and threw themselves from their horses.

"Go for him, grandpap!" shouted each, and the two old men turned.

"Uncle Aaron," shouted Jason, "I bet you can lick him!"

"He can't do it, Uncle Jason!" shouted Aaron.

Each old man peered at his own grandson, dumfounded. Neither was armed, both were helpless with laughter, and each was urging on the oldest enemy of his clan against his own grandfather. The face of each old man angered, and then both began to grin sheepishly; for both were too keen-witted not to know immediately that what both really wished for had come to pass.

"Aaron," said old Jason, "the boys have ketched us. I reckon we better call this thing a draw."

"All right," piped old Aaron, "we're a couple o' ole fools anyhow."

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So they shook hands. Each grandson helped the other's grandfather laughingly on his horse. The four rode back toward town, and thus old Jason and old Aaron, side by side in front, and young Jason and young Aaron, side by side behind, appeared to the astonished eyes of Hawns and Honeycutts on the main street of the county-seat. Before the Honeycutt store they stopped, and old Aaron called his henchmen into the middle of the street and spoke vigorous words that all the Honeycutts could hear. Then they rode to the Hawn store, and old Jason called his henchmen out and spoke like words that all the Hawns could hear. And each old man ended his discourse with a profane dictum that sounded like the vicious snap of a black-snake whip.

"By God, hit's *got* to stop."

Then turned the four again and rode homeward, and for the first time in their lives old Aaron and young Aaron darkened the door of old Jason's house, and in there the jug went round the four of them, and between the best of the old order and the best of the new, final peace was cemented at last.

Jason reached the mines a little before dusk, and the old circuit-rider lifted his eyes heavenward that his long prayer had been answered at last and the old woman rocked silently back and forth—her old eyes dimmed with tears.

Then Jason hurried over the hill and took to his mother a peace she had not known since her childhood and a joy that she never dreamed would be hers while she lived—that her boy was safe from blood-oaths, a life of watchful terror and constant fear of violent death. In Mavis's eyes was deep content when the moon rose on the three that night. Jason stayed a while after his mother was gone within, and, as they sat silently together, he suddenly took one of her hands in both his own and kissed it, and then he was gone. She watched him, and when his form was lost in the shadows of the trees she lifted that hand to her own lips.

XLVI

Winter came and passed swiftly. Throughout it Jason was on the night shift, and day for him was turned into night. Throughout it Mavis taught her school, and she reached home just about the time Jason was going to work, for school hours are long in the hills. Meanwhile, the railroad crept through the county-seat up the river, and the branch line up the Hawn creek to the mines was ready for it. And just before the junction was made, there was an event up that creek in which Mavis shared proudly, for the work in great part was Jason's. Throughout the winter, coke-ovens had sprung up like great beehives along each side of the creek, and the battery of them was ready for firing. Into each shavings and kindlings were first thrust and then big sticks of wood. Jason tied packing to the end of a pole, saturated it with kerosene, lighted it, and handed it to Mavis. Along the batteries men with similar poles waited for her. The end of the pole was a woolly ball of oily flames, writhing like little snakes when she thrust it into the first oven, and they leaped greedily at the waiting feast and started a tiny gluttonous roar within. With a yell a grinning darky flourished another mass of little flames at the next oven, and down the line the balls of fire flashed in the dusk and disappeared, and Mavis and Jason and his mother stood back and waited. Along came eager men throwing wood and coal into the hungry maws above them. Little black clouds began to belch from them and from the earth packed around, and over them arose white clouds of steam. The swirling smoke swooped down the sides of the batteries and drove the watching three farther back. Flames burst angrily from the oven doors and leaped like yellow lightning up through the belching smoke. Behind them was the odor of the woods, fresh and damp and cool, and the sound of the little creek in its noisy way over rocks and stray fallen timbers. Down from the mines came mules with their drivers, their harness rattling as they trotted past, and from the houses poured women and children to see the first flaming signs of a great industry. And good cheer was in the air like wine, for times were good and work and promise of work a-plenty. Exultant, Jason felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to find the big superintendent smiling at him.

"You go on the day shift after this," he said. "Go to bed now."

The boy's eyes glistened, for he had been

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working for forty-eight hours, and with Mavis and his mother he walked up the hill. At the cottage he went inside and came out with a paper in his hand which he handed to Mavis without a word. Then he went back and with his clothes on fell across the bed.

Mavis walked down the spur with her step-mother home. She knew what it contained, for two days before was the date fixed for the wedding-day of Marjorie and Gray Pendleton, and Gray had written Jason and Marjorie had written her, begging them both to come. By the light of a lamp she read the account, fulsome and feminine, aloud: the line of carriages and motor-cars sweeping from the pike-gate between two rows of softly glowing, gently swinging Japanese lanterns, up to the noble old Southern home gleaming like a fairy palace on the top of a little hill; the gay gathering of the gentlefolk of the State; the aisle made through them by two silken white ribbons and leading to the rose-canopied altar; the coming down that aisle of the radiant bride with her flowers and her bridesmaids with theirs, the eager waiting of the young bridegroom, the bending of two proud, sunny heads close together, and the God-sealed union of their hearts and lives. And then the silent coming of a great gleaming motor-car, the showers of rice, the showering chorus of gay good wishes and good-bys, and then they shot away in the night for some mysterious bourne of the honey-moon. And behind them the dance went on till dawn. The paper dropped in Mavis's lap, and Martha Hawn sighed and rose to get ready for bed.

"My, but some folks is lucky."

On the porch Mavis waited up a while with no envy in her heart. The moon was soaring over the crest of the Cumberland, and somewhere, doubtless, Marjorie and Gray, too, had their eyes lifted toward it. She looked toward the little gap in the western hills. Gray's star had gone down.

"I'm so glad they're happy," she whispered.

The moon darkened just then, and beyond and over the dark spur flashed a new light in the sky that ran up the mounting clouds like climbing roses of flame. The girl smiled happily. Under it tired Jason was asleep, but the light up there was the work of his hands below, and it hung in the heavens like a pillar of fire.

XLVII

SITTING on the porch next morning, Mavis and Martha Hawn saw Jason come striding down the spur.

"I'm taking a holiday to-day," he said, and there was a light in his eyes and a quizzical smile on his face that puzzled Mavis, but the mother was quick to understand. It was Saturday, a holiday, too, for Mavis, and a long one, for her school had just closed that her children might do planting in the fields. Without a word, but still smiling to himself, Jason went out on the back porch, got a hoe, and disappeared behind the garden fence. He came back presently with a tin can in his hands and held it out to Mavis.

"Let's go fishing," he said.

While Mavis hesitated, the mother, with an inward chuckle, went within and emerged with the bow and arrow and the old fishing-pole.

"Mebbe you'll need 'em," she said dryly.

Mavis turned scarlet and Jason, pretending bewilderment, laughed happily.

"That's just what we do need," he said, with no further surprise, no question as to how those old relics of their childhood happened to be there. His mother's diplomacy was crude, but he was grateful for it, and he smiled at her understandingly.

So, like two children again, they set off as long ago over the spur, down the branch, across the road below the mines, and down into the deep bowl, filled to the brim with bush and tree, and to where the same deep pool lay in deep shadows asleep—Jason striding ahead and Mavis his obedient shadow once more—only this time Jason would look back every now and then and smile. Nor did he drop her pole on the ground and turn ungallantly to his bow and arrow, but unwound the line, baited her hook, cast it, and handed her the pole. As of yore, he strung his bow, which was a ridiculous plaything in his hands now, and he peered as of yore into every sunlit depth, but he turned every little while to look at the quiet figure on the bank, not squatted with child-

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ish abandon, but seated, as a maiden should, with her skirts drawn decorously around her pretty ankles. And all the while she felt him looking, and her face turned into lovely rose, though her shining eyes never left the pool that mirrored her below. Only her squeal was the same when, as of yore, she flopped a glistening chub on the bank, and another and another. Nor did he tell her she was "skeerin' the big uns" and set her to work like a little slave, but unhooked each fish and put on another worm. And only was Jason little Jason once more when at last he saw the waving outlines of an unwary bass in the depths below. Again Mavis saw him crouch, saw again the arrow drawn to his actually paling cheek, heard again the rushing hiss through the air and the burning hiss into the water, and saw a bass leap from the convulsed surface. Only this time there was no headless arrow left afloat, for, with a boyish yell, Jason dragged his squirming captive in. This time Jason gathered the twigs and built the fire and helped to clean the fish. And when all was ready, who should step forth with a loud laugh of triumph from the bushes but the same giant—Babe Honeycutt!

"I seed you two comin' down hyeh," he shouted. "Hit reminded me o' ole times. I been settin' thar in the bushes an' the smell o' them fish mighty nigh drove me crazy. An' this time, by the jumpin' Jehosiphat, I'm a-goin' to have my share."

Babe did take his share, and over his pipe grew reminiscent.

"I'm mighty glad you didn't git me that day, Jason," he said, with another laugh, "an' I reckon you air, too, now that——"

He stopped in confusion, for Jason had darted him a warning glance. So confused was he, indeed, that he began to feel suddenly very much in the way, and he rose quickly, and with a knowing look from one to the other melted with a loud laugh into the bushes again.

"Now, wasn't that curious?" said Jason, and Mavis nodded silently.

All the time they had been drifting along the backward current of memories, and perhaps it was that current that bore them unconsciously along when they rose, for unconsciously Jason went on toward the river, until once more they stood on the little knoll whence they had seen Gray and Marjorie ride through the arched opening of the trees. Hitherto speech had been as sparse between them as it had been that long-ago day, but here they looked suddenly into each other's eyes, and each knew the other's thought.

"Are you sorry, Mavis?"

She flushed a little.

"Not now;" and then shyly, "Are you?"

"Not now," repeated Jason.

Back they went again, lapsing once more into silence, until they came again to the point where they had started to part that day, and Mavis's fear had led him to take her down the dark ravine to her home. The spirals of smoke were even rising on either side of the spur from Jason's cottage and his mother's home, and both high above were melting into each other and into the drowsy haze that veiled the face of the mountain. Jason turned quickly, and the subdued fire in his eyes made the girl's face burn and her eyes droop.

"Mavis," he said huskily, "do you remember what I said that day right here?"

And then suddenly the woman became the brave.

"Yes, Jasie," she said, meeting his eyes unflinchingly now; and with a throb of desire to end his doubt and suffering quickly: "And I remember what we both *did*—once."

She looked down toward the old circuit-rider's house at the forks of the road, and Jason's hand and lip trembled and his face was transfigured with unbelievable happiness.

"Why, Mavis—I thought you—Gray—Mavis, will you, will you?"

"Poor Jasie," she said, and almost as a mother to a child who had long suffered she gently put both arms around his neck, and as his arms crushed her to him lifted her mouth to meet his.

Two hours it took Jason to go to town and back, galloping all the way. And then at sunset they walked together through the old circuit-rider's gate and to the porch, and stood before the old man hand in hand.

"Me an' Mavis hyeh want to git married," said Jason with a jesting smile, and the old man's memory was as quick as his humor.

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"Have ye got a license?" he asked with a serious pursing of his lips. "You got to have a license, an' hit costs two dollars, an' you got to be a man."

Jason smilingly pulled a paper from his pocket, and Mavis interrupted:

"He's *my* man."

"Well, he will be in a minute—come in hyeh."

The old circuit-rider's wife met them at the door and hugged them both, and when they came out on the porch again there was Jason's mother hurrying down the spur and calling to them with a half-tearful laugh of triumph:

"I knowed it—oh, I knowed it."

The news spread swiftly. Within half an hour the big superintendent was tumbling his things from the cottage into the road, for his own family was coming, he explained to Jason's mother, and he needed a larger house anyway. And so Babe Honeycutt swung twice down the spur on the other side and up again with Mavis's worldly goods on his great shoulders, while inside the cottage Martha Hawn and the old circuit-rider's wife were as joyously busy as bees. On his last trip Mavis and Jason followed, and on top of the spur Babe stopped, cocked his ear, and listened. Coming on a slow breeze up the ravine from the river far below was the long mellow blast of a horn.

"'I God," laughed Babe triumphantly, "ole Jason's already heerd it."

And, indeed, within half an hour word came that the old man must have the infare at his house that night, and already to all who could hear he had blown welcome on the wind.

So, at dusk, when Jason, on the circuit-rider's old nag, rode through camp with Mavis on a pillion behind, in laughing acceptance of the old pioneer custom, women and children waved at them from door-ways and the miners swung their hats and cheered them as they passed. There was an old-fashioned gathering at the old Hawn home that night. Old Aaron and young Aaron and many Honeycutts were there; the house was thronged, fiddles played old tunes for nimble feet, and Hawns and Honeycutts ate and drank and made merry until the morning sun fanned its flames above the sombre hills.

But before midnight Jason and Mavis fared forth pillion fashion again. Only, Jason, too, rode sidewise every now and then, that he might clasp her with one arm and kiss her again and again under the smiling old moon. Through the lights and noise of the mighty industry that he would direct, they passed and climbed on.

Soon only lights showed that their grimy little working world was below. Soon they stood on the porch of their own little house. To them there the mighty on-sweeping hills sent back their own peace, God-guarded and never to be menaced by the hand of man. And there, clasped in each other's arms, their spirits rushed together, and, with the spiral of smoke from their own hearth-stones, went upward.

XLVIII

GENTLY that following midsummer the old president's crutch thumped the sidewalk leading to the college. Between the pillars of the gateway he paused, lifted his undimmed keen blue eyes, and more gently still the crutch thumped on the gravelled road as he passed slowly on under the trees. When he faced the first deserted building he stopped quite still. The campus was deserted and the buildings were as silent as tombs. That loneliness he had known many, many years; but there was a poignant sorrow in it now that was never there before, for only that morning he had turned over the reins of power into a pair of younger hands. The young men and young women would come again, but now they would be his no longer. There would be the same eager faces, dancing eyes, swift coming and going, but not for him. The same cries of greeting, the tramp of many feet, shouts from the playgrounds—but not for his ears. The same struggle for supremacy in the class-room—but not for his favor and his rewarding hand. That hand had all but upraised each building, brick by brick and stone by stone. He had started alone, he had fought alone, and in spite of his Scotch shrewdness, business sagacity, indomitable pluck and patience, and a nation-wide fame for scholarship, the fight had been hard and long. He had won, but the work was yet unfinished, and it was his no longer. For a little while he

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stood there, and John Burnham, coming from his class-room with a little bag of books, saw the still figure on crutches and paused noiselessly on the steps. He saw the old scholar's sensitive mouth quiver and his thin face wrenched with pain, and he guessed the tragedy of farewell that was taking place. He saw the old president turn suddenly, limp toward the willow trees, and Burnham knew that he could not bear at that moment to pass between those empty beloved halls. And Burnham watched him move under the willows along the edge of the quiet pond, watched him slowly climbing a little hill on the other side of the campus, and then saw him wearily pass through his own gate—home. He wished that the old scholar could know how much better he had builded than he knew; could know what an exchange and clearing-house that group of homely buildings was for the human wealth of the State. And he wondered if in the old thoroughbred's heart was the comfort that his spirit would live on and on to help mould the lives of generations unborn, who might perhaps never hear his name.

There was a youthful glad light in John Burnham's face when he turned his back on the deserted college, for he, too, was on his way at last to the hills—and Saint Hilda. As he swept through the blue-grass he almost smiled upon the passing fields. The betterment of the tobacco troubles was sure to come, and only that summer the farmer was beginning to realize that in the end the seed of his blue-grass would bring him a better return than the leaf of his troublesome weed-king. There were groaning harvests that summer and herds of sheep and hogs and fat cattle. There was plenty of wheat and rye and oats and barley and corn yet coming out of the earth, and as woodland after woodland reeled past his window he realized that the trees were not yet all gone. Perhaps after all his beloved Kentucky would come back to her own, and there was peace in his grateful heart.

Two nights later, sitting on the porch of her little log cabin, he told Saint Hilda about Gray and Marjorie, as she told him about Mavis and Jason Hawn. Gray and Jason had gone back,—each to his own,—having learned at last what Mavis and Marjorie without learning already knew, that duty is to others rather than self, to life rather than love. But John Burnham now knew that in the dreams of each girl another image would live always; just as always Jason would see another's eyes misty with tears for him and feel the comforting clutch of a little hand, while in Gray's heart a woodthrush would sing forever.

And, looking far ahead, both could see strong young men hurrying up from the laggard blue-grass into the lagging hills and strong young men hurrying down from them, and could hear the heart of the hills beating as one with the heart of the blue-grass, and both beating as one with the heart of the world.

THE END

WINTER FLOWERS

By Ruth Draper

So she stepped into her garden through the snow.
Though the cold wind blew without, there found she rest,
And sun, and warmth; and as she passed each row,
She plucked for him the blossoms—all her best.

For she plucked them from the garden in her heart,
Where they grow in spite of storm and stress and fears,
And their colors are her glances and her smiles,
And the dew-drops sparkling on them are her tears.

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MADAME ROBIN

By Perceval Gibbon

Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth

FROM her little café among the palms of El Metallef, Madame Robin was writing a letter to her daughter at school in France. She had carried the materials of correspondence to the open front of the café, where the late afternoon light was best, and sat now at one of her small tables, laboring to devise an epistle which should possess the genteel flavor due to a young lady whose education was proceeding at an expensive convent. When she raised her eyes, shadowed with meditation, she looked forth between the slender trunks of the palms to the town of tents which housed the French troops on that unstable frontier of civilization, and beyond them to the tumbled sand-hills which fringe the Sahara. Behind her, at the back of the room, Jana, the stumpy black handmaid of the establishment, was squatted drowsily against the wall beside the coffee-brazier.

Madame's brows were clinched as if in effort as she bent above her note-paper; it is not easy to be reserved and judicious when one's impulse is to write "my darling, my little one," all down the page; but she was accustomed to subdue her impulses. She was a woman of forty or thereabouts, large and strong-bodied, with a serious, worn, capable face, and the manner of easy dignity which is part of a Frenchwoman's equipment. She had the repose and adequacy which are the *cachet* of those at home in their world, who neither fear it nor despise it. Her neat brown hair matched her quiet brown eyes, and the suns of north Africa, endured in a score of camps, had likewise touched her face with brown.

"I desire you," she wrote carefully, "in all things to take Madame the Superior for your guide. She is, of course, a good woman, a saint; that goes without saying; and before she retired from the world she was a countess. Therefore you cannot do better than seek her advice about your religious doubts and also about the new frocks."

The sound of footsteps gritting on the dry earth made her look up; her leisure was about to be interrupted by customers. Two men were approaching the café from opposite directions. Upon the first, a bearded, sallow white man, she cast a brief, indifferent glance; he was shabby, commonplace, and a stranger, and black Jana would minister to him. She saw the gleam of his sidelong eyes under his hat as he entered resting on her in sharp scrutiny, and turned her back to bestow her little formal bow of greeting upon the other arrival, a tall Arab, white-clad and magnificent, who came stalking through the palms like the ghost of a king. In Africa one accepts what friends one can find, and this was a friend dating from those early days when madame, newly abandoned by her husband, began her lone-hand struggle for a livelihood. She even rose and went herself to fetch his coffee and cigarettes.

The Arab murmured a word of thanks in French as she poured the thick, treacly coffee into the tiny cup before him. At the other side of the room the shabby stranger moved in his chair to watch the pair of them past Jana's thick black elbow.

"I thought," observed madame, lingering to make conversation in her best professional manner, "I thought you had already departed to the south."

"I go to-morrow," replied the Arab.

"You have a large party?" inquired madame politely.

"Thirteen camels only," said the Arab. He lit a cigarette from the blue packet she had brought him. "But I am to meet a caravan at the wells and thence we travel on to Timbuctoo."

"A long journey," said madame, and glanced out through the shadow-fret of the trees to the yellow, broken shores of

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the great desert, the dead and empty heart of Africa. She sighed upon a sudden turn of thought. "Ah! If I were to travel, it is not south I would go. No!"

The Arab's thin, lofty face softened to a smile of sympathy and understanding as he looked up at her.

"You have had a letter—yes?—from the little daughter in France?" he asked.

Madame shrugged. "A letter, it is true!" she answered. "But consider, monsieur; she is now sixteen years old, and it is fourteen years since I have seen her."

Resignation as well as rebellion—those main constituents of the French temperament—were in her tone and gesture. The Arab nodded understandingly. From his place at the farther side of the café, the shabby stranger, with coffee and brandy before him on the table, looked on with furtive intentness.

"Ah, well!" sighed madame, as though to dismiss a matter which no talking could mend, and carried the long-handled copper pot back to its place.

Seated again at her table, she was slow to resume her interrupted letter. She sat with her brown, serious face propped on her hand, gazing forth through the colonnade of palms to the sunshine beyond. Her own words had touched to life memories she was used to avoid. But fourteen years! That gives to think. While the Arab, majestic in all his attitudes, smoked dreamily over his coffee-cup, and the stranger sipped his brandy and stared at her still profile, she took account of that elapsed term of her life.

At the beginning of it there had been a husband, a small shopkeeper in Algiers. Concerning him she remembered most poignantly the night when he had not come home. It was early in the evening when he went out, wearing his best clothes, and turned in the door-way to give her a nod of casual farewell. Her baby was ailing, so that she lay awake most of the night, wondering through the nervous hours at his lateness. She saw the dawn lighten through the blind of her window and heard the street wake for the day, and still he came not. He never came again. With that nod at the door, he had taken leave of his debts, his record, and his family, and vanished into the intricacy of the world.

"He did not even kiss the child," the deserted wife said when she knew the truth. And upon that epitaph the incident of her married life closed.

The outcries of her husband's defrauded creditors and the dispersion of the few assets he had left went on over her head; she had the child to support and wasted thought on nothing else. It was yet a baby, barely two years old, a tiny, demure armful of life with very soft fair hair and a little mouth that drooped as though it knew sadness. They made a gentle and pretty picture, the big young mother with the baby carried so easily on her arm; in those days Madame Robin had still a certain softness and allurement. She was strong also, and too young for despair; she set about gaining a livelihood vigorously, and there was a while when the pair of them were happy. Her muscles, her energy, and her honesty were at the service of any one who would pay for them; she would drive black servants or do their work; she would wash, she would sew, she would scrub. She had a single room in a dark house in the old town, and while she was at work a yellow woman in the same house gave perfunctory care to the child. The good hours were those when she returned at the day's end, often weary and stiff with her toil, and the door of her room shut out a world where women who are mothers may also be beasts of burden, and she was alone with her baby.

Small matters make the joy of the poor; but her joy was brief. There came that hot, airless evening when she was met at the door of the house by the yellow woman who had explanations to make.

"It is not my fault," she gabbled. She was fat, and, as she shrugged, her insufficient garment slipped off one bulging shoulder. "Naturally, I cannot stay in all day; for two francs a week, it is not to be expected. I go out, therefore, to see my sister, and when I return, the little one—well, perhaps it is the heat."

"Let me pass," cried Madame Robin.

"But listen. It is, of course, not my fault. For two francs a week——"

Madame Robin heard no more. Her elbow removed the yellow woman from her path and she was racing up the dirty stone stairs with terror in her heart.

In the yellow woman's hot room, where vague smells were forever discernible, the

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From his place at the farther side of the café, the shabby stranger looked on with furtive intentness.
—Page 335.

child was lying on the unmade bed staring up at the ceiling. When Madame Robin bent over it it still stared, with no sign of recognizing her. The tiny face had a faint flush, the small mouth drooped, the forehead was hot to the hand; but what agonized the mother was some hint, some vague and shadowy suggestion of remoteness, as though her baby, since she had seen her last, had suffered and was changed by suffering. She hung over the bed, calling the child gently by name; the solemn baby eyes remained empty and unresponsive.

The fat yellow woman had followed her up the stairs and now entered at her back.

"To strike a friend in the stomach just because one is in a hurry—it is not amiable," she was complaining. "For two francs a week, that is not fair."

Madame Robin turned to her desperately.

"Have you seen a child like this before?" she asked. "Do you know what it is?"

The yellow woman came to the bedside, still muttering aggrievedly, and looked down on the sick child.

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While the Arab, majestic in all his attitudes, smoked dreamily over his coffee-cup.—Page 335.

"She was like that when I returned from visiting my sister," she said. "If only it is not cholera!"

Madame Robin, bent over the bed, turned toward her a face which made the foolish fat creature step back; it was as if a beast-mother had turned at bay to fight for the life of its young.

"It is not my fault!" she babbled fearfully.

The house of the only doctor Madame Robin knew of stood in a garden, fenced by a hedge of prickly pear, and as she approached it, carrying her child in her arms, its windows were brilliant with lights. She waited in the darkness and odorous sweetness of the garden for the door to be opened to her knock, and was aware that within the house some one was singing.

The man who opened the door was short with her. "The doctor is not at home tonight," he said, and would have closed it again but that she pressed forward urgently.

"But my child is ill," she cried. "Perhaps it is—dying. Monsieur, I must see

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the doctor." As she spoke, the music ceased and there was a noise of applause.

"But I tell you the doctor is not at home," retorted the man angrily. "And now there is another who comes," he said, looking past her to the rustling garden. He shut the door in her face.

Madame Robin, stupefied, desperate, was only aware of the other visitor when he stood beside her. He was seen then as a tall man in the white clothes of an Arab, with a staff in his hand. He looked down upon her as she hesitated.

"There is trouble?" he asked at last in French.

"My child is ill," she answered, "and the doctor has gone out."

From the interior of the house there began another song, the words indistinguishable, the voice sweet and rich.

"He has not gone far, I think," said the Arab. He lifted his staff and commenced a thunderous drum on the door that cut the song off short. The door opened swiftly and the man who had spoken to Madame Robin appeared again.

"Hey! What is this, then?" he cried.

"Enter, madame," said the Arab to the mother, and stood aside against the open door to let her pass in. The man-servant with his mean, impotent face stared and was helpless before his manner of grave power. It was as though swollen and consequential things were suddenly reduced to due proportions—a servant became one who serves, a doctor one who doctors, an entrance a place one enters by. Madame Robin, with her silent child at her bosom, had a momentary sense of being protected and guarded, which was strange to her and very comforting.

Then there was the doctor, in evening clothes, with white gloves on, fussing into the room where they waited.

"Here are two people whom your servant invites to die on your door-step," said the Arab gravely.

The doctor grunted; he was not disposed to discuss that matter. "What is the matter with you?" he demanded. "You are wounded?"

Madame Robin, with every faculty centred on the child in her arms, had not seen that the Arab's white garments were liberally stained with red about the left side. A man who insists upon his own way in the old town of Algiers may quickly have need of a doctor. But the Arab waved the doctor from him.

"Madame's affair is pressing," he said.

There is magic in the craft of a healer. The doctor was big-bellied, a frothy, ridiculous little man in his festive garments and white gloves; one would not have trusted him with any commonplace affair. But a life more precious than one's own—that is another matter. He bent over the child, frowning thoughtfully, and was at once mighty, the confidant of the powers of life and death.

"It—it is not cholera?" ventured Madame Robin fearfully.

"Cholera—nonsense!" he snorted at her. "Do not be a fool!" And she felt that her heart bounded in relief and gladness.

He gave her a prescription and various orders, and took her address that he might call and see the baby again next day. Then, while she put the child's clothes in order, he attended to the Arab in a far corner of the room.

She thought it not civil to look at what went on, but listened with averted head to the swish of a sponge in a basin and the doctor's grunts of disapproval as he bound up a knife wound. Then there was whispering and a chink of coins, and she roused herself to get at her pocket where she had nine francs.

"There is nothing—there is nothing," said the doctor. "Monsieur here has arranged all that."

She would have thanked the Arab; she had never taken charity in her life, but a mother can make light of little humiliations—and of great ones, too, when there is need; but he stood so royally impassive, with so lofty a tranquillity of countenance, as though in contempt for such trifles as coins, that she could only murmur vaguely.

That was her first meeting with the Arab who now sat smoking dreamily at her back. Since then she had encountered him here and there in the shifting arena of her days, while she learned the art of living and earning money. By train from the north, by camel from the south, he would turn up, pause for a civil word, and vanish again upon the endless roads of Africa. There existed between

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them a relationship of a kind which people of a more formal civilization are apt to miss, that of mere mutual humanity. In all the fourteen years of their acquaintance there had passed between them no word of emotional quality or even of intimacy; they were allies rather than friends.

The shabby stranger, still staring, saw her move so that her hand for a while covered her eyes as she leaned. She was living again in memory that day of wind and heat—wind like a blast from an open furnace door, making the streets smoky with dust and whipping the sea to froth—when she bade farewell to her baby. The child would never do well in Africa, the doctor had decided; it must go to France, to clean air and milder skies; and a returning Sister of Mercy had been found to convey it there. There was a vision of it in the good, ugly Sister's arms, looking over her blue-clad shoulder with solemn, patient eyes and its tiny grieved face.

"I will not fail to send the money for her," Madame Robin assured the Sister over and over again. It was her way of reminding herself that the child was still hers, to labor for, to support, to love, though not to enjoy.

The decks of the steamer were crowded and a drunken man was making a disturbance. There was nowhere a quiet corner where a mother might have her child to herself to shed her torn soul in tears at the parting. It had all been as formal as a piece of business.

"Say adieu to maman," the Sister bade the baby.

"Adieu," lisped the child.

"Adieu," said Madame Robin. "Be very good," while her body quivered with the anguish which no words could express. And when at last she was obliged to go ashore, the Sister at once carried the baby below, out of the wind, and she felt as though her child had been torn from her with rude force and suddenness.

After that, what was there to remember? She had worked; she had cast herself direfully into toil, happy in some measure that from her labor and endurance there distilled a slender result of money that went across the water and maintained the baby. She had been a canteen-keeper, manageress of a small hotel, tobacconist, wine-dealer, female warder in a jail. She had followed at the heels of troops into new wild country; she had seen battle, murder, and sudden death; she was no longer liable to be mistaken as to whether a disease was or was not cholera. And now at last she had a business—two cafés a hundred miles apart; she was known and esteemed by the dusty, hard-disciplined regiments who press forever south; and the little daughter in France, who cost most of her income to maintain delicately and beautifully, never gathered from her letters that for Madame Robin she was all that made life endurable.

The Arab moved in his chair, dropped his cigarette into his coffee-cup, and sighed. Upon these signals of his desire to depart, madame rose and went to take the coin he laid on the table.

"Thank you," she said, with her trained air of having received conspicuous favors. "And it is to-morrow you go? *Bon voyage!*"

"Thank you," said the Arab, and went forth, always majestic and deliberate. Timbuctoo is far from El Metallef, and it must be at least two years before they would meet again, but it occurred to neither of them that this was an occasion for more elaborate farewells.

Madame picked up the empty coffee-cup and carried it to the back of the café for black Jana to wash. She looked perfunctorily at the other customer, who still sat at his table, and noted that his eyes were following her.

"Monsieur desires something?" she inquired, moving toward him.

He did not at once answer, but sat staring at her without disguise. Under the bagginess of his worn clothes he was lean and a little bowed; a square beard hid the lower part of his face and over it the cheeks were high and sallow and the eyes were shallow and mocking. He had the cut of a man whose life had been shaped in towns.

"I did not call," he answered slowly. "But now you are here——"

"Yes?" inquired madame. "More brandy?"

He shook his head, still keeping his eyes on her face. "Actually you do not remember me!" he said. "It is the beard, no doubt, but still——"

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"Remember you!" repeated madame. "Why——"

She paused. He had raised his head a little, and the shadow of his hat-brim was removed from his face. The dissipated, tired features suddenly took on an aspect which was familiar to her; it was as if a ghost from the past had risen before her eyes.

"*Tiens!*" said madame. There was a weakness in her legs; she drew out a chair and sat down opposite to him at the little table.

The man smiled. "Yes," he said. "It is difficult to forget a husband—*pas vrai?* And now I will have some more brandy!"

Madame was trying to think. Mechanically she made a sign to Jana to bring a bottle, but her mind was fumbling, groping about this strange emergency. As in all other matters, the daughter in France was the first consideration. How would this touch her?

"It was just in time that I found you," the man was saying, with his glass in his fingers. "If I had made a mistake and you had proved to be some other Madame Robin, I should not have been able to pay for the coffee. It was as bad as that, you see."

He, at any rate, was not surprised or startled. He was at his ease, drinking off his cognac in a gulp and sighing with satisfaction as he set his glass down.

"It is fourteen years since you left me," said madame dazedly. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, in many places," he replied. "Marseilles, Paris, London; I have travelled, I assure you. And now I am back again. I hear you are doing well. That is good, for I have not done well—I—and I am in need of repose and nourishment."

He had a glib fashion of speech; he pattered like a showman or a beggar, and with it he had tricks of manner, an airy cock of the head, a humorous lift of the brows, while all the time his wary eyes were hard and watchful.

"I have had to work very hard," said madame.

"Me also," he replied. "And what have I got for it?"

She considered him anew. "You left me and the little one," she said. "We might have starved. You cannot come now and say simply that you are my husband."

He was pouring out a fresh glass and glanced up at her mockingly. "It *does* seem strange," he agreed, "and yet it is so. You will not drink a little glass with me—no?"

"You—you mean to stay?" she demanded.

He nodded. "For the present."

"For the present?"

"Yes," he said. "Later, perhaps, I shall sell the café and retire. This place does not seem very amusing."

"I see," said madame, and sat back in her chair.

She was a woman of business; she knew how she stood. If his power to seize her property as her husband was not absolute, neither was her right to withhold it. She was caught in a trap; he might yet strip her of all she possessed and vanish again to the streets of Europe.

"You must not sell the business," she said a little breathlessly. He leaned forward to listen to her with quick ironic politeness. "The little one—you have forgotten her, then? She is at school—a convent of the best—in France. She has not suffered; it is I that have suffered for fourteen years to keep her, to make up a *dot* for her. It costs much money, and if you sell the business it brings it all to an end. You shall not do it!"

By the brazier poor stupid Jana looked up in surprise at her tones. The man to whom she spoke frowned reflectively; he was an adroit animal, who had learned in a hard school the unwisdom of pushing a winning game too far. But it was obviously good policy to secure the mastery as soon as possible. He waved an easy hand.

"You excite yourself, my friend," he said. "These are details. We can consider them later."

"No," said madame. "There is nothing to consider. I have not seen her for fourteen years, and when I do see her, at last, it will not be as a girl seeking employment. No—she is not as you and I, you understand! She is a lady—very gentle and fine and tender. Why"—and her voice took on a boastful quality—"I have a bill here for her summer dresses which comes to twelve hundred francs!"

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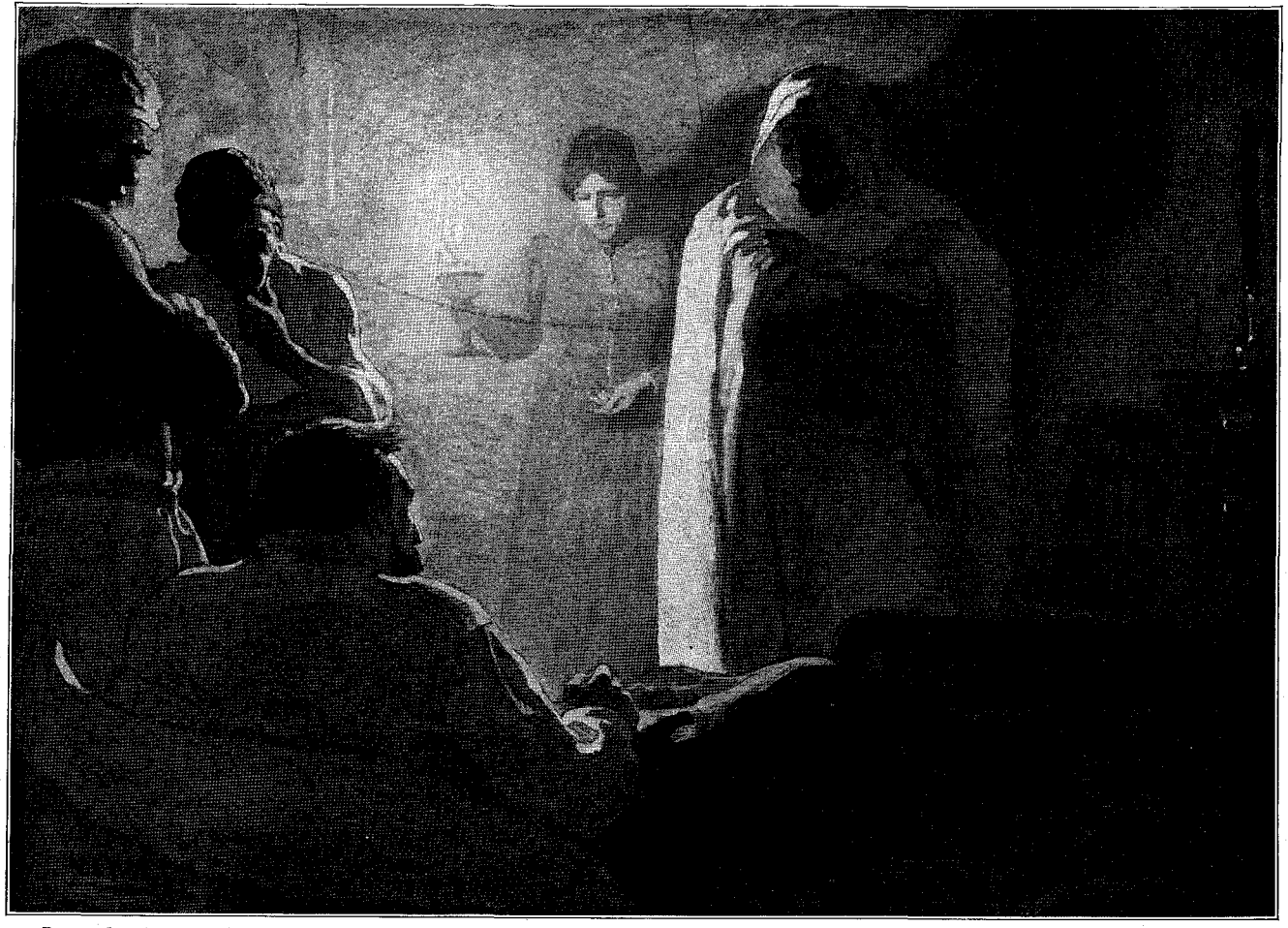

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Then what are you going to do with me?"—Page 345.

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"That is too much," said the man, watching her. "It is more than I can afford."

"Ah!" Madame sat back again, and a dull flush rose in her face. The man wondered if he had gone too far—she took it so quietly. She seemed to turn from a subject which they had exhausted; but in that moment she had seen clear and knew her peril utterly. Her faculties were gathered again to do battle for the one cause that had claimed her through so many years.

"Well," he said, yawning, "I am weary. If I were to lie down on a bed—eh?"

"Why not?" said madame in her pleasant innkeeper's voice.

There was but the one bedroom in the place, her own. He glanced about it with a slightly disparaging air and tossed his hat to a chair.

"It will do," he remarked. "I shall not undress. You will arrange the supper, of course?"

"Of course," agreed madame, still with cheerful civility, and left him to his repose. He smiled through a yawn as the door closed at her back, displaying his gapped yellow teeth like a beast of prey, and turned to make a more particular survey of the room. The only thing that interested him was an enlarged portrait of a young girl which hung upon the wall, the work of some costly photographer in France. It was a three-quarter profile, an effect of fair skin, bent head, and clasped hands—pretty, fragile, virginal. But what gained his attention was the look it had of a girl delicately nurtured, expensively equipped, to whom luxury was native.

"*Tiens!*" he said. "The little one! To look at her one would imagine me a millionaire."

He shook his head in disapproval and dropped back upon madame's bed. In two minutes he was asleep, confiding himself to slumber and defencelessness as tranquilly as though in all the world he were the sole dangerous creature.

It was some hours later when a hand on his shoulder roused him abruptly, and he started up on his elbow to find the room lamp-lit and full of people. It was Jana who had shaken him, and her meaningless black mask, with its ivory grin, was close to his face. Behind her madame, decorous in her plain black dress, held the lamp; and there were also the tall Arab he had seen in the café in the afternoon and a great negro, both white-clad and impassive.

"But," he stammered, staring, "but what is this?"

"You must get up," said madame. "These messieurs"—she indicated the Arab and the negro—"have come for you."

The two white-clad figures were waiting; he looked on them nervously, bewildered; they seemed to tower in the little room.

"For me? I do not understand!"

"They are going to take you away." Madame's voice was grave; she had a sense of assisting at a solemn scene. "You see, there is the little one in France; you must not behave badly to her again."

"But—I am not going to behave badly. What is all this?"

"But let me explain," urged madame. "When you left us before, I worked for her. I was glad to do it; I bear you no malice for that. But I am no longer so young and strong, and if you sold the business I could not do it again. For fourteen years I have kept her safe, and it has not been easy. For fourteen years I have worked very hard and very anxiously for her; but you are her father. Now it is your turn."

He was staring up at her fearfully; he still did not know what was going to happen, but there was that in the simple gravity of her tone, in the mien of the two men, and in Jana's dumb, hideous glee that scared him.

"I was joking when I spoke of selling the business," he cried. "It was a joke, I tell you. I would not do such a thing."

Madame shook her head slowly, regretfully. It was too late for him to hope to be believed by her.

"Then what are you going to do with me?" he quavered.

"This monsieur," said madame, "starts in the dawn with a caravan for the south, for Timbuctoo. There you can do us no harm; so he is taking you with him."

"Eh?" He glanced incredulously from one face to the other. "Timbuctoo—a caravan! You mean—you mean—as a—a slave?"

With the lamp in her hand madame gave the queerest apologetic little shrug,

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as though to decline so gross and unpleasant a word.

"I am sorry," she murmured. "They have promised to be gentle with you. Adieu, Henri!"

The man on the bed tried to spring up as she passed the lamp to the tall Arab and moved toward the door.

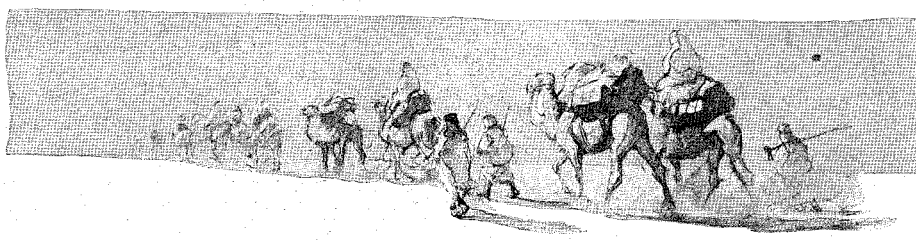
"I will not go!" he yelled. "Help! Help! This is a crime! I will not go!"

The door swung behind madame. Black Jana, grinning like a demoniac, put her vast hand over his mouth. She had been a slave, too, in her time, and people had not been gentle with her. He struggled and tried to bite; but the great negro, drawing a cord from under his *bernous*, came forward, took him by the throat with a gripe that strangled his outcries, and bound his hands together. He went out with them by the back way, bound for slavery, Timbuctoo, and the great stillness.

Black Jana reported to her mistress in the closed café.

"All gone," she announced, with her face alight.

Madame nodded absently. She was finishing her weekly letter to the little daughter in France.



THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA

BY JOHN FINLEY

V.—THE VALLEY OF THE NEW DEMOCRACY

FRANCE evoked from the unknown the Mississippi Valley—a valley which is well called the heart of America. Her coureurs de bois opened its paths, made by the buffalo and the red men, to the shod feet of Europe. Her explorers planted the water-sheds with slender, silent portage traces that have multiplied into thousands of noisy streets and tied indissolubly the lakes of the North to the rivers of the South, from which they were long ago severed by nature. Her one white sail above Niagara marked the way of a mighty commerce. Her soldiers sowed the molten seeds of tumultuous cities on the sites of their forts, and her priests and friars consecrated with their faith and prayers forest trail, portage path, ship's sail, and leaden plate.

But that is not all—a valley of new cities like the old, of new paths for greater commerce, of more altars to the same God. The chief significance and import of the addition of this valley to the maps of the world—all, indeed, that makes it significant—is that here was given (though not of deliberate intent) a rich, wide, untouched field, distant, accessible only to the hardiest, without a shadowing tradition or a restraining fence, in which men of all races were to make attempt to live together under rules of their own devising and enforcing. And as here the government of the people by the people was to have even more literal interpretation than in that Atlantic strip which had traditions of property suffrage and church privilege and class distinctions, I have

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called it "The Valley of the New Democracy."

When the French explorers entered it it was a valley of aboriginal, anarchic individualism, with little movable spots of barbaric communistic timocracy, as Plato would doubtless have classified those migratory, predatory kingdoms of Donnaconna and the hundreds of his contemporary red kings—communities governed by the warlike, restless spirit.

The French communities that grew in the midst of those naked timocrats, whose savagery they soothed by beads and crucifixes and weapons, were the plantings of absolutism paternalistic to the last degree. One cannot easily imagine a socialism that would go further in its care than did this affectionate, capricious, generous, if unwise, as it now seems, government of a village along the Saint Lawrence or the Mississippi, from a palace by the Seine, where a hard-working monarch issued edicts "in the fulness of our power and our certain knowledge."

The ordinances preserved in the colonial records furnish abundant proof of that parental concern and restraint. They relate to the regulation of inns and markets, poaching, preservation of game, sale of brandy, rent of pews, stray hogs, mad dogs, matrimonial quarrels, fast driving, wards and guardians, weights and measures, nuisances, observance of Sunday, preservation of timber, and many other matters.

One only I can cite here: an ordinance of Intendant Bigot, issued with a view, we are told, of "promoting agriculture and protecting the morals of farmers" by keeping them from the temptations of the cities: "We prohibit and forbid you to remove to this town [Quebec], under any pretext whatever, without our permission in writing, on pain of being expelled and sent back to your farms, your furniture and goods confiscated, and a fine of fifty livres laid on you for the benefit of the hospitals."

Like Æneas, therefore, these filial emigrants, seeking new homes, not only carried their *lares et penates* in their arms, but also bore upon their shoulders their father Anchises.

Succeeding savage individualism, this benevolent despotism at its going gave the valley into the keeping of an individualism even purer and less restrained than that which it succeeded, for the pioneer sparse settlements made by the later migrants, who came through the mountains, were practically governed at first only by the consciences or whims of the inhabitants instructed of parental commandments learned east of the mountains, and by their love of forest and prairie neighbors.

And when formal government came it came of individual interest and neighborly love and of no abstract philosophical theory or of protest against oligarchy; it came from the application (voluntary for the most part) of "older institutions and ideas to the transforming influence of land," free land; and such has been the result, says Professor Turner, that fundamentally "American democracy is the outcome of the American people in dealing with the West," that is, the valley of the French pioneers.

The democratical man, as Socrates is made to define him in Plato's Republic, was one in whom the licentious and extravagant desires have expelled the moderate appetites and love of decorum which he inherited from his oligarchical father. "Such a man," he adds, "lives a life of enjoyment from day to day, guided by no regulating principle, but turning from one pleasure to another, just as fancy takes him. All pleasures are in his eyes equally good and equally deserving of cultivation. In short, his motto is 'Liberty and Equality.'"

But the early "democratical man" of the Mississippi Valley, even if descended from such oligarchic sires as Socrates gives immediately to all democratical men, reached his motto of "Liberty and Equality" through no such sensual definition of life.

It is true that many of those first settlers migrated from places where the opportunities seemed restricted or conventions irksome or privileges unequal, but it "was no licentious or extravagant desire" or flitting from pleasure to pleasure that filled that valley with sober, pale-faced, lean-featured men and tired, gentle women who enjoyed the "liberty," not of a choice of pleasurable indulgences, but of interminable struggles, the "equality" of being each on the same social, economic, and

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political footing as his neighbor. The sequent democracy was derived of neighborliness and good-fellowship—the "natural issue of their interests, their occupations, and their manner of life," and was not constructed of any theory of an ideal state. Nor were they frightened by the arguments of Socrates, who found in the "extravagant love of liberty" the preface to tyranny. And they would not have been frightened even if they had been familiar with his doctrine of democracy. They little dreamed that they were exemplifying the theories of a French philosopher or refuting those of a Greek philosopher.

Those primitive democratic and individualistic conditions had not yet been seriously changed when in that bit of the valley which lies in the dim background of my own memory there had developed a form of government more stern and uncaressing. There was not a pauper in all the township for its stigmatizing care. There was not an orphan who did not have a home; there was not a person in prison; there was only one insane person, and she was cared for in her own home. The national government was represented by the postmaster miles away; the state government by the tax assessor, a neighbor who came only once a year, if he came at all, to inquire about one's earthly belongings, which could not then be concealed in any way; and the local government by the school-teacher, who was either a man incapacitated for able-bodied labor or an unmarried woman. The citizens made and mended the public roads, looked after the sick in a neighborly way, bought their children's school-books, and buried their own dead. I can remember distinctly wondering what a "poor officer" was, for there were no poor in that society where none were rich.

It was a community of high social consistency, promoted not by a conscious, disinterested devotion to the common welfare, but by the common, eagerly interested pursuit of the same individual welfares, where there was room enough for all.

It is well contended in a recent and most profound discussion of this subject that this homogeneity of feeling was the most promising and valuable characteristic of that American democracy.

And this homogeneity was, indeed, prolific of mighty consequences.

First of all, it made it possible for the United States to accept Napoleon's proffer of Louisiana.

Second, it compelled the War of 1812, and so confirmed to the United States the fruits of the purchase, demonstrating at the same time that the "abiding-place" of the national spirit was in the West.

And third, that spirit of nationalism gave into its hands the reins of action in the time when nationality was in peril. Before the end of the Civil War the West was represented in the national government by the President, the Vice-President, the Chief-Justice, the Speaker of the House, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General, the General of the Army, and the Admiral of the Navy. And it furnished, as Turner adds in summary, the "national hero, the flower of frontier training and ideals."

While the mere fact of office-holding does not indicate the place or source of power, it is noteworthy that of the Presidents since the war, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, Harrison, and Taft all came from this valley. Cleveland went over the edge of it when a young man to Buffalo, and left it only to become Governor and President; Arthur, who succeeded to the Presidency through the death of President Garfield, and President Roosevelt, who also came first to the Presidency through the death of a President and was afterward elected, were born in New York, though the latter had a ranch in the Far West, and seems rather to belong to that region than the place of his birth. Thus, of the elected Presidents there was not one who had not a Western origin, experience, or association. The Chief-Justices since the war have been without exception men of Western residence if not origin, and so, with few exceptions, have been the Speakers of the House. And practically all these Presidents, Chief-Justices, Speakers were pioneers or sons of pioneers in that Valley of the New Democracy, or, at any rate, were nurtured of its natural fellowships, its one-man-as-good-as-another institutions, and its unhampered ambitions.

It is not mere geographical and numerical majorities that are connoted. It is

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the dominancy of the social, democratic, national spirit of the valley—the supremacy of the average, the useful man, his power and self-sufficiency when standing squarely, firmly upon the earth. It was the secret of the great wrestler, Antæus, the son of Terra, that he could not be thrown, even by Hercules, so long as his feet touched the earth. How intimately filial to the earth and neighborly the Middle West pioneers were has been suggested. And it was the secret of their success that they stood, every man in his own field, on his own feet, and wrestled with his own arms in primitive strength and virtue and self-reliant ingenuity.

Democracy did not theorize much, and when it did it stumbled. If it had indulged freely in the abstractions of its practices, it would doubtless have suffered the fate of Antæus, who was finally strangled in mid-air by a giant who came over the mountains. .

As it was, this valley civilization apotheosized the average man. Mr. Herbert Croly, in his "Promise of American Life," makes this picture of him: "In that country [the very valley of which I am writing] it was sheer waste to spend much energy upon tasks which demanded skill, prolonged experience, high technical standards, or exclusive devotion. The cheaply and easily made instrument was the efficient instrument, because it was adapted to a year or two of use and then for supersession by a better instrument; and for the service of such tools one man was as likely to be as good as another. No special equipment was required. The farmer was required to be all kinds of a rough mechanic. The business man was merchant, manufacturer and store-keeper. Almost everybody was something of a politician. The number of parts which a man of energy played in his time was astonishingly large. Andrew Jackson was successively a lawyer, judge, planter, merchant, general, politician, and statesman; and he played most of the parts with conspicuous success. In such a society a man who persisted in one job, and who applied the most rigorous and exacting standards to his work, was out of place and was really inefficient. His finished product did not serve its temporary purpose much better than did the current careless and hasty product, and his higher standards and peculiar ways constituted an implied criticism upon the easy methods of his neighbors. He interfered with the rough good-fellowship which naturally arises among a group of men who submit good-naturedly and uncritically to current standards."

Is that what democracy, undefiled of aristocratic conditions and traditions, has produced? it will be asked. Has pure individualism in a virgin field, richer than Ormuz—all other valleys—wrought of its opportunity only this mediocre, all-round, good-natured, profane, rough, energetic, ingenious efficiency? Is that "social consistency" colorless, insipid, the best wine that the valley can offer of its early vintages?

So it doubtless seems to one who has not known intimately the rich, imaginative, uncommercial, idealistic spirit which is incorporate in every part of that good-natured mediocrity with its standardized successes; for there were other companionships than those that have been intimated—companionships which did not interfere with the rough frontier fellowships that made democracy possible. It was against that same dim background that the wild geese when they flew over the fields, squadrons of the sky, became to some the cranes of Ibycus. It was there that Horace literally sat by the plough and sang as on the Sabine Farm. It was there that Livy told his Old-World stories by lamplight or at the noon hour. It was there that Pythagoras explained his ancient and immortal proposition; and it is there, to this day, that the best in English letters has widest circulation in America. It would be true of art and of the imaginative expression of other languages, if only they were within reach, as, indeed, they are rapidly coming to be. At any rate, what has been within the aspiration and achievement of the people of that valley, as precursors, that is, explorers and prophets, as producers who literally lead forth, and as poets, the makers, the creators of society, is adequate to disturb generalizations as to the sacrifices which that democracy has demanded to social consistency and economic regularity.

But the wisdom "that cometh by leisure" they have not yet learned. Such a scene as I witnessed in the Amphitheatre

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Richelieu, at the Sorbonne, in Paris, is not to be seen there. I saw that hall, seating a thousand, filled in the early afternoon with an audience markedly masculine listening to a lecture on ancient Greek life, interspersed with readings from the Homeric epics. I cannot visualize a like scene in that valley except in the atmosphere of a woman's club or in a university where attendance upon the lecture was required for a degree or possibly at a Chautauqua. I cannot visualize it even with such a charming and amphyonic lecturer as he who gathered weekly that great audience in the busy hours of the day.

It is that want of appreciation of the value of leisure and of its wisdoms, it is that worship of what the son of Sirach called the "wisdom of business," it is that disposition not to listen to the voices of the invisible multitude of spirits of the past (who, after all, help to constitute a nation no less than the multitude of spirits of the present and of the future), it is that inability to credit disinterested, unproductive purposes and pursuits and fit them into the philosophy of perfectibility based on material prosperity—it is all of these that intimate the shortcomings of that life of the valley of hurry.

I saw another great and, as it seemed, non-university audience in that same amphitheatre in Paris listening a little after mid-day to a lecture on Montesquieu, and I had not sufficient imagination to picture such an audience, near the Stock Exchange of Chicago, for example, where men take hardly time at that hour of day to eat, much less to philosophize. They will not pause to hear Montesquieu remind them that "democracy is virtue" or to hear Homer speak of virtue as the ancients conceived it.

But, on the other hand, and there is another side to it, they will give up private business, eating and all, to stop a patent dishonesty, to improve the mail service, let us say, to discuss the smoke nuisance that happens to be choking their throats, or get rid of the beggar at the door.

They do not there adequately appreciate the wonderful, indefatigable, disinterested efforts of scholars, artists, poets in the narrower sense—the wisdoms of seeming idleness or leisure. On the other hand, I am sure that the poetry and prophecy of those who, again in the language of the son of Sirach, are "building the fabric of the world," fail of appreciation in Paris, New York, and Chicago partly because of convention and wrongful representation and the obscuring of realities by the smoke and noise.

I knew those frontier Antæans who, with their feet on the prairie ground, faced every emergency with a piece of fence wire. They differed from their European brothers in being more resourceful, more energetic, and more hopeful. If it be true that "out of a million well-established Americans taken indiscriminately from all occupations and conditions," when compared to a corresponding assortment of Europeans, "a larger proportion of the former will be leading alert, active, and useful lives," though they may not be wiser or better men; that there will be a "smaller amount of social wreckage" and a "larger amount of wholesome and profitable achievement"; it may be safely said that if the Middle-West frontier Americans had been under consideration the proportion of alert achievement would have been higher and the social wreckage smaller—partly because of the encouragement of the economic opportunity and partly because of the influence of a casteless society.

II

The advancing frontier spent itself in the arid desert. The pioneer came to ride in his own automobile. The people began to jostle one another in following their common aspirations, where once there was freedom for the energy, even the unscrupulous energy, of all. Time accentuated differences till those who started together were millions of dollars apart. Failures had no kinder fields for new trials. Democracy had now to govern not a puritanical, industrious, sparsely settled Arcady, but communities of conflicting dynamic successes, static envies, and complaining despairs.

It met the new emergencies at first one by one with no other programme than only the most necessary restraints, for the dynamic encouragement of tariffs, and improved transportation for the static, and charity for the despairful, but still with

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an optimism born of a belief in destined success.

To this has succeeded gradually a more or less clearly defined policy of constructive individualism under an increasingly democratic and less representative control. The paternal absolutism of Louis XIV has evolved into the paternal individualism of a people who are constantly struggling in imperfect speech to make their will understood and by imperfect machinery to get it done—and, as I believe, with increasingly disinterested purpose. It is, however, I emphasize, the paternalism of a highly individualized society.

I described in an earlier article a frontier community in that valley. See what has come, in its stead, in the city into which it has grown. The child coming from the unknown, trailing clouds of glory, creeps into the community as a vital statistic and becomes of immediate concern. From obliging the nurse to take certain precautions at its birth, the state follows the new-comer through life, sees that he is vaccinated, removes his tonsils and adenoids, even may furnish him with glasses if he has bad vision; compels him to go to school; prepares him not only for citizenship, but for a trade or profession; prevents the adulteration of his food, inspects his milk, filters his water, stands by grocer and butcher, and weighs his bread and meat for him; cleans the street for him; stations a policeman at his door; transports his letters of business and affection; furnishes him with seeds; gives augur of the weather, wind, and temperature; cares for him if he is helpless; feeds him if he is starving; shelters him if he is homeless; nurses him in sickness; says a word over him if he dies friendless, buries him in its Potter's field, and closes his account as a vital statistic in the mortality column.

And there are many agencies of restraint or anxious care that stand in a remoter circle, ready to come in when emergencies require. I have before me a report of legislation in the States alone (that is, exclusive of national and municipal legislation) for two years. I note here a few characteristic and illustrative measures out of the thousands that have been adopted. They relate to the following subjects: Health of women and children at work; employers' liability; care of epileptics, idiots, and insane; regulation of dentistry and chiropody; control of crickets, grasshoppers, and rodents; exclusion of the boll-weevil; the introduction of parasites, the quenching of fires, the burning of débris in gardens, the destruction of predatory fish, the prohibition of automatic guns for hunting game; hazing in schools, instruction as to tuberculosis and its prevention; the demonstration of the best methods of producing plants, cut flowers, and vegetables under glass; the establishment of trades-schools; the practice of embalming.

I present this brief but suggestive list as intimating how far a democratic people have gone in doing for themselves what Louis XIV at Versailles, in the "fulness of power" and out of "certain knowledge," did for the trustful habitants of Quebec and Montreal who were "ignorant of their true interest."

And, of course, with that increased paternalism has come of necessity an army of public servants—governors and policemen, street-cleaners and judges, teachers and factory inspectors—till, as I have estimated, in some communities one adult in every thirty is a paid servant of the public.

Such paternalism is not peculiar to that valley. I remember, years ago, when I was following the legislation of an Eastern State, that a bill was introduced fixing the depth of a strawberry box, and another obliging the vender of huckleberries to put on the boxes a label in letters of a certain height indicating that they were picked in a certain way. And this paternalism is even more marked in the old-age pension provision in England, where the "mother of parliaments," as one has expressed it, has been put on the level of the newest Western State in its parental solicitude. But nowhere else than in that valley, doubtless, is that paternalism so thoroughly informed of the individualistic spirit. Chesterton said of democracy that it educated a man not because he was miserable, but because he was so sublime, that it "does not so much object to his being a slave as to his not being a king." Indeed, democracy is ever dreaming of a nation of kings. And that characteristic is truer of the democracy that came stark out of the forests and out of the furrows than of

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the democracy which sprang from protest against and terror of nominal kings.

The constitution devised east of the mountains was made in fear of a system which permitted an immediate and complete expression of the will of the people. The movement in American democracy which is most conspicuous is the effort to get that will accurately and immediately expressed—that is, a movement toward what might be called more democracy—and that movement has had its rise and strength in that valley, and beyond.

But that invisible multitude of yesterday and to-morrow, whose mouths are stopped with dust or who have not yet found human embodiment, must find voice in the multitude of to-day—the multitude that inherits the yesterdays and has in it the only promise of to-morrow. There may be some question there as to its being always the voice of God, but no one thinks of any other (except to add to it that of the woman). The "certain knowledge" and the "fulness of power" of Louis XIV have become the endowments of the average man—and the average man is one-half or two-thirds of all the voting men of the community or nation, plus one. But that average man, forgetful of the multitude of yesterday, and ungrateful, has none the less had wrought into his very fibre and spirit the uncompromising individualism, the unconventional neighborliness, and the frontier fellowships of yesterday. It is of these that he is consciously or unconsciously instructed at every turn. And he is now beginning to think more and more of that other invisible multitude, the nation of to-morrow.

It is deplored that the so-called individuality developed in that valley is "simply an unusual amount of individual energy successfully spent in popular and remunerative occupations," that there is "not the remotest conception of the individuality which may reside in the gallant and exclusive devotion to some disinterested and perhaps unpopular moral, intellectual, or technical purpose" as has such illustrious exhibition in France, for example. This is, we are told, one of the sacrifices to social consistency which menaces the fulness and intensity of American national life. And the most serious problem is to make a nation of independent kings who shall not exercise their independences "perversely or irresponsibly."

Men have been always prone to make vocational pursuits the basis of social classification. In the Scripture record of man he had not been seven generations in the first inhabited valley of earth before his descendants were divided into cattlemen, musicians, and mechanics. For the record runs that Lamech had three sons, Jabal, Jubal, and Tubal—Jabal, who became the father of those that live in tents and have cattle; Jubal, the father of those that handle the harp and the organ; and Tubal, the father of those who work in brass and iron. And we do not have to turn many pages to discover the social distinctions that grew out of the vocational. The first question of that Western valley is, "Who is he?" and the answer is one which will tell you his occupation. No one who has not an occupation of some regularity and recognized practical usefulness is, as Mr. Croly intimates, likely to have much recognition.

On the other hand, within the limits of approved occupations there is, except in great centres, no marked social stratification based on vocation as in Old-World life and that of the New World more intimately touched by the Old. The man is recognized for his worth.

In the midst of that valley is a university town, planted by a company of migrants from an older State seventy-five years ago, who bought a township of land, founded a college, and built their homes about on the wild prairie. It has now twenty thousand inhabitants and is an important railroad as well as educational centre. It was nearly fifty years old when I entered it as a student. That I studied Greek did not keep me from knowing well a carpenter; that in spare hours I learned a manual trade and put into type my translation of "Prometheus Bound" did not bar me from the homes of the richest or the most cultured. Once when a student, because of some little victory I was received by the mayor and a committee of citizens, but the men at the engines in the shops and on the engines in the yards blew their whistles. When I went back to that college as its president it was not remembered against me that I had sawed wood or driven a plough. I knew all the conductors and most of the engineers on the rail-

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roads. I knew every merchant and nearly every mechanic as well as every lawyer, judge, and doctor. Men had, to be sure, their preferential associations, but these were personal and not determined of vocation or class. A recent mayor of that city of two colleges was once a cigar-maker, and, I was assured by a professor of theology in one of those colleges, the best mayor it has had in years. He died driving a small-pox patient to a pest-house. I received, when in Paris, by the same mail, a resolution of felicitation from a Protestant body of which I had been a member in that town, and a letter of like felicitation from the parish priest of that same city.

I do not know how better to illustrate to those who are working at the problem of democracy in other valleys how democracy has wrought for itself in that valley of neighborliness and resourcefulness and plenty.

III

Across the wonderful background of that valley—a background filled with dim epic figures that are now but the incarnations of European longings, as rich in color as that which lies more consciously back of Greece and Rome or in the fields of Gaul, the splendors of the court of Versailles shining through the sombre forests and into the huts of the simple habitants, the altar candles burning, the paths fragrant of an incense known to cathedral aisles—across this, in the rather shadowy suggestions of a matter-of-fact, drab democracy which is usually made to obscure all that background with its smoke, there passes the figure of him who was that democracy incarnate.

"You may," said Alcibiades, speaking of Socrates, "imagine Brasidas and others to have been like Achilles, or you may imagine Nestor and Antenor to have been like Pericles; and the same may be said of other famous men. But of this strange being you will never be able to find any likeness, however remote, either among men that now are or who ever have been —other than Silenus and the Satyrs, and they represent in a figure not only himself, but his words. For his words are like the images of Silenus which open. They are ridiculous when you first hear them. . . . His talk is of pack-beasts and smiths and cobblers and curriers. . . . But he who opens the bust and sees what is within will find they are the only words which have a meaning in them and also the most divine, abounding in fair images of virtue, and of the widest comprehension, or rather extending to the whole duty of a good and honorable man."

The twenty-three centuries since Socrates do not furnish me with a fitter characterization of this succinct embodiment of democracy's characteristics and spirit. His image was as homely as that of Silenus was bestial. His talk was of ploughs and boats, of rough men and of slaves. But those who opened this image found in him a likeness as of no other man, and in his words a meaning that was of widest and most ennobling comprehension. And as Crito said for all ages, after the sun that was on the hill-tops when Socrates took the poison had set and darkness had come, "Of all the men of his time, he was the wisest and justest and best," so has the poet of that Western democracy given to all time this phrase, sung in the evening of Lincoln's martyrdom, at the time when the lilac bloomed and the great star early drooped in the western sky and the thrush sang solitary: "The sweetest and wisest soul of all my days and lands."

We ask ourselves if he was the gift of democracy. And we find ourselves answering, his peculiar excellence could have come of no other order of society. We ask ourselves anxiously if democracy has the unerring instinct to find such men to embody its ideals, or did it take him only for a talented rail-splitter—an average man? But we have no certain answer to this anxious questioning. What gives most hope in new confusions and problems unknown to his day is that the more clearly his disinterestedness and forbearance and magnanimity and humility are revealed, the wider and deeper is the feeling of admiration and love for his character—which, perhaps, assures us better than anything else of the soundness and nobility of its own ideals.

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THE RESCUE OF THE "TITANIC" SURVIVORS

BY THE "CARPATHIA," APRIL 15, 1912

By Captain Arthur H. Rostron, R. D., R. N. R.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF LOUIS MANSFIELD OGDEN

THE *Carpathia* left New York, April 11, 1912, in fine, clear weather, bound for Gibraltar and other Mediterranean ports.

Saturday and Sunday (13th and 14th) it was very fine but cold weather, and we had remarked that there must be a lot of ice to the north'rd, as we had then a light northerly breeze.

I turned in about midnight on Sunday, and was just dropping off to sleep when I heard the chart-room door open (this door leads directly into my cabin, near the head of my bunk), and I thought to myself: "Who the dickens is this cheeky beggar coming into my cabin without knocking?" However, I very soon knew the reason. I looked up and saw the first officer and the Marconi operator; the first officer at once informed me "we have just received an urgent distress message from the *Titanic* that she had struck ice and required immediate assistance."

You can imagine I was very soon wide awake, and, to say the least, somewhat astonished. I gave orders to turn the ship round, and jumped up getting hold of Marconi operator by the sleeve, and asked: "Are you sure it is the *Titanic*, and requires immediate assistance?" He replied: "Yes, sir." Again I asked: "Are you absolutely certain?" He again replied: "Yes." "All right," I said; "tell him we are coming along as fast as we can."

I then went into the chart-room and asked if he had given *Titanic's* position, and then the operator gave me the position on a slip of paper: "Lat. 41° 46′ N., Long. 50° 14′ W."

When in chart-room working out the position and course, I saw the bo's'n's mate pass with the watch as they were going to wash down the decks. I called him and told him to knock off all work, and get all our boats ready for lowering, and not to make any noise; also that the men need not get excited, as we were going to another vessel in distress.

I had already sent for chief engineer, and on coming up told him to turn out another watch of stokers, and make all speed possible and not to spare anything, as we were going up to *Titanic*, she being in trouble, having struck ice.

Chief engineer hurried away at once, and I then sent for English doctor, purser, and chief steward.

These officers were soon in my cabin, and I related the circumstances and gave following instructions:

English doctor, with assistants, to remain in first-class dining-room; Italian doctor in second, and Hungarian doctor in third-class dining-room, and to have supply of stimulants, restoratives, and everything necessary.

Purser, with assistant purser and chief steward to receive the people at the different gangways, controlling our own stewards in assisting the *Titanic's* people to the dining-rooms, etc. Also get Christian and surnames of survivors as soon as possible to send by wireless.

Inspector, steerage stewards, and masters-at-arms to control our own steerage passengers and keep them out of third-class dining-hall, also to keep them out of the way, and off the deck, to prevent confusion.

Chief steward, that all hands would be called, and to have coffee, etc., ready to serve out to our men. Have coffee, tea, soup, etc., in each dining-room for rescued. Have blankets near gangways, in saloons and public rooms, and also some handy for our own boats. To see all rescued cared for and immediate wants at-

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tended to, that my cabin and all officials' cabins would be given up for accommodation of rescued; smoke-rooms, libraries, and dining-rooms, if necessary, to be utilized as accommodation. All spare berths in steerage to be used for *Titanic's* third-class, and to get all our own steerage passengers grouped together.

To all I strictly enjoined silence, order, and strict discipline; also to station a steward in each alleyway to reassure our own passengers should they inquire about any noise they might hear.

After receiving their instructions these officers hurried away to make their preparations.

I then went on to the bridge, and soon after the Marconi operator came up and reported he had picked up a message from *Titanic* to *Olympic*, asking the latter to have all his boats ready. (But previous to this the operator had received a message from *Titanic*, asking when we would be up there. I told him to reply: "About four hours." We did it in less than three and a half hours.) I told the operator to inform *Titanic* all our boats would be in readiness, and also all preparations necessary.

From a photograph by Hall.

Captain Arthur H. Rostron.

After the operator left I gave following instructions to first officer:

All hands to be called and get coffee, etc.

Prepare and swing out all boats; all gangway doors to be opened.

Electric clusters at each gangway and over the side.

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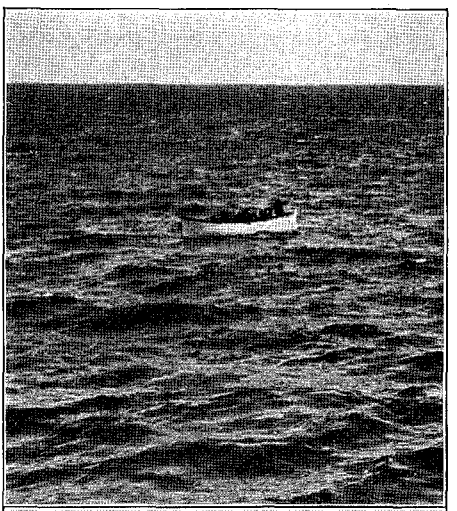
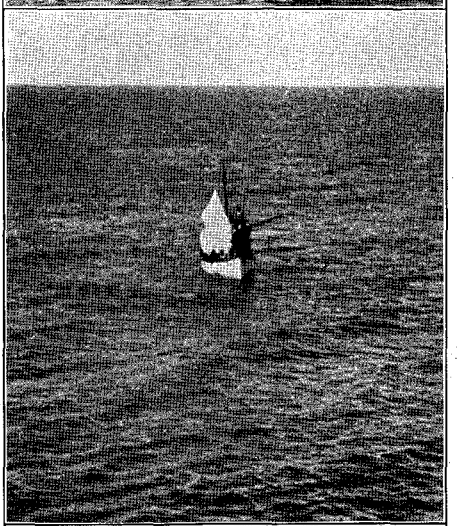
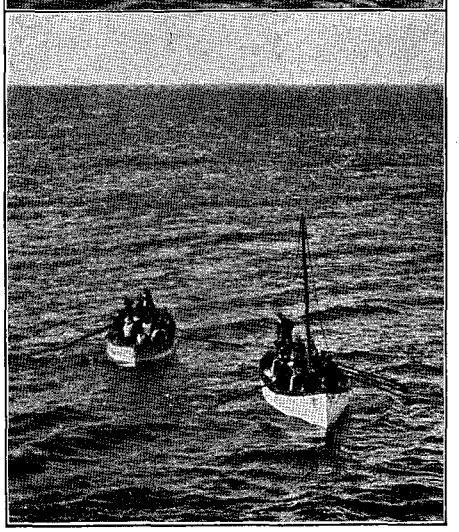


Emergency boat No. 2.



Officer Lowe's boat under sail.



Fourth Officer Lowe towing the canvas collapsible.

A block—with line rove—hooked in each gangway.

A chair—slung—at each gangway for getting sick or wounded up.

Pilot ladders and side ladders at gangways and over the side.

Cargo falls, with both ends clear and bight secured, along ship's side on deck, for boat ropes or to help people up.

Heaving lines and gaskets distributed about the decks and gangways, to be handy for lashings, etc. Forward derricks rigged and topped, and steam on winches—to get mails on board or as required.

Pour oil down forward lavatories, both sides, to quiet the sea.

Canvas ash-bags near the gangways to haul the children up in.

Ordered company's rockets to be fired from three A. M., and every quarter of an hour, to reassure *Titanic*.

Also arranged as to how the officers would work, should the situation require the service of our boats.

About two thirty-five the doctor came on the bridge and reported all my instructions carried out, and everything in readiness.

I was talking to the doctor as to what we might expect, and keeping at the same time a sharp lookout, when quite suddenly—and only for a couple of seconds—I saw a green flare about a point on port bow. I remarked, "There's his light, he must be afloat still," as at one-thirty or so the operator had reported to me that he had received a message saying, "Engine-room filling." So, of course, I knew, on hearing that, of the gravity of the situation.

All our men were quietly but busily making preparations. It was a beautiful, fine, clear night, very cold, and every star in the heavens shining bright, the sea quite calm and no wind. We were racing along splendidly—attaining a maximum speed of about seventeen knots—our usual speed being fourteen.

The chief engineer had been up to me about one-thirty and reported all hands were working below and doing all they possibly could. It appears some of the stokers on being called—and knowing the reason—had turned straight out of their bunks and rushed below, not even taking time to dress.

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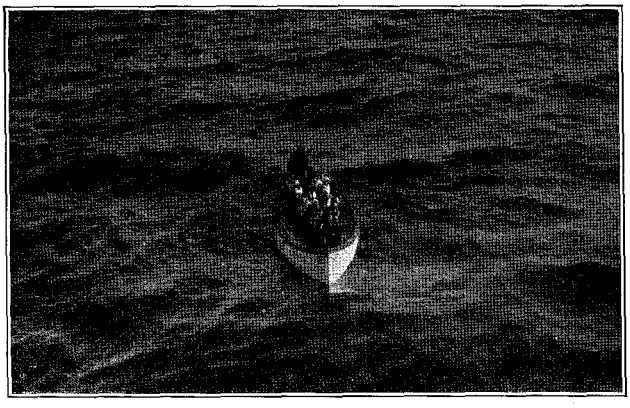
Soon after seeing the green light the second officer reported an iceberg about two points on the port bow. This berg we saw with the reflected light of a star—a starbeam—on it.



Second Officer Lightoller's boat.

From now on we were passing bergs on either side, and had to alter course several times to keep well clear of them. You may depend on it, we were keyed up pretty tight, and keeping a bright lookout. I was also fully aware of our danger, knowing what had already occurred to the *Titanic*. So it can be imagined I was pretty anxious, thinking of my own passengers and crew and ship, as well as those on the *Titanic*. We had three and a half rushing, anxious hours, and plenty to think of and plenty to do in the meantime in order to be ready.

We started sending up rockets at intervals of about a quarter of an hour, and when nearer fired the company's Roman candles (night signals), to let them know it was *Carpathia*. We saw the green light at intervals, and what with keeping a lookout for icebergs, vessels' lights, and the green light, we had to keep our eyes skinned and no mistakes to be made.

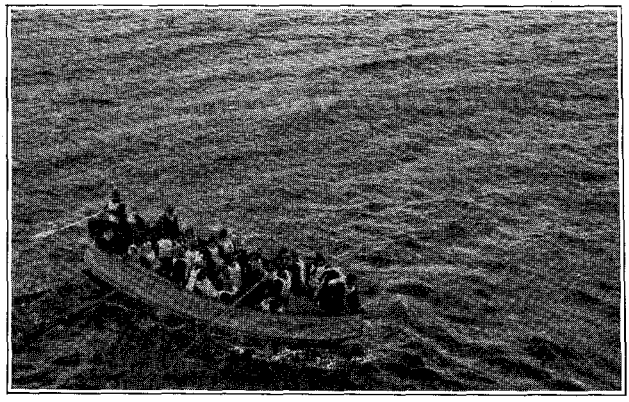
About three-thirty A. M. the purser and chief steward came up to the bridge and reported all in readiness, enumerating all the orders I had given.

Three-thirty-five or so I put the engines on the "stand by," so that I should know the engineers would be at the engines for instant action, if required.

About four A. M. I stopped the engines, knowing we must be somewhere near the position.

A few minutes after I saw an iceberg right ahead, and immediately the second officer reported the same. We had seen the green flare light low down not long before, and so knew it must be a boat. I had intended taking the boat on the port side, which was the lee side if anything, but with the iceberg to consider, I swung the ship round and made to pick up the boat on the starboard side.

Another few minutes and the boat was along-side; a hail came: "We have only one seaman in the boat and cannot work very well." "All right," I replied; "I'll bring the ship along-side the boat." We got her along-side and found her to contain about twenty-five people, and in charge of an officer.



The canvas collapsible.

Now comes the heart-rending part when we knew for a certainty the *Titanic* had gone down; I sent word to the gangway to ask the officer to come up to me on the bridge when he came aboard. On coming

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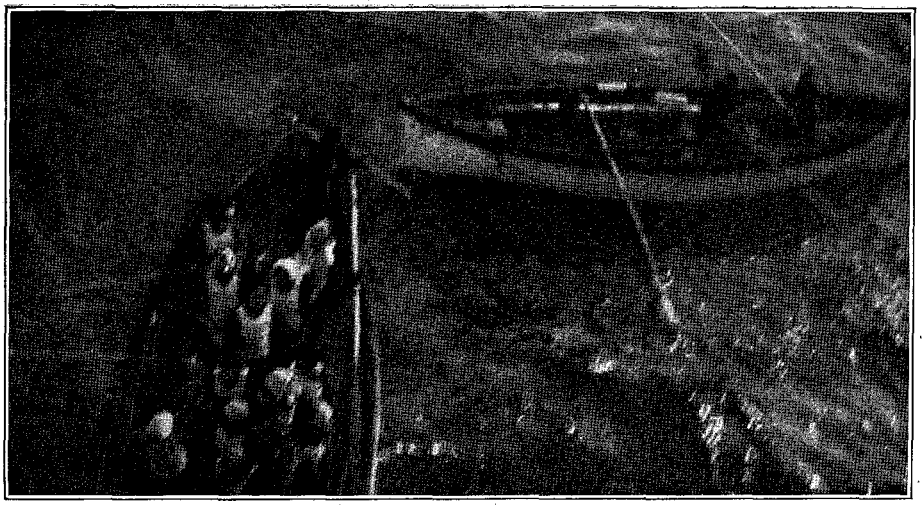


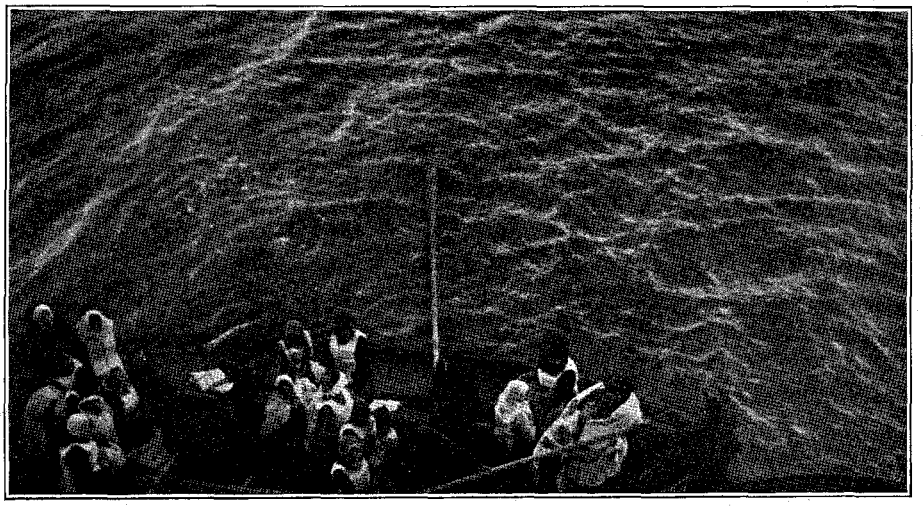
Boat coming along-side, and unloaded boat.

up to the bridge I shook hands and asked: "The *Titanic* has gone down, I suppose?" "Yes," he replied—but what a sad-hearted "Yes" it was—"she went down about two-thirty." Daylight was just setting in, and soon, in the early dawn, could be seen dozens and dozens of icebergs, large and small, all around us; here and there dotted about the calm sea we could distinguish the other boats, the boats being within a radius of about four to five miles, I should think.

We also saw the iceberg we picked up right ahead; this was about one-third of a mile off our starboard beam. Looking aft we saw a growler—a broken-off lump of ice—about ten to fifteen feet high and twenty-five feet long, a couple of hundred yards off our port quarter.

Giving instructions to junior officer on bridge to count the number of bergs about two hundred feet high—and pointing out several as a guide—he counted twenty-five estimated at from two hundred to two hundred and fifty, and dozens of bergs from fifty to one hundred and fifty, feet high.

From now on we were getting the remainder of the boats along-side, and one's



Near view of boat unloading.

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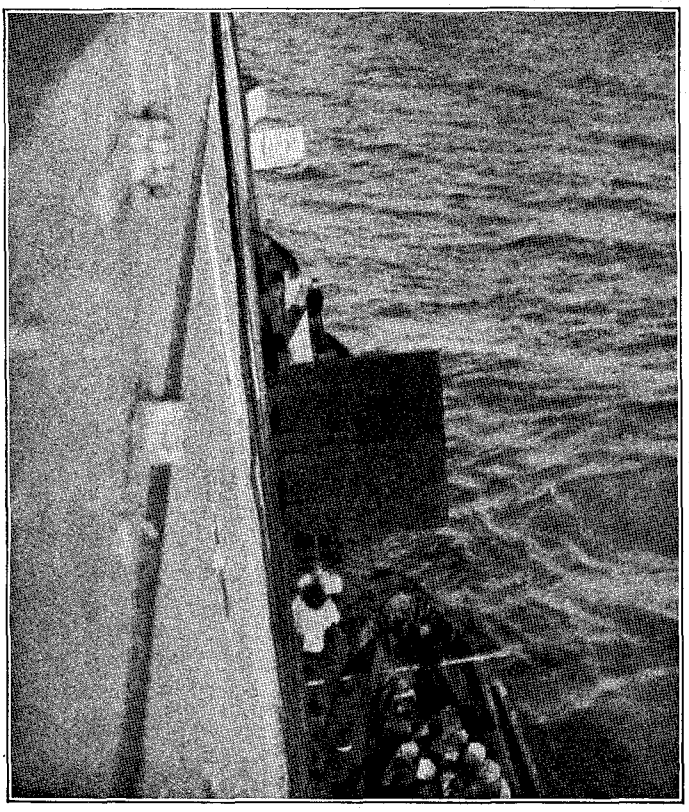
imagination fancied these people shivering for hours during that cold night in their confined space. We manœuvred about to reach the boats, and by eight o'clock had all the boats along-side, and we were also found her to be the *Californian*. We signalled her and told news of trouble, and asked her to search round, as we were returning to New York. It was now blowing a moderate breeze and the sea getting up.



Bringing survivors on board.

in the immediate vicinity of the disaster. I had arranged to hold a short service whilst we were close to the spot—a short prayer of thankfulness for those saved and a short service for those lost.

This service was held in the first-class dining-room whilst slowly cruising about. From the deck we could see little to indicate the terrible catastrophe of a few hours previous. We saw little but bits of small wreckage—some deck chairs, a few life-belts and large quantities of cork; for all the world just as one sees on the sea-shore, merely a tide drift.

At eight o'clock we also saw a steamer coming toward us out of the ice-field. This ice-field stretched as far as the eye could see from northwest to southeast, and we soon

About eight-twenty or so all the people were aboard, and by eight-forty-five all the boats we could take, and then we proceeded to New York.

I had decided to return to New York, as I considered New York the only port possible under the circumstances.

We soon found our passage blocked by a tremendous ice-field. Of course we had seen this ice-field before, but did not know how compact it was, nor the extent of it. In the field were many bergs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high, and the general mass of the ice perhaps six to twelve feet high. We sailed round this ice-pack for nearly four hours—quite fifty-six miles—before we could set our course for New York. We

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Ice-field near the scene of the disaster, early morning, April 15.

also passed several large bergs clear of the pack.

About noon we passed the Russian steamer *Burmah*, bound east. We saw him attempt to cut through the ice-pack, but he had to turn out again. And I don't blame him, either.

We had been in wireless communication with several steamers that were coming up to assist, but I sent word we had accounted for all the boats, and it was useless, as we had left the *Californian* searching. They also were all a long distance off.

Our own passengers began to arrive on deck soon after the first boat was alongside.

It was quite remarkable the manner in which every one behaved. There was absolutely no excitement. Our own passengers did not seem to realize what was happening or the catastrophe which had occurred.

The *Carpathia* was stopped in mid-Atlantic. The sun was just rising over the horizon, chasing away the last shades of night from a cloudless sky; beneath us a calm sea with scarcely a ripple on its gently heaving swell; everything perfectly still—a perfect sunrise and a picture before us almost impossible to imagine either as regards the color or the subject.

All around us were dozens and dozens of icebergs, some comparatively close, others far away on the horizon, towering up like cathedral spires or assuming in one's fancy the forms of ships under full sail. The sun shining on these ice pinnacles seemed to enhance their splendor and belie the hidden truth. Dotted here and there on the quiet sea were to be seen the boats, some in groups of two or three, others singly, pulling in toward a common centre—the *Carpathia*.

Along-side were more boats more or less filled with people, more people climbing up the ship's side, others being pulled up, all having white life-belts on—no noise, no hurry.

The whole might have been an early morning improvised spectacular arrangement for the benefit of our passengers, but withal there was an atmosphere of inability to grasp that which was before them: as if it had been given them too suddenly, and just as if they were looking on at something most unusual, and yet with an indefinable tragedy behind it all; some-

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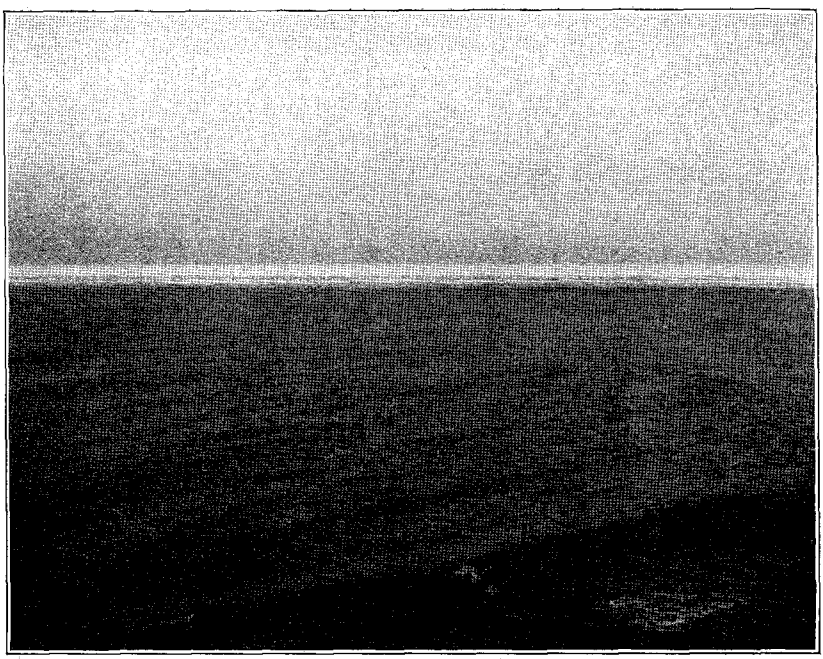

From a photograph by L. C. Stondenmire.

The ice-field several hours later.

thing too great to realize. In reality, our passengers had a few minutes before been asleep in their beds, and this sudden experience of such a scene and its relative meaning was almost beyond one's comprehension. Can one wonder, with the immensity of it all thrust on their hardly awakened senses in such an unheard-of and undreamt-of dramatic manner?

However, something of the true nature soon seemed to strike our people. They seemed to understand that they had a part to play, and that this was something which was not meant for them to be merely as an audience, but in which they could and ought to act.

Our passengers mixed with the new arrivals and tried to comfort and help them; persuading them to take some nourishment or stimulant, arguing with and pressing on them the necessity for such a course. Our doctors must have been relieved to see our own passengers using their persuasion and common-sense so successfully.

Then they saw the survivors required dry and warm clothing, so off they took them to their cabins to fit them out with everything they could do for them.

It was a most busy and stirring scene, our people never overdoing it and showing such excellent tact and sympathy, always ready to help and ready at any moment to do the right thing.

Our men gave up their cabins and the ladies turned out of theirs—in many instances to double up with other ladies, so leaving their cabins for the use of the survivors. The ladies were very soon self-appointed nursing sisters, getting some to lie abed, others to rest on deck, and listening to the heart-breaking tales, and doing all women can do to console and try to brighten them up.

As many of the second and third class people who came aboard were but poorly clothed, blankets and sheets were requisitioned, and many of the ladies started in to make clothes, work seeming a relief to their overwrought nerves. Some ladies—both survivors and our own—went amongst the third-class and nursed, bathed, and clothed and fed the children.

The cream of human kindness was surely given with a free hand those three days and a half, and through it all an almost unnatural quietness and lack of all excitement seemed to pervade the whole ship.

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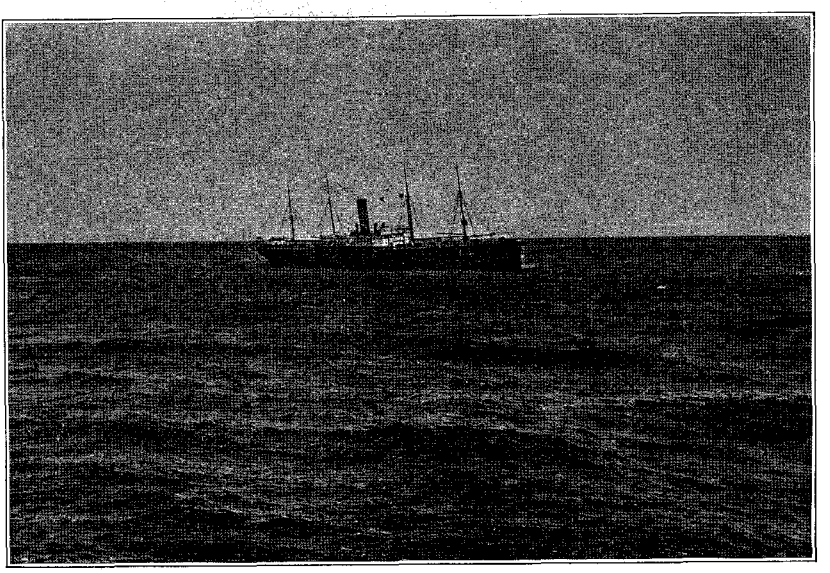
Our own doctors did all doctors could do: rest and sleep seemed to be the most desirable thing for those we had taken aboard, and so everything possible was done to induce sleep.

I was astonished and more than thankful and pleased when Doctor McGee, on Tuesday morning, reported to me all the survivors physically well. The doctor had hardly had a minute to himself—day or night—since we commenced embarking the people.

It seemed almost incredible that those hundreds of people who had undergone such trying experiences should not have developed some physical trouble. I knew it meant untiring attention on part of not only the medical staff but every one, both our own officers and men, and our passengers also, in attending to the people immediately they arrived, and also the preparations made for them on board.

I hardly think it good taste to attempt to picture the sad, heart-rending appearance of those sorely tried people as it impressed us, but I can say how bravely they bore up under their agonizing trouble, and how we one and all felt that we must get them to New York safe and sound and do all we possibly could to keep them from further trouble or anxiety.

About four-thirty Monday afternoon I received a wireless message from the *Olympic* asking for information. I gave the bare facts and also sent the official messages to the Cunard Company, etc. The names of the survivors were then sent, and we continued in communication until about one o'clock Tuesday morning, when we got out of range.



The *Californian* arriving on the scene.

This was the first opportunity we had had of sending any news of any kind through to shore, as the other steamers we had been in communication with earlier in the day were all too far to the eastward. It was also the last until Wednesday afternoon—and we afterward learned what an awful suspense the world was in during those three days, as we had only been able to send the formal official messages of disaster, with approximate number saved, and the names of the first and second class passengers and crew.

Our wireless instrument was only a short-distance one, limited to one hundred and thirty miles—to about two hundred and twenty under most favorable circumstances; also we only had one operator.

It was most difficult to get the names even, and the continuous strain at the instrument, the conditions under which the operator was working, and the constant

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interruptions made it anything but a simple matter.

I must again refer to the quiet, subdued manner of every one on board during our return to New York.

We had several hours' fog on Tuesday morning early, and again it set in thick Wednesday morning and continued foggy, more or less, all the way to New York.

The dismal nerve-racking noise of the whistle blowing every half-minute must have been very distressing to the survivors especially, and one can quite understand their suspense and agony of mind in having gone through such a terrible experience on that fateful night, and then the other terror of the sea-fog coming to augment their mental suffering.

We had taken three bodies from the boats, and one man died during the forenoon of Monday, all four being buried at four in the afternoon, Protestant and Roman Catholic services being held over them according to their religion.

At half-past eight Monday night, in company with the purser and chief steward, I went all round the ship to inspect the arrangements made for every one, and found all that was possible to be done was either done or being done. All the public rooms were converted into sleeping accommodations. Fortunately, we had an ample supply of blankets and all spare mattresses and pillows were served out, every one having every attention given them that was at our command.

Many of our own stewards were self-appointed watchmen during the night, remaining at their posts in readiness to attend to any one requiring assistance, and to give moral support—to the ladies especially, who always found some one ready to help or to cheer them.

In speaking of the loyalty and cheerful willingness of every member of the crew, officers and men, from the moment I gave the first order to our arrival in New York (and I know for a certainty that the doctor, pursers, and stewards—even the little bell-boys—had very little rest until the Friday night, that is, the day we left New York again), I must also mention the assistance given by the stewards of the *Titanic* who were saved; they all turned to and assisted in every way they could.

We heard of many great and noble deeds of self-sacrifice performed by those on the *Titanic* that night: tales of heroism and bravery of men and women, of men who had everything in this world to live for, men who were sending away in the boats those who were dearest on earth to them, those in the boats leaving on the ship those most dear to them in the whole world. Men who had so much of this world's honors and riches yet at the great test they showed the world they had still greater gifts—the gift of great and noble self-sacrifice and self-command.

Standing out equal to each or any, and superbly noble, was that of a young girl.

A boat full of women and ready for lowering was found to be too full and the order was given for some one to get out, as it was considered unsafe. A young lady—a girl, really—got up to leave the boat; then some of the others tried to persuade her to remain. "No," she said, "you are married and have families; I'm not, it doesn't matter about me!"

This girl-woman, in the highest and noblest sense, got out of the boat and returned to the deck of the ship. Those in the boat were saved, the girl on deck went down with the ship. From being in a position to be saved she deliberately returned to the uncertainty, and so gave her life willingly that others might have a better chance of being saved. There were many incidents,—almost too numerous to mention,—and incidents one does not care to recall; but one case might be cited, perhaps.

During dinner on Sunday evening a wireless message was received by some of our passengers from relatives aboard the *Titanic*. At four-thirty Monday morning, two of the relatives were brought to the state-room of our passengers, who were then in bed asleep and knew nothing of what was taking place, such was the irony of fate! The surprise—nay, stupefaction—of our passengers so suddenly roused to hear such news can well be imagined.

Wednesday afternoon about one o'clock we were in wireless communication with U. S. S. *Chester;* dense fog at the time, and through her sent in the remainder of the names of survivors, with corrections also.

We picked up Fire Island light ves-

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sel from its fog-horn about four o'clock Thursday afternoon, after which the weather cleared considerably. About six we stopped off Ambrose Channel light-ship, and picked up our pilot. It was at this time we got some idea of suspense and excitement in the world. We were met by several powerful tug-boats chartered by the press and full of press men, anxious to get news. Naturally, I did not care to have any of the passengers harassed by reporters seeking information; so I decided not to allow any one on board the *Carpathia*.

As we were going up Ambrose Channel, the weather changed completely, and a more dramatic ending to a tragic occurrence it would be hard to conceive.

It began to blow hard, rain came down in torrents, and, to complete the finale, we had continuous vivid lightning, and heavy, rolling thunder. This weather continued until our arrival off the Cunard dock.

It was astonishing how quiet—apparently stolid—every one aboard was in their loyalty. Seeing I refused to hold any communication with the press-boats, all the passengers seemed to take the same view, and to all inquiries for news or photographs, or even names, a tense silence was maintained throughout.

Whilst we were stopped off the dock, getting the *Titanic's* boats away from the ship, a press man did manage to get on board. It was reported to me and I had him brought on the bridge. I explained my reasons for not allowing any one on board, and that I could not allow the passengers to be interviewed, and put him on his honor not to leave the bridge under certain penalties. I must say he was a gentleman.

What with the wind and rain, a pitch-dark night, lightning and thunder, and the photographers taking flashlight pictures of the ship, and the explosion of the lights, it was a scene never to be effaced from one's memory. There were dozens of tugs dodging about the ship, and the lowering away of the *Titanic's* boats (we could not get into dock until all the *Titanic's* boats were away from the ship, as seven of them were suspended in our davits and six were on the forecastle head, and so in the way of working the mooring ropes), and these boats leaving the ship in the blackness of the night with two of the rescued crew in each boat and some of the *Titanic's* officers in charge of them, it brought back to one's mind the manner in which these same boats were last lowered from that great and magnificent ship never to reach New York.

It did indeed seem a fitting final scene to the most tragic and greatest marine disaster in the history of the sea. At nine-twenty we got into dock and the passengers were now free to land. And so they left us, after being aboard over three and a half days—landed to meet their dear ones and friends, and to feel once more their poignant grief surging uppermost in their minds. As they landed we all felt such a relief as only those experience who have for days been under a great strain—keyed up to the highest pitch of anxiety all the time. With such anxiety for the safety of so many people placed in my care under such heart-rending and tragic circumstances, on their landing I was thankful. With the people landed, the work of the *Carpathia* was finished, so far as the part we had taken in the catastrophe.

Of all the remarkable incidents in connection with the whole history of the short life of that magnificent creation of man, not the least was the name of that never-to-be-forgotten ship.

Looking in the dictionary one finds there the definition of that ill-fated name, "TITANIC: a race of people vainly striving to overcome the forces of nature." Could anything be more unfortunate or tragic in its significance?

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THE SHEPHERD WHO WATCHED BY NIGHT

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN

THE place had nothing distinguished or even perhaps distinctive about it except its trees and the tapering spire of a church lifting above them. It was not unlike a hundred other places that one sees as one travels through the country. It called itself a town; but it was hardly more than a village. One long street, now paved on both sides, climbed the hill, where the old post-road used to run in from the country on one side and out again on the other, passing a dingy, large house with whitewashed pillars, formerly known as the tavern, but now calling itself "The Inn." This, with two or three cross-streets and a short street or two on either side of the main street, constituted "the town." A number of good houses, and a few very good, indeed, sat back in yards dignified by fine trees. Three or four churches stood on corners, as far apart apparently as possible. Several of them were much newer and fresher painted than the one with the spire and cross; but this was the only old one and was generally spoken of as "The Church," as the rector was meant when the people spoke of "the preacher." It sat back from the street, in a sort of sordid seclusion, and near it, yet more retired, was an old mansion, also dilapidated, with a wide porch, much decayed, and to the side and a little behind it, an out-building or two, one of which was also occupied as a dwelling. The former was the rectory, and the smaller dwelling was where the old woman lived who took care of the rectory, cleaned up the two or three rooms which the rector used since his wife's death, and furnished him his meals. It had begun only as a temporary arrangement, but it seemed to work well enough and had gone on now for years and no one thought of changing it. If an idea of change ever entered the mind of any one, it was only when the old woman's grumbling floated out into the town as to the tramps who would come and whom the preacher would try to take care of. Then, indeed, discussion would take place as to the utter impracticability of the old preacher and the possibility of getting a younger and liver man in his place. For the rest of the time the people were hopeless. The old preacher was not only past his prime but his usefulness. Yet what could they do? No one else wanted him, and they could not turn him out. He was saddled on them for life. They ran simply by the old propulsion; but the church was going down, they said, and they were helpless. This had been the case for years and now as the year neared its close it was the same.

Such was the talk as they finished dressing the church for Christmas and made their way homeward—the few who still took interest enough to help in this way. They felt sorry for the old man, who had been much in their way during the dressing, but sorrier for themselves.

This had been a few days before Christmas and now it was Christmas eve.

The old rector sat at his table trying to write his Christmas sermon. He was hopelessly behindhand with it. The table was drawn up close to the worn stove, but the little bare room was cold, and now and then the old man blew on his fingers to warm them, and pushed his feet closer to the black hearth. Again and again he took up his pen as if to write, and as often laid it down again. The weather was bitter and the coal would not burn. There was little to burn. He wore his old overcoat, to save fuel. Before him on the table, amid a litter of other books and papers, lay a worn Bible and prayer-book open, and beside them a folded letter on which his eye often rested. Outside, the wind roared, shaking the doors, rattling the windows, and whistling at the key-holes. Now and then the sound of a passing vehicle was borne in on the wind, and at intervals came the voices of boys shouting to each other as they ran by. The old

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man did not hear the former, but when the boys shouted he listened till they had ceased, his thoughts turned to the past and to the two boys whom God had given him and had then taken back to Himself. His gray face wore a look of deep concern, and, indeed, of dejection, and his eye wandered once more to the folded letter on the table. It was signed "A Friend," and it was this which was responsible for the unwritten Christmas sermon. It was what the world calls an anonymous letter and, though couched in kindly terms, it had struck a dagger into the old man's heart. Yet he could not but say that in tone and manner it was a kind act. Certainly it had told the truth and if in tearing a veil from his eyes it had stunned him, why should he not face the truth!

He took the letter up again and reread it, not that he needed to read it, for he knew it by heart. Every sentence was seared into his memory.

He reread it hoping to find some answer to its plain, blunt, undeniable statements, but he found none. It was all true, every word, from the ominous beginning which stated that the writer felt that he had "a clear duty to perform," down to the close when with a protestation of good-will he signed himself the old man's friend.

"You must see, unless you are blind," ran the letter, "that your church is running down, and unless you get out and let the congregation secure a new and younger man, there will soon be no congregation at all left. No men come to church any longer and many women who used to come now stay away. You are a good man, but you are a failure. Your usefulness is past." Yes, it was true, he was a failure. His usefulness was past. This was the reason doubtless that no Christmas things had come this year—they wanted to let him know. It pained him to think it, and he sighed.

"You spend your time fooling about a lot of useless things," continued the anonymous friend, "visiting people who do not come to church, and you have turned the rectory into a harbor for tramps.

"You cannot preach any longer. You are hopelessly behind the times. People nowadays want no more doctrinal points discussed; they want to hear live, up-to-date, practical discourses on the vital problems of the day. Such as the Rev. Dr. —— delivers. His church is full." This also was true. He was no longer able to preach. He had felt something of this himself. Now it came home to him like a blow on the head, and a deeper pain was the conviction which, long hovering about his heart, now settled and took definite shape, that he ought to get out. But where could he go? He would have gone long since if he had known where to go. He could not go out and graze like an old horse on the roadside. There was no provision made for such as he. No pensions were provided by his church for old and disabled clergymen, and the suggestion made in the letter had no foundation in his case: "You must or, at least, you should have saved something in all this time."

This sounded almost humorous and a wintry little smile flickered for a moment about the wrinkled mouth. His salary had never been over six hundred dollars, and there were so many to give to. Of late, it had been less than this amount and not all of this had been paid. The smile died out and the old man's face grew grave again as he tried to figure out what he could do. He thought of one or two old friends to whom he could write. Possibly, they might know some country parish that would be willing to take him, though it was a forlorn hope. If he could but hold on till they invited him, it would be easier, for he knew how difficult it was for a clergyman out of a place to get a call. People were so suspicious. Once out, he was lost.

At the thought, a picture of a little plot amid the trees in the small cemetery on the hill near the town slipped into his mind. Three little slabs stood there above three mounds, one longer than the others. They covered all that was mortal of what he had loved best on earth. The old man sighed and his face in the dim light took on an expression very far away. He drifted off into a reverie. Ah, if they had only been left to him, the two boys that God had sent him and had then taken back to Himself, and the good wife who had borne up so bravely till she had sunk by the wayside! If he were only with them! He used to be rebellious at the neglect that left the drains so deadly,

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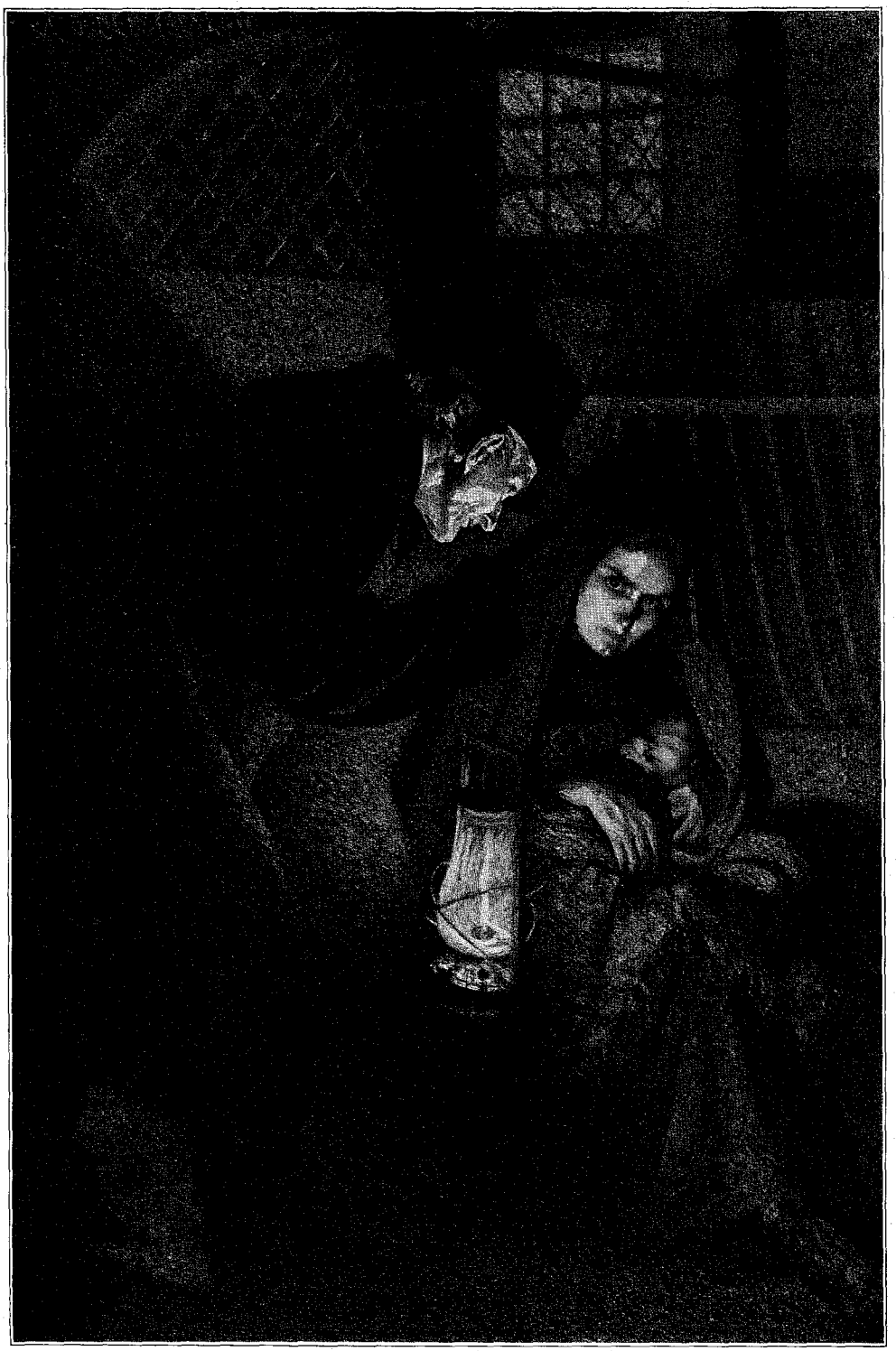

Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan.

He bent down, with the lantern held low, . . . "What are you doing here?" he asked.—Page 371.

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but that was gone now. He leant forward on his elbows and gradually slipped slowly to his knees. He was on them a long time, and when he tried to rise he was quite stiff; but his face had grown tranquil. He had been in high converse with the blessed of God and his mind had cleared. He had placed everything in God's hands, and He had given him light. He would wait until after Christmas and then he would resign. But he would announce it next day. The flock there should have a new and younger and abler shepherd. This would be glad tidings to them.

He folded up the letter and put it away. He no longer felt wounded by it. It was of God's ordaining and was to be received as a kindness, a ray of light to show him the path of duty. He drew his paper toward him and, taking up his pen, began to write rapidly and firmly. The doubt was gone, the way was clear. His text had come to his mind.

"*And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night, and lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. And they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them: Fear not, for behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.*"

Unfolding the story, he told of the darkness that had settled over Israel under the Roman sway and the formalism of the Jewish hierarchy at the time of Christ's coming, drawing from it the lesson that God still had shepherds watching over His flocks in the night to whom He vouchsafed to send His heavenly messengers. On and on he wrote, picturing the divine mission of the Redeemer and His power to save souls, and dwelling on Christmas as the ever recurrent reminder of "the tender mercy of our God whereby the Day Spring from on High hath visited us."

Suddenly he came to a pause. Something troubled him. It came to him that he had heard that a woman in the town was very sick and he had intended going to see her. She had had a bad reputation; but he had heard that she had reformed. At any rate she was ill. He paused and deliberated. At the moment the wind rattled the shutters. She did not belong to his flock or, so far as he knew, to any flock, and once when he had stopped her on the street and spoken to her of her evil life, she had insulted him. She had told him that he had better look after his own people instead of lecturing her. He turned back to his paper, pen in hand; but it was borne in on him that he was writing of watching over the flock by night and here he was neglecting one of his Father's sheep. He laid aside his pen and, rising, took down his old hat and stick, lit his lantern, turned down his lamp, and, shuffling through the bare, narrow passage, let himself out at the door. As he came out on to the little porch to step down to the walk, the wind struck him fiercely and he had some difficulty in fastening the door with its loose lock; but this done he pushed forward. The black trees swayed and creaked above him in the wind, and fine particles of snow stung his withered cheeks. He wondered if the shepherds in the fields ever had such a night as this for their watch. He remembered to have read that snow fell on the mountains of Judea. It was a blustering walk. The wind felt as if it would blow through him. Yet he stumbled onward.

At length he reached the little house on a back street in the worst part of the village, where he had heard the sick woman lived. A light glimmered dimly in an upper window and his knocking finally brought to the door a woman who looked after her. She was not in a good humor at being disturbed at that hour, for her rest had been much broken of late; but she was civil and invited him in.

In answer to his question of how her patient was, she replied shortly: "No better; the doctor says she can't last much longer. Do you want to see her?" she added presently.

The old rector said he did and she waved toward the stair. "You can walk up."

As they climbed the stair she added: "She said you'd come if you knew." The words made the old man warmer. And

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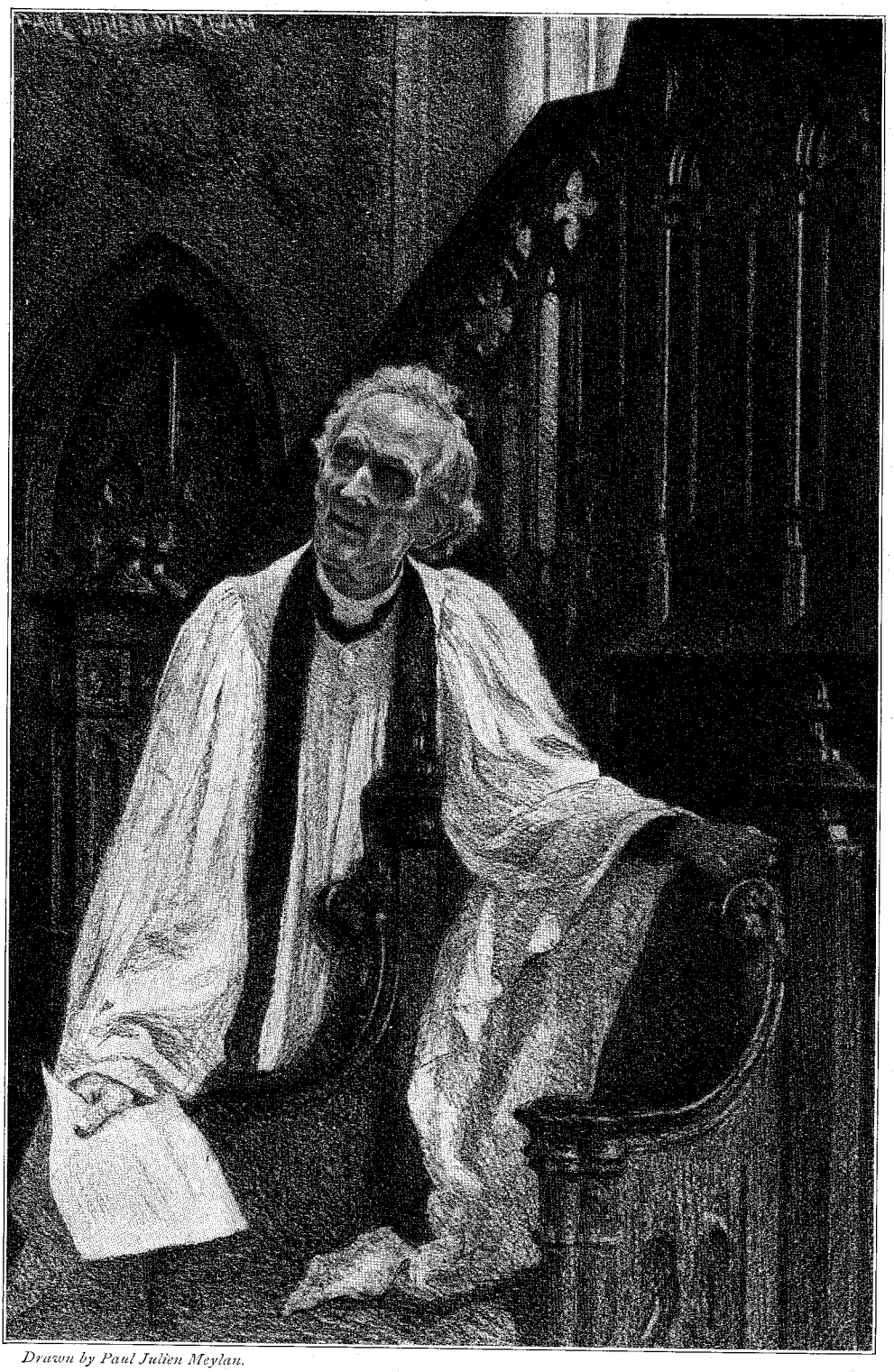

Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan.

As he stooped to pick up a loose sheet from the floor he sank to his knees, but he picked it up. "Here it is," he said, with a tone of relief. "I remember now."—Page 372.

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when she opened the door of the sick-room and said, "Here's the preacher, as you said," the faint voice of the invalid murmuring, "I hoped you'd come," made him feel yet warmer.

He was still of some use even in this parish.

Whatever her face had been in the past, illness and suffering had refined it. He stayed there long, for he found that she needed him. She unburdened herself to him. She was sorry she had been rude to him that time. She had been a sinful woman. She said she had tried of late to live a good life, since that day he had spoken to her, but she now found that she had not. She had wanted to be a believer and she had gone to hear him preach one day after that, but now she did not seem to believe anything. They told her that she must repent. She wanted to repent, but she could not feel. She was in the dark and she feared she was lost. The old man had taken his seat by her side, and he now held her hand and soothed her tenderly.

"Once, perhaps," he said doubtfully, "though God only knows that, but certainly no longer. Christ died for you. You say you wanted to change, that you tried to ask God's pardon and to live a better life even before you fell ill. Do you think you could want this as much as God wanted it? He put the wish into your heart. Do you think He would now let you remain lost? Why, He sent His Son into the world to seek and to save the lost. He has sent me to you to-night to tell you that He has come to save you. It is not you that can save yourself, but He, and if you feel that it is dark about you, never mind—the path is still there. One of the old Fathers has said that God sometimes puts His children to sleep in the dark."

"But I have been— You don't know what I have been," she murmured. The old man laid his hand softly on her head.

"He not only forgave the Magdalen, for her love of Him, but He vouchsafed to her the first sight of His face after His resurrection."

"I see," she said simply.

A little later she dozed off, but presently roused up again. A bell was ringing somewhere in the distance. It was the ushering in of the Christmas morn.

"What is that?" she asked feebly.

He told her.

"I think if I were well, if I could ever be good enough, I should like to join the church," she said. "I remember being baptized—long ago."

"You have joined it," he replied.

Just then the nurse brought her a glass.

"What is that?" she asked feebly.

"A little wine." She held up a bottle in which a small quantity remained.

It seemed to the old preacher a sort of answer to his thought. "Have you bread here?" he asked the young woman. She went out and a moment later brought him a piece of bread.

He had often administered the early communion on Christmas morning, but never remembered a celebration that had seemed to him so real and satisfying. As he thought of the saints departed this life in the faith and fear of God, they appeared to throng about him as never before, and among them were the faces he had known and loved best on earth.

It was toward morning when he left; as he bade her good-by he knew he should see her no more this side of Heaven.

As he came out into the night the snow was falling, but the wind had died down and he no longer felt cold. The street was empty, but he no longer felt lonely. He seemed to have got nearer to God's throne.

Suddenly, as he neared his house, a sound fell on his ears. He stopped short and listened. Could he have been mistaken? Could that have been a baby's cry? There was no dwelling near but his own, and on that side only the old and unoccupied stable in the yard whence the sound had seemed to come. A glance at it showed that it was dark and he was moving on again to the house when the sound was repeated. This time there was no doubt of it. A baby's wail came clear on the silence of the night from the unused stable. A thought that it might be some poor foundling flashed into his mind. The old man turned and, stumbling across the yard, went to the door.

"Who is here?" he asked of the dark. There was no answer, but the child wailed again and he entered the dark building, asking again, "Who is here?" as he groped his way forward. This time a

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voice almost inarticulate answered. Holding his dim little lantern above his head, he made his way inside, peering into the darkness, and presently, in a stall, on a lot of old litter, he descried a dark and shapeless mass from which the sound came. Moving forward, he bent down, with the lantern held low, and the dark mass gradually took shape as a woman's form seated on the straw. A patch of white, from which a pair of eyes gazed up at him, became a face and, below, a small bundle clasped to her breast took on the lines of a babe.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, breathless with astonishment. She shook her head wearily and her lips moved as if to say, "I didn't mean any harm." But no sound came. She only tried to fold the babe more warmly in her shawl. He took off his overcoat and wrapped it around her. "Come," he said firmly. "You must come with me," he added kindly; then, as she did not rise, he put out his hand to lift her, but, instead, suddenly set down the lantern and took the babe gently into his arms. She let him take the child, and rose slowly, her eyes still on him. He motioned for her to take the lantern and she did so. And they came to the door. He turned up the walk, the babe in his arms, and she going before him with the lantern. The ground was softly carpeted with snow, the wind had died down, but the clouds had disappeared and the trees were all white, softly gleaming, like dream-trees in a dream-land. The old man shivered slightly, but not now with cold. He felt as if he had gone back and held once more in his arms one of those babes he had given back to God. He thought of the shepherds who watched by night on the Judean hills. "It must have been such a night as this," he thought.

As they reached his door he saw that some one had been there in his absence. A large box stood on the little porch and beside it a basket filled with things. So he had not been forgotten after all. The milkman also had called and for his customary small bottle of milk had left one of double the usual size. When he let himself in at the door, he took the milk with him. So the shepherds might have done, he thought.

It was long before he could get the fire to burn; but in time this was accomplished; the room grew warm and the milk was warmed also. The baby was quieted and was soon asleep in its mother's lap. And as the firelight fell from the open stove on the child, in its mother's arms before the stove, the old man thought of a little picture he had once seen in a shop window. He had wanted to buy it, but he had never felt that he could gratify such a taste. There were too many calls on him. Then, as she appeared overcome with fatigue, the old man put her with the child in the only bed in the house that was ready for an occupant and, returning to the little living-room, ensconced himself in his arm-chair by the stove. He had meant to finish his sermon, but he was conscious for the first time that he was very tired. But he was also very happy. When he awoke he found that it was quite late. He had overslept and though his breakfast had been set out for him, he had time only to make his toilet and to go to church. The mother and child were still asleep in his room, the babe folded in her arm, and he stopped only to gaze on them a moment and to set the rest of the milk and his breakfast where the young mother could find it on awaking. Then he went to church, taking his half-finished sermon in his worn case. He thought with some dismay that it was unfinished, but the memory of the poor woman and the midnight communion, and of the young mother and her babe, comforted him; so he plodded on bravely. When he reached the church it was nearly full. He had not had such a congregation in a long time. And they were all cheerful and happy. The pang he had had as he remembered that he was to announce his resignation that day was renewed, but only for a second. The thought of the babe and its mother, warmed and fed in his little home, drove it away. And soon he began the service. He had never had such a service. It all appeared to him to have a new meaning. He felt nearer to the people in the pews than he ever remembered to have felt. They were more than ever his flock and he more than ever their shepherd. More, he felt nearer to mankind, and yet more near to those who had gone before—the innumerable company

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of the redeemed. They were all about him, clad all in white, glistering like the sun. The heavens seemed full of them. When he turned his eyes to the window, the whole earth seemed white with them. The singing sounded in his ears like the choiring of angels. He was now in a maze. He forgot the notice he had meant to give and went straight into his sermon, stumbling a little as he climbed the steps to the pulpit. He repeated the text and kept straight on. He told the story of the shepherds in the fields watching their flocks when the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and told of the Babe in the manger who was Christ the Lord. He spoke for the shepherds. He pictured the shepherds watching through the night and made a plea for their loneliness and the hardship of their lives. They were very poor and ignorant. But they had to watch the flock and God had chosen them to be His messengers. The wise men would come later, but now it was the shepherds who first knew of the birth of Christ the Lord. He was not reading as was his wont. It was all out of his heart and the eyes of all seemed to be on him—of all in pews and of all that innumerable host about him.

He was not altogether coherent, for he at times appeared to confuse himself with the shepherds. He spoke as if the message had come to him, and after a while he talked of some experiences he had had in finding a child in a stable. He spoke as though he had really seen it. "And now," he said, "this old shepherd must leave his flock, the message has come for him."

He paused and looked down at his sermon and turned the leaves slowly, at first carefully and then almost aimlessly. A breath of wind blew in and a few leaves slid off the desk and fluttered down to the floor. "I have been in some fear lately," he said, "but God has appeared to make the way plain. A friend has helped me, and I thank him." He looked around and lost himself. "I seem to have to come to the end," he said, smiling simply with a soft, childish expression stealing over and lighting up his wan face. "I had something more I wanted to say, but I can't find it and—I can't remember. I seem too tired to remember it. I am a very old man and you must bear with me, please, while I try." He quietly turned and walked down the steps, holding on to the railing. As he stooped to pick up a loose sheet from the floor he sank to his knees, but he picked it up. "Here it is," he said with a tone of relief. "I remember now. It is that there were shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and the light came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid, and the Angel said unto them:

"'*Fear not, for behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.*'"

They reached him as he sank down and, lifting him, placed him on a cushion taken from a pew. He was babbling softly of a babe in a stable and of the glory of the Lord that shone round about them. "Don't you hear them singing?" he said. "You must sing too; we must all join them." At the suggestion of some one, a woman's clear voice struck up,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,"

and they sang it through as well as they could for sobbing. But before the hymn was ended the old shepherd had joined the heavenly choir and gone away up into Heaven.

As they laid him in the chamber on the hill opening to the sunrise, the look in his face showed that the name of that chamber was Peace.

They talk of him still in his old parish, of the good he did, and of his peaceful death on the day that of all the year signified birth and life. Nothing was ever known of the mother and babe. Only there was a rumor that one had been seen leaving the house during the morning and passing out into the white-clad country. And at the little inn in the town there was vague wonder what had become of the woman and her baby who applied for shelter there that night before and was told that there was no place for her there, and that she had better go to the old preacher, as he took in all the tramps.

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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK II

XI

THE July sun enclosed in a ring of fire the ilex grove of a villa in the hills near Siena.

Below, by the roadside, the long yellow house seemed to waver in the glare; but steep by steep, behind it, the ilex-dusk mounted to the ledge where Ralph Marvell, stretched on his back in the scant grass, lay gazing up at a black reticulation of branches between which bits of sky gleamed with the hardness and brilliancy of blue enamel.

Up there too the air was thick with heat; but compared with the white fire below it was a dim and tempered warmth, like that of the churches in which he and Undine sometimes took refuge at the height of the torrid days.

Ralph loved the heavy Italian summer, as he had loved the light spring days leading up to it: the long line of dancing days that had drawn them on and on across the landscape ever since they had left their ship at Naples four months earlier. Four months of beauty, changeful, inexhaustible, weaving itself about him in shape after shape of softness and mystery and strength; and beside him, hand in hand with him, embodying that spirit of shifting magic, the radiant creature through whose eyes he saw it. This was what their hastened marriage had blessed them with, giving them leisure, before summer came, to penetrate to remote folds of the southern mountains, to linger in the drowsy shade of Sicilian orange-groves, and then, travelling by slow stages to the Adriatic, to reach the central hill-country where even in July they might hope for a breathable air.

To Ralph the Sienese air was not only breathable but intoxicating. The sun, treading the earth like a vintager, drew from it heady fragrances, crushed out of it new deep colours. All the values of the temperate landscape were reversed: the noon high-lights were white, but the shadows had unimagined intensities of colour. On the blackness of cork and ilex lay the green and purple lustres, the coppery iridescences of old bronze; and night after night the skies were wine-blue and bubbling with stars. Ralph said to himself that no one who had not seen Italy thus prostrate beneath the sun knew what secret treasures she could yield.

As he lay there in the grass, fragments of past states of emotion, fugitive felicities of thought and sensation, rose and floated on the surface of his thoughts. It was one of those moments when the accumulated impressions of life converge on throbbing heart and brain, elucidating, enlacing each other, in a mysterious confusion of beauty. He had had intuitions of such a state before, of such mergings of the personal with the general life that one felt one's self a mere wave on the wild stream of being, and yet thrilled with a sharper sense of individuality than can be known in the mere bounds of the actual. But now he knew the sensation in its fulness, and with it came the releasing power of language. Words were flashing through the air like brilliant birds in the boughs overhead; he had but to wave the magic wand of expression to have them flutter down to him. Only they were so beautiful up there, weaving their fantastic flights against the blue, that it was pleasanter, for the moment, to watch them and let the wand lie.

He stared up at the pattern they made till his eyes ached with excess of light; then he changed his position and looked at his wife.

Undine, near by, leaned against a gnarled tree-trunk with the slightly constrained air of a person unused to sylvan abandonments. Her beautiful back could not adapt itself to the rugosities of the tree, and she moved a little now and then in the effort to find an easier position.

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But her expression was serene, and Ralph, looking up at her through lids drowsy with heat, thought her face had never been more exquisite.

"You look as cool as a wave," he said, stretching out his arm to reach the hand on her knee. She let him have it, and he drew it closer, scrutinizing it as if it had been a bit of precious porcelain or ivory. Undine's hand was small and soft, a mere featherweight, a puff-ball of a hand—not quick and thrilling, not a speaking hand, but one to be fondled and dressed in rings, and to leave by its touch a rosy blur in the brain. The fingers were short and tapering, dimpled at the base, with nails as smooth as rose-leaves. Ralph lifted them one by one, like a child playing with the keys of a piano, but they were inelastic and did not spring back far—only far enough to show the dimples.

He turned the hand over and traced the course of its blue veins from the wrist to the rounding of the palm below the fingers; then he put a kiss in the warm hollow between. The upper world had vanished: his universe had shrunk to the palm of a soft hand. But—there was no sense of diminution. In the mystic depths whence his passion grew, earthly dimensions were ignored and the curve of beauty was boundless enough to hold whatever the imagination could pour into it. Ralph had never felt more convinced of his power to write a great poem, but now it was Undine's hand which seemed to hold the magic wand of expression.

She moved again uneasily, answering his last words with a faint accent of reproach.

"I don't *feel* cool. You said there'd be a breeze up here."

He gave a laugh of indolent enjoyment. "You poor darling! Wasn't it ever as hot as this in Apex?"

Undine withdrew her hand with a slight grimace.

"Yes—but I didn't marry you to go back to Apex!"

Ralph laughed again; then he lifted himself on his elbow and regained the hand. "I wonder what you *did* marry me for, Undine?"

"Mercy! It's too hot for conundrums." She spoke without impatience, but with a lassitude less joyous than his.

"Do you really mind the heat so much? We'll go, if you do."

She sat up eagerly. "Go to Switzerland, you mean?"

"Well, I hadn't taken such a long leap as that. I only meant we might drive back to Siena."

She relapsed listlessly against her tree-trunk. "Oh, Siena's hotter than this."

"We could go and sit in the cathedral—it's always cool there at sunset."

"We've sat in the cathedral at sunset every day for a week."

"Well, what do you say to stopping at Lecceto on the way? I haven't shown you Lecceto yet; and the drive back by moonlight would be glorious."

This roused her to a slight show of interest. "It might be nice—but where could we get anything to eat?"

Ralph laughed again. "I don't believe we could. You're so awfully practical."

"Well, somebody's got to be. And the food in the hotel is too disgusting if we're not on time."

"I admit that the most digestible portions have usually been appropriated by the extremely good-looking cavalry-officer who's so keen to know you."

Undine's face brightened. "You know he's not a Count; he's a Marquis. His name's Roviano; his palace in Rome is in the guide-books, and he speaks English beautifully. Céleste found out about him from the head-waiter," she said, with the security of one who treats of recognized values.

Marvell, sitting upright, reached lazily across the grass for his hat. "That being the case, there's all the more reason for rushing back to defend our share." His eyes absorbed in a last glance the glimmering submarine light of the ancient grove, through which Undine's figure wavered white and nereid-like above him.

"You never looked your name more than you do now," he said, kneeling at her side and putting his arm about her. She smiled back a little vaguely, as if not seizing his allusion, and being content to let it drop into the store of unexplained references which had once stimulated her curiosity but now merely gave her leisure to think of other things. But her smile was no less lovely for its vagueness, and indeed, to Ralph, as his lips pressed it,

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the loveliness was enhanced by the latent doubt. He remembered afterward that at that moment the cup of life seemed to brim over.

"Come, dear—here or there—it's all divine!" he said.

In the carriage, however, she remained indifferent to the soft spell of the evening, noticing only the heat and dust, and saying, as they passed under the wooded heights of Lecceto, that they might as well have stopped there after all, since with such a headache as she felt coming on she didn't care if she dined or not.

Ralph looked up yearningly at the great walls overhead; but Undine's mood was hardly favourable to communion with such scenes, and he made no attempt to stop the carriage. Instead he presently said: "If you're tired of Italy, we've got the world to choose from."

She made no answer for a moment; then she said: "It's the heat I'm tired of. Don't people generally come here earlier?"

"Yes. That's why I chose the summer: so that we could have it all to ourselves."

She tried to put a note of reasonableness into her voice: "If you'd told me we were going everywhere at the wrong time, of course I could have arranged about my clothes."

Marvell laughed. "You poor darling! Let us, by all means, go to the place where the clothes will be right: they're too beautiful to be slighted in our scheme of life."

Her lips hardened. "I know you don't care how I look. But you didn't give me time to order anything before we were married, and I've got nothing but my last winter's things to wear."

Ralph smiled. Even his subjugated mind perceived the inconsistency of Undine's taxing him with having hastened their marriage; but her variations on the eternal feminine still enchanted him.

"We'll go wherever you please—you make every place the one place," he said, with the caressing accent of one who humours an irresistible child.

"To Switzerland, then? Céleste says St. Moritz is too heavenly," exclaimed Undine, who gathered her ideas of Europe chiefly from the conversation of her experienced attendant.

Her husband made a slight grimace. "One can be cool short of the Engadine. Why not go south again—say to Capri?"

"Capri? Is that the island we saw from Naples where the artists go?" She drew her brows together. "It would be simply awful getting there in this heat."

"Well, then, I know a little place in Switzerland where one can still get away from the crowd, and we can sit and look at a green water-fall while I lie in wait for adjectives."

Mr. Spragg's astonishment on learning that his son-in-law contemplated maintaining a household on the earnings of his Muse was still matter for pleasantry between the pair; and one of the humours of their first weeks together had consisted in picturing themselves as a primeval couple setting forth across a virgin continent and subsisting on the adjectives which Ralph was to trap for his epic. On this occasion, however, his wife did not take up the jest, and he remained silent while their carriage climbed the long dusty hill to the Fontebranda gate. He had seen her face droop as he suggested the possibility of an escape from the crowds in Switzerland, and it came to him, with the sharpness of a knife-thrust, that a crowd was what she wanted—that she was sick to death of their solitude.

He sat motionless, staring ahead at the red-brown walls and towers on the steep above them. After all there was nothing sudden in his discovery. For weeks it had hung on the edge of consciousness, but he had turned from it with the heart's instinctive clinging to the unrealities by which it lives. Even now a hundred qualifying reasons rushed to his aid. They told him it was not of himself that Undine had wearied, but only of their present way of life. He had said a moment before, without conscious exaggeration, that her presence made any place the one place; yet with what grace would he have consented to share in such a life as she was leading before their marriage? And their months of desultory wandering from one remote Italian hill-top to another must have seemed as purposeless to her as balls and dinners would have been to him. An imagination like his, peopled with such varied images and associations, fed by so many currents from the immemorial

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stream of human experience, could at first hardly picture the bareness of the small half-lit place in which his wife's spirit fluttered. Her mind was as destitute of beauty and mystery as the prairie schoolhouse in which she had been educated; and her ideals seemed to Ralph as pathetic as the ornaments made of corks and cigar-bands with which her infant hands had been taught to adorn it. He was beginning to understand this, and learning to adapt himself to the narrow compass of her experience. The task of opening new windows in her mind, of dressing her blank past with the rich tapestry of romance and tradition, was inspiring enough to give him infinite patience; and he would not yet own to himself that the pliancy and responsiveness he felt in her were imitative rather than spontaneous.

Meanwhile he had no desire to sacrifice her wishes to his, and it distressed him that he dared not confess his real reason for avoiding the Engadine. The truth was that their funds were shrinking more rapidly than he had expected. Mr. Spragg, who, at first, had bluntly opposed their hastened marriage on the ground that he was not prepared, at such short notice, to make the necessary provision for his daughter, had shortly afterward (probably, as Undine observed to Ralph, in consequence of a lucky "turn" in the Street) met their desires with all possible "handsomeness," bestowing on them a wedding in conformity with Mrs. Spragg's ideals and up to the highest standard of Mrs. Heeny's clippings, and promising Undine an income sufficient to continue a career so brilliantly begun. It was more or less understood that Ralph, on their return, should renounce the law and go into some more immediately lucrative business; but this seemed the smallest of sacrifices to make for the privilege of calling Undine his wife; and besides, he still secretly hoped that, in the interval, his real calling might declare itself in some work which would justify his adopting the life of letters.

Ralph had taken it for granted that Undine's allowance, with the addition of his own small income, was enough to satisfy their needs. His own were few, and had always been easily kept within his means; but his wife's daily requirements, combined with her intermittent outbreaks of extravagance, had thrown out all his calculations, and they were already seriously exceeding their income.

If any one had told him before his marriage that he would find it difficult to tell this to Undine he would have answered: "It might be if she were marrying me for my money—"; and during their first days together it had seemed as though such a question were the last likely to be raised between them. But his marital education had since made strides, and he was learning that a disregard for money may imply not the willingness to get on without it but merely a blind confidence that it will somehow be provided. If Undine, like the lilies of the field, took no care, it was not because her wants were as few but because she assumed that care would be taken for her by those whose privilege it is to enable her sex to unite floral insouciance with Sheban elegance.

She had met her husband's first note of warning with the assurance that she "didn't mean to worry"; and Ralph felt beneath the declaration the tacit assumption that it was his business to do so for her. He certainly wanted—poor bewildered Ralph!—to guard her from this as from all other cares; he wanted also, and still more passionately after the topic had once or twice recurred between them, to guard himself from the risk of judging where he still adored. These restraints to frankness kept him silent during the remainder of the drive, and when, after dinner, Undine again complained of her headache, he let her go up to her room and wandered out alone to renewed communion with his problems.

They hung on him insistently as darkness fell, and Siena, behind him, grew vocal with that shrill diversity of sounds that breaks, on summer nights, from every cleft of the masonry in old Italian towns. Then the moon rose, unfolding depth by depth the lines of the antique land below him; and Ralph, leaning against an old brick parapet, and watching each silver-blue remoteness disclose itself between the dark masses of the middle distance, felt his spirit enlarged and pacified. For the first time, as his senses thrilled to the deep touch of beauty, he asked himself if out of these floating and

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fugitive vibrations he might not build something concrete and stable, if even such dull common cares as now oppressed him might not become the motive power of creation. If he could only, on the spot, "do something" with all the accumulated spoils of the last months—something that should both put money into his pocket and harmony into the rich confusion of his spirit! "I'll write—I'll write: that must be what the whole thing means," he said to himself, with a vague clutch at some solution which should keep him hanging a little longer half-way down the steep of disenchantment.

He would have stayed on, heedless of time, to trace the ramifications of his idea in the complex beauty of the scene, but for the stronger desire to make Undine share in his mood. For the last few months every thought and sensation had been instantly transmuted into emotional relationships with his wife and, though the currents of communication between them were neither deep nor numerous, each fresh rush of feeling seemed to him strong enough to clear a way to her heart. This conviction now carried him straight, and almost breathlessly, back to the inn; but even as he knocked at Undine's door the subtle emanation of other influences seemed to arrest and chill him.

His wife had put out the lamp, and sat near a window in the moonlight, her head propped on a listless hand. She turned as Marvell entered; then, without speaking, she looked away again.

He was used to this mute reception, and had learned that it had no personal significance, but was the result of an extremely simplified social code. Mr. and Mrs. Spragg seldom spoke to each other when they met, and words of greeting seemed almost unknown to their domestic vocabulary. Marvell had fancied, at first, that his own warmth would call forth a response from his wife, who had been so quick to learn the forms of worldly intercourse; but he soon saw that she regarded intimacy as a pretext for escaping from such forms into a blank absence of expression.

To-night, however, he felt another meaning in her silence, and perceived that she intended him to feel it. He met it by silence, but of a different kind; letting his nearness speak for him, as he knelt beside her and pressed his cheek to hers. She seemed hardly aware of the gesture; but to that also he was used. She had never shown any repugnance to his tenderness, but such response as it evoked was remote and Ariel-like, suggesting, from the first, not so much of the recoil of ignorance as of the coolness of the element from which she took her name.

As he pressed her to him she seemed to grow less impassive. He felt her resign herself to his arm like a tired child, and held his breath, not daring to break the spell.

At length he said in a whisper: "I've just seen such a wonderful thing—I wish you'd been with me!"

"What sort of a thing?" She turned her head with a faint show of interest.

"A—I don't know—a vision. . . It came to me out there just now with the moonrise."

"A vision?" The interest in her voice had flagged. "I never cared much about spirits. Mother used to try to drag me to séances—but they always made me sleepy."

Ralph laughed. "I don't mean a dead spirit but a living one! I saw the vision of a book I mean to do. It came to me suddenly, magnificently, swooped down on me as that big white moon swooped down on the black landscape, tore at me like a great white eagle—like the bird of Jove! After all, imagination *was* the eagle that devoured Prometheus!"

She drew away abruptly, and the bright moonlight showed him the apprehension in her face. "You're not going to write a book *here?*"

His arm slipped from her waist, and he stood up and wandered away a step or two. Then he turned and came back to her. "Of course not here. Wherever you want. The main point is that it's come to me—no, that it's come *back* to me! For it's all these marvellous months, it's all our happiness—it's the meaning of life that I've found, and it's you, dearest, you who've given it to me!"

He dropped down beside her again, and swept her eyes and hair with his kisses. But she disengaged herself and he heard a little sound like a sob in her throat.

"Undine—what's the matter?"

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"Nothing. . . I don't know. . . I suppose I'm homesick. . . that's all." She lifted her hands to her face.

"Homesick? My poor darling! You're tired of travelling? You want to go back to America?"

"I don't know. . . I don't like Europe . . . it's not what I expected, and I think it's all too dreadfully dreary!" The words broke from her in a long wail of rebellion.

Marvell gazed at her perplexedly. It seemed strange that such unguessed thoughts should have been stirring in the heart pressed to his. "It's less beautiful than you expected—or less amusing? Is that it?" he asked.

"It's dirty and ugly—all the towns we've been to are disgustingly dirty. I loathe the smells and the beggars. I'm sick and tired of the stuffy rooms in the hotels. I thought it would all be so grand and splendid—but New York's ever so much nicer!"

"Surely not New York in July?"

"I don't care—there are the roof-gardens, anyhow; and there are always people round. All these places seem as if they were dead. It's all like some awful cemetery."

A sense of compunction checked Marvell's laughter, and he drew her hands down soothingly. "Don't cry, dear—don't! I see, I understand. You're lonely and the heat has tired you out. It *is* dull here; awfully dull; I've been stupid not to feel it before. But we'll start at once—we'll get out of it."

She brightened instantly. "We'll go up to Switzerland?"

"We'll go up to Switzerland." He had a fleeting glimpse of the quiet place with the green water-fall, where he might have made tryst with his vision; then he turned his mind from it and said: "We'll go just wherever you want to. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"Oh, to-morrow—the first thing to-morrow morning! I'll make Céleste get up now and pack. Can we go right through to St. Moritz? I'd rather sleep in the train than in another of these awful places."

She was on her feet in a flash, her face alight, her loose hair waving and floating about her as though it rose on her happy heart-beats.

"Oh, Ralph, it's *sweet* of you, and I love you!" she cried out, letting him catch her to his breast.

XII

In the quiet place with the green water-fall Ralph's vision might have kept faith with him; but how could he hope to surprise it in the midsummer crowds of St. Moritz?

Undine, at any rate, had found there what she wanted; and when he was at her side, and her radiant smile included him, every other question was in abeyance. But there were hours of solitary striding over bare grassy slopes, face to face with the ironic interrogation of sky and mountains, when his besetting anxieties came back, more persistent and importunate. Sometimes they took the form of merely material difficulties. How, for instance, was he to meet the cost of their ruinous suite at the Engadine Palace while he awaited Mr. Spragg's next remittance? And once the hotel bills were paid, what would be left for the journey back to Paris, the looming expenses there, the price of the passage to America? These considerations would fling him back on the thought of his projected book, which was, after all, to be what the masterpieces of literature had mostly been—a pot-boiler. Well! Why not? Did not the worshipper always heap the rarest essences on the altar of his divinity? Ralph still rejoiced in the thought of giving back to Undine, in any form accessible to her imagination, something of the beauty of their first months together. But even on his solitary walks the vision eluded him; and he could spare so few hours to its pursuit!

Undine's days were crowded, and it was still a matter of course that where she went he should follow. He had risen visibly in her opinion since they had been absorbed into the heterogeneous life of the big hotels, and she had seen that his command of foreign tongues put him at an advantage even in circles where English was generally spoken if not understood. Undine herself, hampered by her lack of languages, was soon drawn into the group of compatriots who struck the social pitch of the hotel in which they annually congregated. Their types were familiar enough

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to Ralph, who had taken their measure in former wanderings, and come across their duplicates in every scene of continental idleness. Foremost among them was Mrs. Harvey Shallum, a showy Parisianized figure, with a small wax-featured husband whose ultra-fashionable clothes seemed a tribute to his wife's importance rather than the mark of personal preference. Mr. Shallum, in fact, could not be said to have any individual bent. Though he conversed with a colourless fluency in the principal European tongues he seldom exercised his gift except in intercourse with hotel-managers and head-waiters; and his long silences were broken only by resigned allusions to the enormities he had suffered at the hands of this accomplished but unscrupulous class.

Mrs. Shallum, though in command of but a few verbs, all of which, on her lips, became irregular, managed to express a polyglot personality as vivid as her husband's was effaced. Her only idea of intercourse with her kind was to organize it into bands and subject it to frequent and fatiguing displacements; and society smiled at her for these exertions like an infant vigorously rocked. She saw at once Undine's value as a factor in her scheme, and the two formed an alliance on which Ralph refrained from shedding the cold light of depreciation. It was a point of honour with him not to seem to disdain any of Undine's amusements: the noisy interminable picnics, the hot promiscuous balls, the concerts, bridge-parties and theatricals which helped to disguise the difference between the high Alps and Paris or New York. He said to himself that there is always a Narcissus-element in youth, and that what Undine really enjoyed was the image of her own charm mirrored in the admiration it evoked. With her quick perceptions and adaptabilities she would soon learn to care more about the quality of the reflecting surface; and meanwhile he did not wish to throw on her pleasure the destructive light of his maturer criticism.

The prompt appearance at their hotel of the cavalry-officer from Siena was a slight strain on Ralph's philosophy; but even after the handsome Marquis had been introduced to Undine, and had whirled her through an evening's dances, her husband was not seriously disturbed. His relation to his wife had grown closer since they had come to St. Moritz, and in the brief moments she could give him she was now always gay and approachable. Her fitful humours had vanished, and she began to show qualities of comradeship that seemed the promise of a deeper understanding. But this very promise made him more subject to her moods, more fearful of breaking the accord on which his future hung. Least of all could he broach the subject of money: he had too keen a memory of the way her lips could narrow, and her eyes turn from him as if he were a stranger.

It was a different matter that one day brought the look he feared to her face. She had been in high good-humour all the morning, and after luncheon had announced her intention of going on an excursion with Mrs. Shallum and three or four of the young men who formed the nucleus of their shifting circle. For the first time she did not ask Ralph if he were coming, and he felt no resentment at being left out. He was tired of these noisy assaults on the high solitudes and the prospect of a quiet afternoon turned his thoughts to his book. Now if ever there seemed a chance of recapturing the moonlight vision. . .

He stood on the balcony of their apartment looking down on the assembling party. Mrs. Shallum was already on the scene, screaming bilingually at various windows in the long façade; and Undine presently appeared, attended by the Marchese Roviano and two young English diplomatists. Slim and tall in her trim Alpine dress, she made the ornate Mrs. Shallum look like a piece of ambulant upholstery. The high air brightened her cheeks and struck new lights from her hair, and Ralph thought he had never seen her so touched with morning freshness. But the party was not yet complete, and he felt a movement of annoyance when he recognized, in the last person to join it, a Russian lady of questionable fame whom he had run across in his unmarried days, and as to whom he had already given his wife a word of warning. Knowing what strange specimens from the depths slip through the wide meshes of the watering-place world, he had foreseen that Undine

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would inevitably be brought in contact with the Baroness Adelschein; but he had not expected the latter to figure in their intimate circle.

When the party had started he turned back to his writing-table and tried to take up his work; but he could not fix his thoughts: they were far away, in Undine's wake. They had been but five months married, and it seemed, after all, a little soon for him to be dropped out of such excursions as unquestioningly as Harvey Shallum. He smiled away this first twinge of jealousy, but the sense of irritation which it left in him found a pretext in his displeasure at Undine's choice of companions. Mrs. Shallum grated on his taste, but she was as open to inspection as a shop-window, and he was sure that time would teach his wife the cheapness of what she had to show. Roviano and the Englishmen were well enough too: frankly bent on amusement, but well-mannered and well-bred. Men, however, took their tone from the women they were with; and Ralph knew enough of Madame Adelschein's to guess its effect on her companions. He knew also that Undine's gift of self-defense was offset by the instinct of adapting herself to whatever company she was in, of copying "the others" in speech and gesture as closely as she reflected them in dress; and he was tormented by the thought of what her ignorance and her adaptability might expose her to.

She came back late, flushed with her long walk, her face all sparkle and mystery, as he had seen it in the first days of his courtship; and the look somehow revived his irritated sense of having been intentionally left out of the party.

"You've been gone forever. Was it the Adelschein who made you all forget the time?" he asked her, trying to take a joking tone.

Undine, as she dropped down on the sofa and unpinned her walking-hat, shed on him the light of her guileless gaze.

"I don't know: everybody was amusing. The Marquis is awfully bright."

Ralph scraped his idle quill against the tray of the inkstand.

"I'd no idea you or Bertha Shallum knew Madame Adelschein well enough to take her off with you."

Undine twirled her hat in her hands and absently smoothed its tuft of glossy feathers.

"I don't see that you've got to know people particularly well to go for a walk with them. The Baroness is awfully bright too."

She always gave her acquaintances their titles, seeming not, in this respect, to have noticed that a simpler form prevailed.

"I don't dispute the interest of what she says; but I've told you what decent people think of what she does," Ralph retorted, exasperated by what seemed a wilful affectation of suddenly irritated ignorance.

She kept on him her candid gaze, in which there was no shadow of offense.

"You mean they don't want to go round with her? You're mistaken: it's not true. She goes round with everybody. She dined last night with the Grand Duchess; Roviano told me so."

This was not calculated to help Ralph to a more tolerant view of the question.

"Does he also tell you what's said of her?"

"What's said of her?" Undine's limpid glance rebuked him. "Do you mean that disgusting scandal? Do you suppose I'd let him talk to me about such things? I meant you're mistaken about her social position. He says she goes everywhere."

Ralph laughed impatiently. "No doubt Roviano's an authority; but it doesn't happen to be his business—or say his privilege—to choose your friends for you."

Undine laughed also. "Well, I guess I don't need anybody to do that: I can do it myself," she said, with the good-humoured brusqueness that was the habitual note of the Spragg intercourse.

Ralph, pushing aside his papers, sat down beside her and laid a caressing touch on her shoulder. "No, you can't, you foolish child. You know nothing of this society you're in; of its antecedents, its rules, its conventions; and it's my business to look after you, and warn you when you're on the wrong tack."

"Mercy, what a solemn speech!" She shrugged away his hand without ill-temper. "I don't believe an American woman needs to know such a lot about their

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old rules. They can see I mean to follow my own, and if they don't like it they needn't go with me."

"Oh, they'll go with you fast enough, as you call it. They'll be too charmed to. The question is to what extent they'll make you go with them, and where, if you do, they'll finally land you."

She tossed her head back with the movement she had learned in "speaking" school-pieces about freedom and the British tyrant.

"No one's ever yet gone any farther with me than I wanted!" she declared on a clarion-note of defiance. She was really exquisitely simple.

"I'm not sure Roviano hasn't, in vouching for Madame Adelschein. But he probably thinks you know about her. To him this isn't 'society' any more than the contents of an omnibus. Society, to all these people, means the sanction of their own special group and of the corresponding groups elsewhere. The Adelschein goes about in a place like this because it's nobody's business to stop her; but the women who tolerate her here would drop her like a shot if she set foot on their own territory."

The thoughtful air with which Undine heard him out made him fancy this argument had carried; and as he ended she threw him a bright look.

"Well, that's easy enough: I can drop her if she comes to New York."

Ralph sat silent for a moment—then he turned away from her and began to gather up his scattered pages.

Undine, in the ensuing days, was no less often with Madame Adelschein, and Ralph suspected a challenge in her open frequentation of the lady. But if challenge there were, he let it lie. Whether his wife saw more or less of Madame Adelschein seemed no longer of much consequence: she had so amply shown him her ability to protect herself. The pang lay in the completeness of the proof—in the perfect functioning of her instinct of self-preservation. For the first time he was face to face with his hovering dread: he was judging where he still adored.

It was well for him that before long he was roused from such thoughts by the approach of concrete cares. He had already begun to watch the post for his father-in-law's monthly remittance, without precisely knowing how, even with its aid, he was to bridge the widening gulf of expense between St. Moritz and New York. The non-arrival of Mr. Spragg's cheque opened the door to graver apprehensions, and these were abruptly confirmed when, coming in one afternoon, he found Undine crying over a letter from her mother.

Her agitation made him fear that Mr. Spragg was ill, and he drew her to him soothingly; but she broke away with a jerk of impatience.

"Oh, they're all well enough—but father's lost a lot of money. He's been speculating, and he can't send us anything for at least three months."

Ralph murmured reassuringly: "As long as there's no one ill!"—but in reality he was following her despairing gaze down the long perspective of their barren quarter.

"Three months! Three months!" he repeated.

Undine dried her eyes, and sat with set lips and tapping foot while he hurried on through Mrs. Spragg's rambling pages.

"Your poor father! It's a hard knock for him. I'm sorry," he said as he handed back the letter.

For a moment she did not seem to hear; then she murmured between her teeth: "It's hard for *us*. I suppose now we'll have to go right off home."

He looked at her with wonder. "Go home? If that were all! In any case I should have to be back in a few weeks."

"But we needn't have left here in August! It's the first place in Europe that I've liked, and it's just my luck to be dragged away from it!"

He sat down by her with an impulse of compunction. "I'm so awfully sorry, dearest. It's my fault for persuading you to marry a pauper."

"It's father's fault. Why on earth did he go and speculate? There's no use his saying he's sorry now!" She sat brooding for a moment and then suddenly took her husband's hand. "Couldn't your people do something—help us out just this once, I mean?"

Marvell grew red to the forehead. It was inconceivable to him that she should make such a suggestion, and her doing so struck at the very roots of pride.

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"I couldn't ask them—it's not possible. My grandfather does as much as he can for me, and my mother has nothing but what he gives her."

Undine seemed unconscious of his embarrassment. "He doesn't give us nearly as much as father does," she said; and, as Ralph remained speechless she went on irritably: "Couldn't you ask your sister, then? I must have some clothes to go home in."

His heart contracted as he looked at her. What sinister change came over her when her will was crossed? She seemed to grow inaccessible, implacable—her eyes were like the eyes of an enemy.

"I don't know—I'll see," he muttered, rising and moving away from her. At that moment the touch of her hand was repugnant to him. Yes—he might ask Laura, no doubt: and whatever she had would be his for the asking. But the necessity was bitter to him, and Undine's unconsciousness of the fact hurt him more than her indifference to her father's misfortune.

What hurt him most was the curious fact that, for all her light irresponsibility, it was always she who made the practical suggestion, hit the nail of difficulty on the head. No sentimental scruple made the blow waver and deflected her resolute aim. She had thought at once of Laura, and Laura proved, in the event, his only, his inevitable resource. His quick imagination forestalled his sister's wonder, and made him wince under the sting of Henley Fairford's irony: Fairford, who at the time of the marriage had sat silent and pulled his moustache while every one else talked and resisted, yet under whose silence Ralph had felt a deeper protest than under all the reasoning of the others. It was no comfort to reflect that Fairford would probably continue to say nothing! —but necessity made light of these twinges and Ralph set his teeth and cabled to his sister.

Undine's chief surprise seemed to be that the response, though immediate and generous, did not enable them to stay on at St. Moritz. But she apparently read, in her husband's look, the uselessness of this expectation, for, with one of the sudden changes of mood that still disarmed and reconciled him, she accepted the need of departure, and took leave philosophically of the Shallums and their band. After all, Paris was ahead, and in September, as she had learned, one would have a chance to see the new models undisturbed, and surprise the secret councils of the dress-makers.

Ralph was staggered by the tenacity with which she held to her purpose. He tried, when they reached Paris, to make her see the necessity of starting for home by the first steamer; but she complained of fatigue and of feeling vaguely unwell, and he could not but yield to her desire for rest. The word, however, was to strike him as strangely misapplied, for from the day of their arrival she was in a state of perpetual activity. She seemed to have mastered her Paris as by divination, and in the magic bounds between the Boulevards and the Place Vendome she moved at once with supernatural ease.

"Of course," she explained to him, "I understand how little we've got to spend; but I left New York without a rag, and it was you who made me countermand the things I'd ordered, instead of having them sent over after us. I wish now I hadn't listened to you—father'd have had to pay for *those* before he lost his money. As it is, it will be cheaper in the end for me to pick up a few things here. The great advantage of going to the French dressmakers is that they'll wait twice as long for their money as the people at home. And they're all crazy to dress me—Bertha Shallum will tell you so: she says no one ever had such a chance! That's why I was willing to come to this stuffy little hotel—I wanted to save every scrap I could to get a few decent things. And over here they're accustomed to being bargained with—you ought to see how I've beaten them down! Have you any idea what a dinner-dress costs in New York——?"

So it went on, obtusely, obstinately, whenever he tried to sound the note of abstinence. But on other themes she was more than usually accessible and responsive. Paris enchanted her, and they had delightful hours at the theatres—the "little" ones—amusing dinners at fashionable restaurants, and gay and desperate evenings in haunts where she thrilled with childish glee at the thought of what she must so obviously be "taken for." All

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these familiar diversions regained, for Ralph, a fresh zest in her company. Her innocence, her high spirits, her astounding comments and credulities, renovated the old Parisian adventure and flung a veil of romance over its hackneyed scenes. Seen through such a medium the future looked less near and implacable, and Ralph, when he had received a reassuring letter from his sister, let his conscience sleep and slipped forth on the high tide of pleasure. After all, in New York amusements would be fewer, and their life, for a time, perhaps of necessity more quiet. Moreover, his dim glimpses of Mr. Spragg's past suggested that the latter was likely to be on his feet again at any moment, and atoning by redoubled prodigalities for his involuntary delay; and beyond all these possibilities there was the book to be written—the book on which Ralph was sure he should get a real hold as soon as they had settled down in New York.

Meanwhile the daily cost of living, and the bills that could not be deferred, were beginning to eat deep into Laura's subsidy. Ralph's anxieties returned, and his situation was brought home to him with a shock when, on going one day to the steamship office to engage passages, he learned that the price was that of the "rush season," and one of the conditions immediate payment. At other times, he was assured, the rules were easier; but in September and October no exception could be made.

As he walked homeward with this fresh weight on his mind he caught sight of the strolling figure of Peter Van Degen—Peter lounging and luxuriating among the seductions of the Boulevard with the disgusting ease of a man whose wants are all measured by money, and who always has enough to indulge them.

His present sense of these advantages revealed itself in the noisy affability of his greeting to Ralph, and in his off-hand request that the latter should "look up Clare," who had come over with him to get her winter finery.

"She's motoring to Italy next week with some of her long-haired friends—but I'm off for the other side; going back on the *Sorceress*. She's just been overhauled at Greenock, and we ought to have a good spin over. Better come with me, old man."

The *Sorceress* was Van Degen's steam-yacht, most monstrous and complicated of her kind: it was his habit, after his semi-annual flights to Paris and London, to let Clare return by steamer, and take a joyous company back on his own boat. The character of these parties made the invitation thus tossed at him almost an offense to Ralph; but reflecting that it was probably a phrase distributed to every acquaintance when Van Degen was in a rosy mood, he answered: "Much obliged, my dear fellow; but Undine and I are sailing at once."

Peter's glassy eye grew livelier. "Ah, to be sure—you're not over the honeymoon yet. How's the bride? Stunning as ever? My regards to her, please. I suppose she's too deep in dress-making to be called on?—but don't you forget to look up Clare!" He hurried on in pursuit of a flitting petticoat and Ralph continued his weary walk home.

He prolonged it a little in order to put off telling Undine of his plight; for he could devise only one way of meeting the cost of the voyage, and that was to take it at once, and thus curtail their Parisian expenses. He knew how unwelcome this plan would be, and he shrank the more from seeing Undine's face harden since, of late, he had so basked in its brightness.

When at last he entered the little *salon* she called "stuffy" he found her in conference with a blond-bearded gentleman who wore the red ribbon in his lapel, and who, on Ralph's appearance—and at a sign, as it appeared, from Mrs. Marvell—swept into his note-case some small objects that had lain on the table between them, and bowed himself out with a "Madame—Monsieur" worthy of the highest traditions.

Ralph looked after him appreciatively. "Who's your friend—an Ambassador or a tailor?"

Undine was rapidly slipping on her rings, which, as he now observed, had also been scattered over the table.

"Oh, it was only that jeweller I told you about—the one Bertha Shallum goes to."

"A jeweller? Good heavens, my poor girl! You've not, at this moment, been buying jewels?" The extravagance of the idea struck a laugh from him.

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Undine's face did not harden: it took on, instead, an almost deprecating look. "Of course not—what a ridiculous idea! I only wanted a few old things re-set. But I won't let him do them if you'd rather not."

She came to him and sat down at his side, laying her hand on his arm. He took the hand up, looking at the deep gleam of the sapphires in the old family ring he had given her.

"You won't, at least, have that re-set?" he said, smiling and twisting the ring about on her finger; then he turned to his thankless explanation. "It isn't that I'd rather not have you do this or that, darling; it's simply that, for the moment, we're in rather a tight place. I've just been to see the steamer people, and our passages will cost a good deal more than I expected."

He set forth his difficulty, explaining that he must give an answer to the steamship company on the morrow. Would she consent to sail that very Saturday? Or should they go a fortnight later in a slow boat from Plymouth?

Undine frowned on both alternatives. She was an indifferent sailor and shrank from the possible "nastiness" of the cheaper boat. She wanted to get the voyage over as quickly and luxuriously as possible—Bertha Shallum had told her that in a "deck-suite" no one need be sea-sick—but she wanted still more to have another week or two of Paris; and it was always hard to make her understand why circumstances could not be bent to her wishes.

"This week? But how on earth can I be ready? Besides, we're dining at Enghien with the Shallums on Saturday, and motoring to Chantilly with the Jim Driscolls on Sunday. I can't imagine how you thought we could go this week," she reproached him.

But she still opposed the cheap steamer, and after they had carried the question on to Voisin's, and there unprofitably discussed it through a long luncheon, it seemed no nearer a solution.

"Well, think it over—let me know this evening," Ralph said, proportioning the waiter's fee to a bill burdened by Undine's ruthless choice of *primeurs*.

His wife was off to join the newly-arrived Mrs. Shallum in a round of the rue de la Paix; and he had seized the occasion to give himself the treat of a classical performance at the Français. On their arrival in Paris he had taken Undine to one of these entertainments, but it left her too weary and puzzled to encourage a renewal of the attempt, and he had not found time to return without her. He was glad now to shed his cares in such an atmosphere. The play was of the greatest, the acting in the note of the vanishing grand manner which lived in his first golden memories of the Parisian stage, and his promptness of surrender to such influences as fresh as in his early days. Caught up in the fiery chariot of art, he felt once more the tug of its coursers in his muscles, and the rush of their flight still throbbed in him when he walked back late to the hotel.

XIII

He had expected to find his wife still out; but on the stairs he crossed Mrs. Shallum, who threw at him from under an immense hat-brim: "Yes, she's in, but you'd better come and have tea with me at the Nouveau Luxe. I don't think husbands are wanted!"

Ralph retorted that in that case it was just the moment for them to appear; and Mrs. Shallum swept on, crying back: "All the same, I'll wait for you!"

In the sitting-room Ralph found Undine, still in her hat and walking-dress, seated behind a tea-table on the other side of which, in an attitude of confidential nearness, Peter Van Degen stretched his lounging length.

He did not move on Ralph's appearance, no doubt thinking their kinship close enough to make his nod and "Hullo!" a sufficient greeting. Peter in intimacy was given to miscalculations of the sort, and Ralph's first movement was to glance at Undine and see how this instance affected her. But her eyes gave out the vivid rays that noise and banter always struck from them; her face, at such moments, reminded Ralph of a theatre with all the lustres blazing. That the illumination should have been kindled by his cousin's husband was not precisely agreeable to Marvell, who thought Peter a bore in society and an insufferable nuisance on

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closer terms. But he was growing accustomed, in Undine, to a lack of discrimination that he preferred to characterize as the tolerance of youth; and his own treatment of Van Degen was always tempered by his sympathy for Clare.

He therefore raised no objection to Peter's suggestion of an evening at a *petit théâtre* with the Harvey Shallums, and joined in the laugh with which Undine declared: "Oh, Ralph won't go—he only likes the theatres where they walk round in bath-towels and talk poetry.—Isn't that what you've just been seeing?" she added, with a turn of the neck that shed her brightness on him.

"What? One of those five-barrelled shows at the Français? Great Scott, Ralph—no wonder your wife's pining for the Folies Bergère!"

"She needn't, my dear fellow. We never interfere with each other's vices."

Peter, unsolicited, was comfortably lighting a cigarette. "Ah, there's the secret of domestic happiness. Marry somebody who likes all the things you don't, and make love to somebody who likes all the things you do."

Undine laughed appreciatively. "Only it dooms poor Ralph to such awful frumps. Can't you see the sort of woman who'd love his sort of play?"

"Oh, I can see her fast enough—my wife loves 'em," said their visitor, rising with a grin; while Ralph threw out: "So don't waste your pity on me!" and Undine's amusement had the slight note of asperity that any mention of Clare always elicited.

"To-morrow night, then, at Paillard's," Van Degen concluded, taking her hand. "And about the other business—that's a go too? I leave it to you to settle the date."

The nod and laugh they exchanged seemed to hint at depths of collusion from which Ralph was pointedly excluded; and he wondered how large a programme of amusement they had already had time to sketch out. He did not like the idea of Undine's being too conspicuously seen with Van Degen, whose Parisian reputation was not fortified by the connections that propped it up in New York. But he did not want to be always interfering with her pleasure, and he was still wondering what he should say when, as the door closed, she turned to him gaily.

"I'm so glad you've come! I've got some news for you," she said, with a light touch on his arm.

Touch and tone were enough to disperse his anxieties, and he answered that the gladness was all his at finding her in, when he had supposed her still engaged, over a Nouveau Luxe tea-table, in repairing the afternoon's ravages.

"Oh, I didn't shop much—I didn't stay out long." She slipped her arm through his, her face kindling beneath his eyes. "And what do you think I've been doing? While you were sitting in your stupid old theatre, worrying about the money I was spending (oh, you needn't fib—I know you were!) I was saving you hundreds and thousands. I've saved you the price of our passage home!"

Ralph laughed in pure enjoyment of her beauty. When she shone on him like that what did it matter what nonsense she talked?

"You wonderful woman—how did you do it? By countermanding a tiara, I suppose?"

"You know I'm not such a fool as you pretend!" She held him at arm's length with a nod of joyous mystery. "You'll simply never guess! I've made Peter Van Degen ask us to go home with him on the *Sorceress*. What do you say to that?"

She flashed it out at him on a laugh of triumph, without appearing to have a doubt of the effect she would produce.

Ralph stared at her. "The *Sorceress?* You *made* him?"

"Well, I managed it, I worked him round to it! He's crazy about the idea now—but I don't think he'd thought of it before he came."

"I should say not!" Ralph ejaculated. "He never would have had the cheek to think of it."

"Well, I've made him, anyhow! Did you ever know such luck?"

"Such luck?" He groaned at her obstinate innocence. "Haven't I told you enough about Van Degen? Do you suppose for a moment I'll let you cross the ocean on the *Sorceress?*"

Undine gave an impatient shrug. "I suppose you say that because your cousin doesn't go on her."

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"If Clare doesn't, it's because it's no place for decent women."

"It's Clare's fault if it isn't. She's always snubbed and despised him. Everybody knows she's crazy about you, and she makes him feel it. That's why he takes up with other women."

She flung the words out on a gust of anger that reddened her cheeks and dropped her brows like a black bar above her glowing eyes. Even in his recoil from what she said Ralph felt the tempestuous heat of her beauty. But for the first time latent resentments rose in him, and he gave her back wrath for wrath.

"Is that the precious stuff he tells you?"

"Do you suppose I had to wait for him to tell me? Everybody knows it—everybody in New York knew she was wild when you married. That's why she's always been so nasty to me. If you won't go on the *Sorceress* they'll all say it's because she was jealous of me and wouldn't let you."

Ralph's anger had already flickered down to disgust. Undine was no longer beautiful—her face seemed to have taken the shape of her thoughts. He stood up with an impatient laugh.

"Is that another of his charming arguments? I don't wonder they're convincing—" But as quickly as it had come, the sneer dropped, yielding to a wave of pity, the vague impulse to silence and protect her. How could he have given way to the provocation of her weakness, when his business was to defend her from it and lift her above it? He recalled his old dreams of saving her from Van Degenism—it was not thus that he had imagined the rescue.

"Don't let's pay Peter the compliment of squabbling over him," he said, turning away to pour himself a cup of tea. "His defense may be left to the ladies who usually cross on the *Sorceress*."

He sat down near Undine, and looked at her with a smile. "No doubt he was joking—and thought you were; but if you really made him believe we might go with him you'd better drop him a line in the morning."

Undine's brow still gloomed. "You won't, then? You refuse?"

"Refuse? I don't need to! You'd hardly care to succeed to half the chorus-world of New York."

"They won't be on board with us, I suppose!"

"The echoes of their conversation will. It's the only language Peter knows."

"He told me he longed for the influence of a good woman—" She checked herself at her husband's laugh.

"Well, tell him to apply again when he's been under it a month or two. Meanwhile we'll stick to the liners."

Ralph was beginning to learn that the only road to her reason lay through her vanity, and that if she could be made to see Van Degen as an object of derision she might renounce the idea of the *Sorceress* of her own accord. But on this occasion he had apparently miscalculated, for her will hardened slowly under his joking opposition, and she became not less formidable as she grew more calm. He was used to women who, in such cases, yielded as a matter of course to masculine judgments: if one pronounced a man "not decent" the question was closed. But it was Undine's habit to refer such questions to personal motives, and he could see that she still ascribed his opposition to the furtive machinations of poor Clare. It was odious to him to have to prolong so trivial a discussion, for the accent of recrimination was the one he most dreaded on her lips. But the moment came when he had to take the brunt of it, averting his thoughts as best he might from the glimpse it gave of a world of mean familiarities, of reprisal drawn from the vulgarest of vocabularies. Certain retorts sped through the air like the flight of household utensils, certain charges rang out like accusations of tampering with the groceries. He stiffened himself against such comparisons, but they stuck in his wounded imagination, and left him thankful when Undine's anger at last yielded to a burst of tears. He had held his own and gained his point. The trip on the *Sorceress* was given up, and a note of withdrawal despatched to Van Degen, but at the same time Ralph cabled his sister to ask if she could increase her loan. For he had conquered only at the cost of a concession: Undine was to stay in Paris till October, and they were to sail on a fast steamer, in a deck suite, like the Harvey Shallums.

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Undine's resentments always disappeared before any new distraction, and she gave herself to the untroubled enjoyment of her respite in Paris. The Shallums were the centre of a like-minded group, and in such hours as the ladies could spare from their dress-makers the restaurants shook with their hilarity and the suburbs with the shriek of their motors. Van Degen had postponed his sailing and was a frequent sharer in these diversions; but Ralph counted on New York influences to detach him from Undine's train. It was becoming a part of Ralph's system to influence her through her social instincts where he had once dreamed that he might appeal to other sensibilities.

His worst moment came when he went to see Clare Van Degen, who, on the eve of departure, had summoned him to her hotel. He found her less restless and rattling than usual, with a look in her eyes that reminded him of the days when she had haunted his thoughts. The visit, nevertheless, passed off without vain returns to the past; but as he was leaving she startled him by saying: "Don't let Peter make a goose of your wife."

Ralph reddened, but laughed off his annoyance.

"Oh, Undine's wonderfully able to defend herself, even against such seductions as Peter's."

Mrs. Van Degen looked down with a smile and twisted the heavy bracelets on her thin brown wrist. "His personal seductions—yes. But as an inventor of amusements he's inexhaustible; and Undine likes to be amused."

Ralph made no reply but showed no annoyance. He simply took her hand and kissed it, saying "Goodbye" as he did so; and she turned from him without audible farewell.

As the day of departure approached, Undine's absorption in her toilet almost precluded the thought of amusement. Early and late she was closeted with fitters and packers—even the competent Céleste not being trusted to handle such treasures as now poured in—and Ralph cursed his weakness in not restraining her, and then went out to lose the memory of it in museums and galleries.

He could not rouse in her any scruple about incurring fresh debts, yet he knew she was no longer unaware of the value of money. She had learned to bargain, pare down prices, evade fees, brow-beat her small tradespeople, and wheedle concessions from the great—not, as Ralph perceived, from any effort to restrain her expenses, but only to prolong and intensify the pleasure of spending. Pained by the trait, he tried to laugh her into a sense of its unbecomingness. He told her once that she had a miserly hand—showing her, in proof, that, for all their softness, the fingers would not bend back, or the pink palm open. But she retorted a little sharply that it was no wonder, since she'd heard nothing talked of since their marriage but economy; and this left him without an answer. So the line of purveyors continued to mount the narrow stairs to their apartment, and Ralph, in the course of his frequent flights from it, found himself always dodging the corners of black glazed boxes and of swaying pyramids of pasteboard; always lifting his hat to sidling milliners' girls, or effacing himself before slender *vendeuses* who floated by in a mist of opopanax. He felt incompetent to pronounce on the needs to which these visitors ministered; but the sight of the blond-bearded jeweller among the ascending train gave him definite ground for apprehension. Undine had assured him that she had given up the idea of having her ornaments re-set, and there had been ample time for their return; but on his questioning her she explained that there had been delays and "bothers" in getting the things back, and put him in the wrong by asking ironically if he supposed she was buying things "for pleasure" when she knew as well as he that there wasn't any money to pay for them.

But his thoughts were not all dark. Undine's moods still infected him, and when she was happy he felt an answering lightness. Even when her amusements were too primitive to be shared he could enjoy their reflection in her face. Only, as he looked back, he was struck by the evanescence, the lack of substance, in their moments of sympathy, and by the permanent marks left by each breach between them. Yet he fancied that some day the balance might be reversed, and that as she acquired a finer sense of values

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depths still unstirred would find a voice in her.

Something of this was in his mind when, the afternoon before the day fixed for their sailing, he came home to help her with their last arrangements. She had begged him, for the day, to leave her alone in their cramped *salon*, into which belated bundles were still pouring; and it was nearly twilight when he ventured back. The evening before she had seemed pale and nervous, and at the last moment had excused herself from dining with the Shallums at a suburban restaurant. It was so unlike her to miss any opportunity of amusement that Ralph had been struck and a little anxious. But with the arrival of the packers, that morning, she was afoot and in command again, and he withdrew submissively, as Mr. Spragg, in the early Apex days, might have fled from the spring storm of "house-cleaning."

Returning now, he found the little sitting-room still in disorder. Every chair was hidden under scattered dresses, tissue-paper surged from the brim of yawning trunks and, prone among her heaped-up finery, Undine lay with closed eyes upon the sofa.

She raised her head with a start as he entered, and then turned away from him.

Ralph bent over her. "What's the matter, dear? Haven't the packers finished?"

As he touched her the storm broke. She flung herself face downward, and sob on sob shook her prostrate body. The violence of her weeping scattered her hair upon her shoulders, and her hands, clenching the arm of the sofa, pressed it away from her as if any contact were insufferable.

Ralph knelt down by her in alarm. "Why, what's wrong, dear? What's happened?"

Her fatigue of the previous evening came back to him—a puzzled hunted look in her eyes; and with the memory a vague wonder revived. He had fancied himself fairly disencumbered of the stock formulas about the hallowing effects of motherhood, and for the hardest of material reasons, this was not the time he would have chosen to put such sentiments to the test; but the woman a man loves is always a special case, and everything was different that befell Undine. If this was what had befallen her it was wonderful and divine: for the moment that was all he felt.

He laid a hand on her arm. "Darling, do tell me what's the matter."

She wept on unheedingly and he waited for her emotion to subside, more certain every moment of his conjecture. He shrank from the phrases considered appropriate to the situation, but he wanted to press her close and give her the depth of his feeling in a long embrace.

Suddenly she sat upright and turned her miserable face on him. "Why on earth are you staring at me like that? Anybody can see what's the matter!"

He shrank at her tone, but managed to get one of her hands in his; and they stayed thus for a while in silence, eye to eye.

"Are you as sorry as all that?" he began at length, conscious of an uncontrollable note of flatness in his voice.

"Sorry—sorry? I'm—I'm—" She snatched her hand away, and began to sob again.

"But, Undine—dearest—bye and bye you'll feel differently—I know you will!"

"Differently? Differently? When? In a year? It *takes* a year—a whole year out of life! What do I care how I shall feel in a year?"

In spite of himself Ralph felt the chill of her tone strike in. This was more than a revolt of the nerves: it was a settled, a reasoned resentment. He found himself groping for extenuations, evasions—anything to put a little warmth into her!

"Perhaps, after all — who knows? Perhaps, after all, it's a mistake."

There was no answering light in her face. She turned her head from him wearily.

"Don't you think, dear," he persisted, "you may be mistaken?"

"Mistaken? How on earth can I be mistaken?"

Even in that moment of confused agitation he was struck by the cold competence of her tone, and wondered why she was so sure.

"You mean you've asked—you've consulted a doctor——?"

The irony of it took him by the throat. They were just the words he might have spoken in some unhappy secret colloquy

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—the words he was speaking to his wife!

Without answering him she repeated: "I tell you I know I'm not mistaken."

There was another long silence between them. Undine lay still, her eyes shut, drumming on the arm of the sofa with a nervous hand. The other lay cold in her husband's clasp, and through it there gradually stole to him the benumbing influence of the thoughts she was thinking: the sense of the approach of illness, anxiety, expense, and of the general unnecessary disorganization of their lives.

"That's all you feel, then?" he asked at length a little bitterly, as if to disguise from himself the hateful fact that he shared her feeling. He stood up and moved away. "That's all?" he repeated, speaking to her across the width of the room. "Regret that you know you're not mistaken?"

"Why, what else do you expect me to feel? I feel horribly ill, if that's what you want."

He saw the sobs trembling up through her again, and a fresh impulse of compassion drew him back to her side.

"My poor dear—poor girl. . . I'm so sorry—so dreadfully sorry!" he whispered with his arms about her.

The senseless reiteration seemed to exasperate her. He knew it by the quiver that ran through her like the premonitory ripple on smooth water before the coming of the wind. Suddenly she turned about on him and jumped to her feet.

"Sorry—you're sorry? *You're* sorry? Why, what earthly difference will it make to *you?*" She drew back a few steps and lifted her slender arms from her sides. "Look at me—see how I look—how I'm going to look! *You* won't hate yourself more and more every morning when you get up and see yourself in the glass! *Your* life's going on just as usual! But what's mine going to be for months and months? And just as I'd been to all this bother—fagging myself to death about all these things—" her tragic gesture swept the encumbered room—"just as I thought I was going home to enjoy myself, and look nice, and see people again, and have a little pleasure after all our worries—" With another burst of tears she dropped back into her chair. "For all the good this rubbish will do me now! I loathe the very sight of it!" she sobbed, and buried her face in her hands.

XIV

It was one of the distinctions of Mr. Claud Walsingham Popple that his studio was never too much encumbered with the attributes of his art to permit the installing, in one of its deeply cushioned corners, of an elaborately furnished tea-table flanked by the most varied seductions in sandwiches and pastry.

Mr. Popple, like all great men, had at first had his ups and downs; but his reputation had been permanently established by the verdict of an enlightened patron of the arts, who, returning from an excursion into other fields of portraiture, had given it as the final fruit of his experience that Popple was the only man who could "do pearls." To a clientèle for whom this was of the first consequence it was another of the artist's merits that he always subordinated art to elegance, in life as well as in his portraits. The "messy" element of production was no more visible in his expensively screened and tapestried studio than its results were perceptible in his painting; and it had been frequently said, in praise of his work, that he was the only artist who kept his studio tidy enough for a lady to sit to him in a new dress.

Mr. Popple, in fact, held that the personality of the artist should at all times be dissembled behind that of the man. It was his opinion that the essence of good-breeding lay in tossing off a picture as easily as you lit a cigarette. Ralph Marvell had once said of him that when he began a portrait he always turned back his cuffs and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you can see there's absolutely nothing here;" and Mrs. Fairford supplemented the description by defining his painting as "chafing-dish" art.

On a certain late afternoon of December, some four years after Mr. Popple's first meeting with Miss Undine Spragg of Apex, even the symbolic chafing-dish had been smuggled out of sight; the only evidence of its recent activity being the full-length portrait of Mrs. Ralph Marvell, who, from her lofty easel and her heavily

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garlanded frame, faced the doorway of the studio with the air of having been invited to "receive" for Mr. Popple.

The artist himself, in mouse-coloured velveteen, had just turned away from the picture to hover above the tea-cups; but his place had been taken by the considerably broader bulk of Mr. Peter Van Degen, who, tightly moulded into a coat of the latest cut, stood before the portrait in the attitude of a first arrival.

"Yes, it's good—it's damn good, Popp; you've hit the hair off rippingly; but the pearls ain't big enough," he pronounced.

A slight laugh sounded from the raised dais behind the easel.

"Of course they're not! But it's not *his* fault, poor man; *he* didn't give them to me!" Mrs. Ralph Marvell declared. As she spoke she rose from a monumental gilt arm-chair of pseudo-Venetian design and swept her long draperies to Van Degen's side.

"He might, then—for the privilege of painting you!" the latter rejoined, transferring his bulging stare from the counterfeit to the original. His eyes rested a moment on Mrs. Marvell's, in what seemed a quick exchange of understanding; then they passed on to a critical inspection of her person. She was dressed for the sitting in something faint-hued and shining, above which the slim curves of her neck looked dead white in the cold light of the studio; and her hair, all a shadowless rosy gold, was starred with a hard glitter of diamonds.

"The privilege of painting me? Mercy, *I* have to pay for being painted! He'll tell you he's giving me the picture—but what do you suppose all this cost?" she cried, touching her shimmering dress.

Van Degen's eye rested on her with cold enjoyment. "Does the price come higher than the dress?"

She ignored the allusion. "Of course what they charge for is the cut——"

"What they cut away? That's what they ought to charge for, ain't it, Popp?"

Undine took this with cool disdain, but Mr. Popple's sensibilities were offended.

"My dear Peter—really—the artist, you understand, sees all this as a pure question of colour, of pattern; and it's a point of honour with the *man* to steel himself against the personal seduction."

Mr. Van Degen received this protest with a sound of almost vulgar derision, but Undine thrilled agreeably under the glance which her portrayer cast on her. She was flattered by Van Degen's notice, and thought his impertinence witty; but she glowed inwardly at Mr. Popple's eloquence. After more than three years of social experience she still thought he "spoke beautifully," like the hero of a novel, and she ascribed to jealousy the lack of seriousness with which her husband's friend regarded him. His conversation struck her as extremely intellectual, and his eagerness to have her share his thoughts was in flattering contrast to her husband's growing tendency to keep his to himself. Popple's homage seemed the subtlest proof of what Ralph could have made of her if he had "really understood" her. It was but another step to ascribe all her past mistakes to the lack of such understanding; and the satisfaction derived from this thought had once impelled her to tell the artist that he alone knew how to rouse her "higher self." He had assured her that the memory of her words would thereafter hallow his life; and as he gave her to understand that it had been stained by the darkest errors she was moved at the thought of the purifying influence she exerted.

Thus it was that a man should talk to a true woman—but how few whom she had known possessed the secret! Ralph, in the first months of their marriage, had been eloquent too, had even gone the length of quoting poetry; but his eloquence disconcerted her by its baffling twists and strange allusions (she always scented ridicule in the unknown), and the poets he quoted were esoteric and abstruse. Mr. Popple's rhetoric was drawn from more familiar sources, and abounded in favourite phrases, and in moving reminiscences of the Fifth Reader. He was moreover as literary as he was artistic; possessing an unequalled acquaintance with contemporary fiction, and dipping even into the lighter type of memoirs in which the old acquaintances of history are served up in the disguise of "A Royal Sorceress" or "Passion in a Palace." The easy mastery with which Mr. Popple discussed the novel of the day, especially in relation to the emotions of its hero and

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heroine, gave Undine a stimulating sense of intellectual activity, and contrasted strikingly with Marvell's flippant estimate of such works. "Passion," the artist gave her to understand, would have been the dominant note of his life, had it not been held in check by a sentiment of exalted chivalry, and by the sense that a nature of such emotional intensity must always be "ridden on the curb."

Van Degen was helping himself from the tray of iced cocktails which stood near the tea-table, and Popple, turning to Undine, took up in an undertone the thread of his discourse. But why, he asked, why allude before others to feelings so few could understand? The average man —lucky devil!—(with a compassionate glance at their companion's back) the average man knew nothing of the fierce conflict between the lower and higher natures; and even the woman whose eyes had kindled it—how much did *she* guess of its violence? Did she know—Popple recklessly asked—how often the artist was forgotten in the man—how often the man would take the bit between his teeth, were it not that the look in her eyes recalled some sacred memory, some lesson learned perhaps beside his mother's knee?

"I say, Popp—was that where you learned to mix this drink? Because it does the old lady credit," Van Degen called out, smacking his lips; while the artist, dashing a nervous hand through his hair, muttered: "Hang it, Peter—is *nothing* sacred to you?"

It was agreeable to Undine to feel herself capable of inspiring such emotions. She would have been fatigued by the necessity of maintaining her own talk on Popple's level, but she liked to listen to him, and especially to have others overhear what he was saying to her.

Her feeling for Van Degen was different. There was more similarity of tastes between them, though his manner flattered her vanity less than Popple's. She felt the strength of Van Degen's contempt for everything he did not understand or could not buy: that was the only kind of "exclusiveness" that impressed her. And he was still to her, as in her inexperienced days, the master of the mundane science she had once imagined that Ralph Marvell possessed. During the three years since her marriage she had learned to make distinctions unknown to her girlish categories. She had discovered that she had given herself to the exclusive and the dowdy when the future belonged to the showy and the promiscuous; that she was in the case of those who have cast in their lot with a fallen cause, or—to use an analogy more within her range—who have hired an opera box on the wrong night. It was all confusing and exasperating. Apex ideals had been based on the myth of "old families" ruling New York from a throne of Revolutionary tradition, with the new millionaires paying them feudal allegiance. But experience had long since proved the delusiveness of the simile. Mrs. Marvell's classification of the world into the visited and the unvisited was as obsolete as a mediæval cosmogony. Some of those whom Washington Square would have called unvisited were the centre of social systems far outside its ken, and as indifferent to its opinions as the constellations to the reckoning of the astronomers; and all these systems joyously revolved about their central sun of gold.

There were moments after Undine's return to New York when the sense of having blundered became almost unendurable, when she was tempted to class her marriage with the hateful early mistakes from the memory of which she had hoped it would free her. Since it was never her habit to accuse herself of such mistakes it was inevitable that she should gradually come to lay the blame on Ralph. She found a poignant pleasure at this stage of her career, in the question: "What does a young girl know of life?" And the poignancy was deepened by the fact that each of the friends to whom she addressed the question seemed convinced that—had the privilege been his—he would have known how to spare her the disenchantment it implied.

The conviction of having blundered was never more present to her than when, on this particular afternoon, the guests whom Mr. Popple had invited to view her completed portrait began to assemble before it.

Some of the principal figures of Undine's group had rallied for the occasion,

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and almost all were in exasperating enjoyment of privileges for which she longed. There was young Jim Driscoll, heir-apparent of the house, with his short stout mistrustful wife, who hated society, but went everywhere lest it might be thought she had been left out; the "beautiful Mrs. Beringer," a lovely aimless being, who kept (as Laura Fairford said) a home for stray opinions, and could never quite tell them apart; little Dicky Bowles, whom every one invited because he was understood to "say things" if one didn't; the Harvey Shallums, fresh from Paris, and dragging in their wake a bewildered nobleman designated as "the Count," who offered cautious conversational bribes, like an explorer trying beads on savages; and, behind these more salient types, the usual filling in of those who are seen everywhere because they have learned to catch the social eye. Such a company was one to flatter the artist as much as his sitter, so completely did it represent that unanimity of opinion which constitutes social strength. Not one of the number was troubled by any personal theory of art: all they asked of a portrait was that the costume should be sufficiently "life-like," and the face not too much so; and a long course of training in idealizing flesh and realizing dress-fabrics had enabled Mr. Popple to meet both demands satisfactorily.

"Hang it," Peter Van Degen pronounced, standing before the easel in an attitude of inspired interpretation, "the great thing in a man's portrait is to catch the likeness—we all know that; but with a woman's it's different—a woman's picture has got to be pleasing first of all. Who wants it about if it isn't? Those big chaps who blow about what they call realism—how do *their* portraits look in a drawing-room? Do you suppose they ever ask themselves that? *They* don't care—they're not going to live with the things! And what do they know of drawing-rooms, anyhow? There's where old Popp has the pull over 'em—*he* knows how we live and what we want."

This was received by the artist with a deprecating murmur, and by his public with general expressions of approval.

"Happily in this case," Popple began ("as in that of so many of my sitters," he hastily put in) "there has been no need to idealize—nature herself has outdone the artist's dream."

Undine, radiantly challenging comparison with her portrait, glanced up at it with a smile of conscious merit, which deepened as young Jim Driscoll, turning to his wife, declared: "By Jove, Mamie, you must be done exactly like that for the new music-room."

The lady addressed turned a cautious eye upon the picture.

"How *big* is it? For our house it would have to be a good deal bigger," she objected; and Popple, fired by the thought of such a dimensional opportunity, rejoined that it would be the occasion of all others to "work in" a marble portico and a court-train: he had just done Mrs. Lycurgus Ambler in a court-train and feathers, and as *that* was for Buffalo of course the pictures needn't clash.

"Well, it would have to be a good deal bigger than Mrs. Ambler's," Mrs. Driscoll insisted; and on Popple's suggestion that in that case he might "work in" Driscoll, in court-dress also—("You've been presented, of course? Well, you *will* be,—you'll *have* to, if I do the picture—which will then make a lovely memento")—Van Degen turned aside to murmur to Undine: "Pure bluff, you know—Jim couldn't pay for a photograph. Old Driscoll's high and dry since the Ararat investigation."

She threw him a puzzled glance, having no time, in her crowded existence, to follow the perturbations of Wall Street save as they affected the hospitality of Fifth Avenue.

"You mean they've lost their money? Won't they give their fancy ball, then?"

Van Degen shrugged. "Nobody knows how it's coming out. That queer chap Elmer Moffatt threatens to give old Driscoll a fancy ball—says he's going to dress him in stripes! It seems he knows too much about the Apex street-railways."

Undine paled a little. Though she had already tried on her costume for the Driscoll ball her disappointment at Van Degen's announcement was effaced by the mention of Moffatt's name. She had not had the curiosity to follow the reports of the "Ararat Trust Investigation," but once or twice lately, in the snatches of

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smoking-room talk, she had been surprised by a vague allusion to Elmer Moffatt, as to an erratic financial influence, half ridiculed, yet already half redoubtable. Was it possible that the redoubtable element had prevailed at last? That the time had come when Elmer Moffatt —the Elmer Moffatt of Apex!—could, even for a moment, cause consternation in the Driscoll camp? He had always said that he "saw things big"; but no one had ever believed he was destined to carry them out on the same scale. Yet apparently in those idle Apex days, while he seemed to be "loafing and fooling," as her father called it, he had really been storing up his weapons of aggression; there had been something, after all, in the effect of loose-drifting power she had always felt in him. Her heart beat faster at the thought, and she longed to question Van Degen; but she was afraid of showing her agitation, and turned back to the group about the picture.

Mrs. Driscoll was still presenting objections in a tone of small mild obstinacy. "Oh, it's a *likeness*, of course—I can see that; but there's one thing I must say, Mr. Popple. It looks like a last year's dress."

The attention of the ladies instantly rallied to the picture, and the artist paled under such a menace to his reputation.

"It doesn't look like a last year's face, anyhow—that's what makes them all wild," Van Degen murmured, with a glance at Undine.

She gave it back in a quick smile. She had already forgotten about Moffatt. Any triumph in which she shared left a glow in her veins, and the success of the picture obscured all other impressions. She saw herself throning in a central panel at the spring exhibition, haloed with the admiration of the crowd that pushed about the picture, repeating her name; and she decided to stop on the way home and telephone her press-agent to "place" a paragraph about Popple's tea.

But in the hall, as she drew on her long fur cloak, her thoughts reverted to the Driscoll fancy ball. What a blow if it were given up after she had taken so much trouble about her dress! She was to go as the Empress Josephine, after the Prudhon portrait in the Louvre. The dress was already fitted and partly embroidered, and she foresaw the difficulty of persuading the dress-maker to take it back.

"Why so pale and sad, fair cousin? What's up?" Van Degen asked, as they emerged from the lift in which they had descended alone from the studio.

She answered listlessly: "I don't know —I'm tired of posing. And it was so frightfully hot."

"Yes. Popple always keeps his place at low-neck temperature, as if the portraits might catch cold." Van Degen glanced at his watch. "Where are you off to?"

"West End Avenue, of course—if I can find a cab to take me there."

It was not the least of Undine's grievances that she was still living in the house which represented Mr. Spragg's first real-estate venture in New York. It had been understood, at the time of her marriage, that the young couple were to be established within the sacred precincts of fashion; but on their return from the honeymoon the still untenanted house in West End Avenue had been placed at their disposal, and in view of Mr. Spragg's financial embarrassment even Undine had seen the folly of refusing to inhabit it. That first winter, moreover, her exile had not weighed on her: while she awaited her boy's birth she was glad to be out of sight of Fifth Avenue, and to take her hateful compulsory exercise where no familiar eye could fall on her. And the next year of course her father would give them a better house.

But the next year rents grew formidable in the Fifth Avenue quarter, and meanwhile little Paul Marvell, from his beautiful pink cradle, was already interfering with his mother's plans. Ralph, alarmed by the fresh rush of expenses, sided with his father-in-law in urging Undine to resign herself to West End Avenue; and thus after three years she was still submitting to the incessant pin-pricks inflicted by the incongruity between her social and geographical situation—the need of having to give a west side address to her tradesmen, and the deeper irritation of hearing her friends say: "Do let me give you a lift home, dear—oh, I'd

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forgotten! I'm afraid there isn't time to go so far——"

It was bad enough to have no motor of her own, to be avowedly dependent on "lifts," openly and unconcealably in quest of them, and perpetually plotting to provoke their suggestion (she did so hate to be seen in a cab!); but to miss them, as often as not, because of the remoteness and eccentricity of her destination, gave the last intensity to her sense of being "out of things."

Van Degen looked out at the long snow-piled street, down which the lamps were beginning to put their dreary yellow splashes.

"Of course you won't get a cab on a night like this. I've got the open car, but you'd better turn up your collar and jump in with me. I'll run you out to the High Bridge and give you a breath of air before dinner."

Undine hesitated. The offer was tempting, for her triumph in the studio had left her tired and nervous—she was beginning to learn that success may be as fatiguing as failure. Moreover she was going to a big dinner that evening, and the fresh air would give her the eyes and colour the occasion demanded; but in the back of her mind there lingered the vague sense of a forgotten engagement. As she tried to recall it she felt Van Degen raising the fur collar about her chin.

"Have you got anything you can put over your head? That lace thing? Is it warm enough? Come along, then." He pushed her through the swinging doors, adding with a laugh, as they reached the pavement: "You're not afraid of being seen with me, are you? It's all right at this hour—Ralph's still swinging on a strap in the elevated."

The winter twilight was deliciously cold, and as they swept through Central Park, and gathered impetus for their northward flight along the darkening Boulevard, Undine felt the rush of physical joy that drowns scruples and silences memory. Her scruples, indeed, were not serious; but she was aware that Ralph disliked her being too much with Van Degen, and it was her way to get what she wanted without more "fuss" than could be helped. Moreover, she knew it was a mistake to make herself too accessible to a man of Van Degen's kind: her impatience to enjoy was curbed by an instinct for holding off, for biding her time, that resembled the patient skill with which her father had conducted the sale of his "bad" real estate in the Pure Water Move days. But now and then youth had its way—she could not always resist the present pleasure. And it was amusing, too, to be "talked about" with Peter Van Degen, who was noted for not caring for "nice women." There was irresistible flattery in the thought of triumphing over meretricious charms: it ennobled her in her own eyes to influence such a man for good.

Nevertheless, as the motor flew on through the icy twilight, present cares began once more to overtake her. She could not shake off the thought of the useless fancy-dress which symbolized the other crowding expenses she had not dared confess to her husband. Van Degen caught the sigh on her lips, and bent down, lowering the speed of the motor.

"What's the matter? Isn't everything all right?"

His friendly tone made her suddenly feel that she could confide in him, and though she began by murmuring that it was "nothing" she did so with the conscious purpose of being persuaded to confess. And in the event his extraordinary "niceness" seemed to justify her and to prove, when the deed was done, that she had been right in trusting her instinct rather than in following the counsels of prudence. Heretofore she had never, with Van Degen, gone beyond the vaguest hint of material "bothers"—as to which dissimulation seemed vain while one lived in West End Avenue! But now that the confession of a definite worry had been wrung from her she felt the injustice of the view generally taken of poor Peter. For he had been neither too enterprising nor too cautious (though people said of him that "Peter didn't care to part"); he had just laughed away, in bluff brotherly fashion, the gnawing thought of the fancy dress, had assured her he'd give a ball himself rather than miss seeing her wear it, and had added: "Oh, hang waiting for the bill—won't a couple of thou' cover the whole business?" in a tone that made her feel what a small matter money was

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to any one who took the larger view of life.

The whole incident passed off so easily that within a few minutes she had settled down—under his "Everything jolly again now?"—to untroubled enjoyment of the hour. Peace of mind, she said to herself, was all she needed to make her happy—and that was just what Ralph had never given her! At the thought she seemed to see his face before her, with the sharp lines of care between the eyes: it was almost like a part of his "nagging" that he should thrust himself in at such a moment! She tried to shut her eyes to the face; but a moment later it was replaced by another, a small odd likeness of itself; and suddenly, with a cry of compunction, she started up from her nest of furs.

"Mercy! It's the boy's birthday—I was to take him to his grandmother's at four. She was to have a cake with candles, and Ralph was to come up town for it. I *knew* there was something I'd forgotten!"

(To be continued.)

THE OLD REMAIN

By Madison Cawein

THE old remain, the young are gone.
The farm dreams lonely on the hill:
From early eve to early dawn
A cry goes with the whippoorwill,
"The old remain, the young are gone."

Where run the roads they wander on?
The young, whose hearts romped shouting here;
Whose feet thrilled rapture through this lawn,
Where sadness walks now all the year.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

To what far glory are they drawn?
And do they weary of the quest?
And serve they now a king or pawn
There in the cities of unrest?—
The old remain, the young are gone.

They found the life here gray and wan,
Too kind, too poor, too full of peace;
The great mad world of brain and brawn
Called to their young hearts without cease.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

They left us to our Avalon,
The ancient fields, the house and trees,
Where we at sunset and at dawn
May sit with dreams and memories.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

Dear Heart, draw near and lean upon
My heart, and gaze no more through tears:
We have our love, our work well done,
To help us face the wistful years.—
The old remain, the young are gone.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

GOING abroad is largely a process of getting new points of view; and, generally speaking, the more one gets the better. Not that the traveller's old convictions necessarily suffer by comparison with his new sympathies, but that he no longer regards the former as exclusively reasonable, and therefore, perhaps, more nearly apprehends the many-sided truth of the world than before he set sail. He learns to consider himself at fault if he remains blind. Blind—that is it. A trip abroad opens eyes in all sorts of unexpected and unlikely places, and the universe discloses an amazing variety of new aspects in consequence.

Expatriates

But few of us can read quite all the meanings that are suggested to us on our travels. There is the Expatriate: some of us struggle in vain to get his point of view.

How many of him there are—or, more accurately, how many of her! Multitude always makes for respect, and it seems that there must be something in a cause which so many people support with such assurance. Such nice people, too! Often enough the very cream of our civilization. They breed a double despair in their critics: despair over the loss of them to their country, and despair of convicting them of sin. It is no light matter to bring to the bar of judgment these cultured, thoughtful, sensitive, intelligent persons.

Can it be that the love of country is one of the primitive, narrow emotions, proper to a state of barbarism, but now in gradual process of evolving away? Thus the critic takes counsel with his own heart, trying to bring himself to the bar instead of the charming American-Roman lady with whom he has just been talking. We are all of us citizens of the world nowadays; our national and individual efforts are all toward unity, tolerance, mutual concession; we are breaking down state barriers as fast as we can. Perhaps it logically follows that, as we cease to consider the claim of one country as *per se* paramount to all others, so its supreme importance must suffer in our hearts as well as in our minds, and we must hold ourselves free to distribute our local affection or to bestow it arbitrarily.

The charming American-Roman lady had smiled when the critic had ventured to question her on the matter of homesickness.

"Wait," she had answered. "You probably haven't been over here quite long enough yet to understand. Of course, you are not going home this summer; and may we not hope to have you with us in Rome another winter?"

The critic had not been so barbarous as to utter aloud the "Not on your life!" with which his mind had echoed; but he had said very promptly and firmly:

"On the contrary, I expect to sail week after next."

The lady had shaken her head then, still smiling, and had given an almost imperceptible shrug of her dainty shoulders; and the critic had come away, feeling crude but unconvinced.

For six months he had revelled in Italy, giving himself over heart and soul to the spell of that magical land. He had dreamed under stone pines and cypresses, studied the august significance of ruins, climbed the steep, picturesque streets of hill towns, worshipped in silent churches, held his breath before pictures and statues that thrilled him with the present touch of eternity. In particular, he had so steeped himself in the atmosphere of Rome that he seemed a humble part of the grand old city. He could almost defy any one to love Rome better than he. He had had a wonderful winter, not only renewing his life, but increasing it; and he could never be grateful enough for the experience.

And yet there had never been a day of the six months when his heart had not leaped at the mention of a west-bound steamer, and he had frequently caught himself counting the weeks till his own homeward sailing in the spring. He had been at a loss to account for this emotion—he was so truly and deeply enjoying his Italian sojourn; but there was no denying it, it was as inevitable as the response of the ear to a strain of music. Home! home! That could always claim him, even in the midst of the Roman Campagna, most beautiful spot on earth. As the spring came on, he had grown restless, definitely ill at ease. There was a vital lack somewhere in his environment. What was it? Not beauty,

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charm, inspiration, significance, material for thought; not life, abounding life—but hold! Was he perfectly sure of that last item in his catalogue? Life was the very thing which he had seemed to be obtaining most securely from his trip abroad; and yet, when he scrutinized it, he lost his hold upon it.

Life—whose life? Why, here in Rome, Julius Cæsar's and Marcus Aurelius's and Hildebrand's. Garibaldi's, and Cavour's, and Victor Emmanuel's. Glorious lives, every one of them, noble, inspiring. The traveller had held his little cup to their abounding fountain, and they had filled it generously. What was the matter, then? Why was he not contentedly grateful for the priceless gift? Because the laws of nature demand that a cup which is full shall overflow, because the very condition of fulness is overflowing. Life is no such simple affair that Marcus Aurelius can bestow it on any one. He could save it in the old days, and he can still renew it; but the action which makes it living indeed is beyond his control. Nor yet is action enough to achieve the fulness of life; there must be a profound reaction among many people, giving and taking together, before a convincing result can ensue.

DO the expatriates give? If they do, the argument against them loses one of its strongest points. Do they contribute vitally to the life of Italy, or France, or England? How can they do so? Giving implies a simultaneous possession of a certain good on the one hand, and on the other a need for that same good; and people of the expatriate type carry coals to Newcastle. The things which they have to give are precisely the things which Europe has given them: a feeling for beauty, a historic sense, an appreciation of the finer, more spiritual aspects of life. If some of their practical, energetic, stay-at-home brothers should come and apply their keen wits to the solution of Europe's material problems, there might be a real contribution. But practical brothers are those who find "New York good enough for them," and who speedily pine and languish in the nonchalant atmosphere of Italy. The racial difference tells, too; it is a real barrier. Few people can so identify themselves with the interests of a foreign country that they can serve them from the inside. The hue of tradition must be dyed in the wool.

New Dreams for Old Memories

No, it hardly seems likely that American expatriates will contribute profoundly to the civilizations of Phidias and Michael Angelo. Even if giving were their concern, they have nothing to give. But giving is not their concern. They live in Europe because they like it, because their money goes farther there, because life is easier, not because they have found a field for usefulness. With all their charms and graces, they are rather a selfish lot.

How useful they might be at home! It is the realization of this possibility that stirs the hearts of their observers. Almost more useful than any other class of American citizen. For America's great need is precisely for the good which the expatriate carries so securely in his little cup. Beauty and fineness and leisure, thought, gentleness, patience, æsthetic standards—the lack of these things cries out from all branches of our young civilization. We have had enough of commercial success, of material luxury, of the hard wresting of dollars from one another. The exciting but fruitless game palls at last; we should like to turn our attention to something more enduringly worth while. But how can we do this unless we are taught? And who will teach us when those who know turn their backs on us and go over-seas?

In spite of all efforts to understand, in spite of all concessions, the irrepressible verdict is against the expatriates. Nor do they mend matters by the plea of humility: "I do not flatter myself that America loses anything in me." For such a confession really implies humiliation rather than humility. What is a man doing with his life that he should hold it worthless? Nothing, of course; and that is a trade of which a person may well think twice before he boasts.

Perhaps the expatriate honestly thinks that unless he can do something great and telling in the cause of sweetness and light, his influence will count for little. But that is uncommonly stupid in him; for, better than most people, he ought to know that this particular cause depends more on little things than on great, prospers best in obscurity and unconsciousness. What we need is not so much writers and speakers to urge beauty upon us, as beautiful, common lives, shaping themselves in serenity among us. The force of example is incalculable; and the leaven of thought works insidious, silent transformations.

It is hard to see how any one can fail to

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feel the allurement of the unparalleled opportunity which America offers to dreams. New dreams instead of old memories. Is it not more interesting to create an atmosphere for the former than to accept the ready-made atmosphere of the latter? Yes, even when the memories are precious beyond price.

The present writer was wandering lately through the gray and thought-hushed streets of Assisi. Up and down, in and out, everywhere the footsteps of Saint Francis led me, and his gentle spirit brooded over every nook and corner of his little town. I found it very good to be there, where I seemed to meet him at every turn; and I was inclined to envy the citizens of Assisi who have the privilege of living in such a holy atmosphere, in such security of peace. It was largely with the desire of talking to one of them that I entered a little embroidery shop. But the woman who waited on me did not look as happy about her unquestioned serenity as I had expected. The eyes underneath her clear, childlike forehead were wistful, and her sweet mouth had a plaintive turn. She greeted me pleasantly, eagerly, but she had little to say for herself as I dallied among her quaint cross-stitch bags and table-covers. The hush of the little gray town had evidently invaded her spirit. It was only when she perceived that my admiration for her wares was outrunning the present resources of my pocket-book that she ventured a statement to the effect that she sometimes filled orders from England.

"Oh," I replied, with that instant warmth of denial which always amuses me when I am taken for an Englishwoman (as a matter of fact I like the English exceedingly), "but I am an American!"

"An American!"

It is hard to convey the intensity of interest and wonder which informed this exclamation, and which lighted the wistful eyes, making them more wistful than ever. Nor is it possible to describe the tone in which, after a short pause, the woman said, "Beata Lei!" She murmured the words half under her breath, speaking as much to herself as to me, and her look was wide and remote. She seemed to be seeing visions in me and through me, and to be hailing something which I did not apprehend. I shall never forget her expression, nor ever cease pondering upon it.

"Beata Lei!" In our day and country we might translate that "Lucky you!" But of course "beata" means more than lucky, especially from the lips of a Franciscan. It can mean so much that America, hearing it, must bow her head, thrilled with breathless humility. The tide of life has receded from the little gray town on the side of the hill. It ebbed with the passing of those dear holy ones who, seven hundred years ago, filled the whole Umbrian region so brimming full that its waters of refreshment spread far and wide. Assisi's mission is now one of passivity, of guarding memories for the sake of pilgrims. Life can be carried on only in terms of the current age; and the current age turned loose in Assisi would make short work of the footprints of Saint Francis. Therefore there is nothing for it but that Assisi shall forego its right to share the enterprise of the twentieth century, and shall devote itself to cherishing the memory of the thirteenth. The attitude is profoundly moving. But noble conduct does not always make for cheerfulness, though it does always make for peace; and the pensiveness of the little town is inevitable. No wonder it catches its breath with wistful admiration when it hears of a country where the tide is climbing fast, where every effort is toward the future, where the present is quick and active, where no dreams are finished but all may be coming true!

"Beata Lei!" Ah, truly we might be blessed among nations if we only would. The hope of Saint Francis, the dream of the church, the ecstatic vision of Saint Catherine, all the old desire of the striving world might approach fulfilment with us if we cared to have it so. But we need the help each one of the other. Let our expatriates come back and cast in their lot with us, and we shall see if the home of beauty and of holiness be over-seas.

"Beata Lei!" It rings in my ears with far more of urgency than of congratulation. We must make it good, must we not? The old world has dreamed and striven, achieving much but also failing largely. Now it is our turn. The dreams are there, the same Christ vision which no age has ever realized, but to which it is the world's great business constantly to approximate. The torch of life is in our hands. Why should we not run farther with it than any nation has run before? But we must all run together.

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THE FIELD OF ART

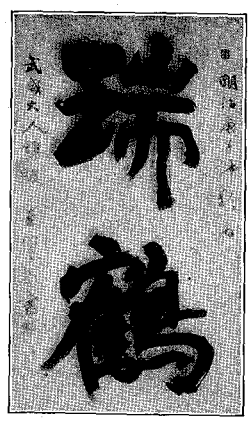
THE ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF JAPANESE PAINTING

Hissei Ryo no gotoku.

(The brush-stroke's strength is that of a dragon.)

THE essential ideas or cardinal points underlying Japanese art are the strength of the brush-stroke, the play of the black color, the sentiment of the thing depicted, the spiritual manifestation.

This is, of course, a very incomplete statement, however, for the bare enumeration of such fundamental art principles leaves untouched a great deal that is important in connection with the subject. Though fundamentally correct, it fails to state sufficiently the distinctive features of Japanese painting. We must begin any real consideration of Japanese art by going back to the earlier Chinese art of writing.



A specimen of Chinese writing by the late Emperor's scribe.

Chinese characters long preceded the art of painting, and they have always been a special cult with the learned of that country. Two thousand years ago the secret of manufacturing proper brushes, a suitable pigment, and a special kind of paper had been discovered there, and an elaborate system of writing devised. This included the ancient forms called *ko mon;* the seal characters, or *ten sho* (*sho* meaning writing); the formal fashioning, *rei sho;* the flowing graceful manner, *so sho;* a rapid style called *gyo sho;* and the standard *kai sho.* The Chinese believe and claim that all their characters and ideographs had a divine origin; hence the art of skilfully writing them has always commanded their greatest reverence. These wonderful and ingenious symbols perfected into an elaborate and complicated system were written according to a code rigorously insisted upon.

The earliest characters (*ko mon*) being pictorial, crudely represented objects; the seal characters (*ten*) were supposed to resemble the ravaging tracks of the book-worm; the *rei* forms recalled the sentiment of carvings on metal or stone; the *so* suggested grass-fashioned characters; *gyo* approached a running hand; and the *kai* was the standard manner more or less acquired by all. To reproduce these different styles a sentiment in the writer corresponding to the nature of the characters executed and invoked at the time of writing was considered requisite. Thus, in the seal characters the brush must move with the deliberation of a boring insect devouring a leaf; in the *rei sho* style the writer must feel the brush to be a graving tool and what he writes to be engraved on stone or metal (this difficult manner is practised by some professional writers almost to the exclusion or neglect of other styles); in the grass characters the feeling or sentiment accompanying the brush-stroke must be easy, gentle, curving, and flowing; and so on for the other styles mentioned. The late distinguished Iwaya Ichi Roku was a master of all styles.

The characters when written are invested with living strength or vital force. To that end the brush-stroke is executed according to fixed rules, and the flow and color of the ink are also the subject of regulation. There is a rule determining the order of the strokes composing the characters, some of which have a score and over of lines, each line having its proper place as well as fixed sequence in which it must be written; this aids much in investing the stroke with the brush strength insisted upon.

It is difficult for us to appreciate the great importance the Chinese have always attached to their writing art; they have fairly worshipped those who were most proficient therein. Ogishi, the greatest of the Chi-

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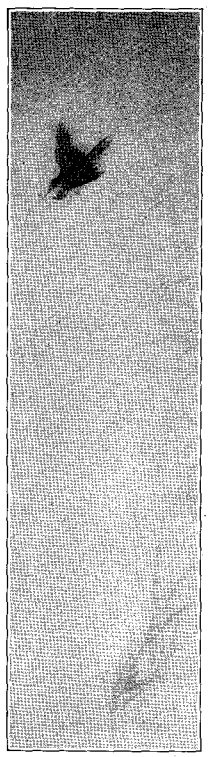
nese professionals, was said to transfer such force, such energy and vigor into the characters he wrote that they were believed to be endowed with life. Again, so thoroughly is the writer's nature reflected in his characters through the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of his brush-stroke, the color of the pigment, and other indicia that the Chinese decline to possess the writings of a thus disclosed unworthy man.

When painting came into existence in China the principles governing the manipulation of the brush and the strength of its stroke, so essential in writing, were naturally adopted, made applicable to and became characteristic of the painting art. As the lines composing the characters were written in a fixed and regular order, so now the component lines of painted objects were similarly executed. Even the forms of the written symbols were invoked by the artist to produce pictorial effects. Thus, the disposition of the leaves on the drooping branches of the summer willow-tree is happily recalled in the stroke form of the Chinese character *hitsu*, meaning "positively"; another character meaning "the heart" is similarly suggestive for painting the flowers of the orchid plant. Many illustrations of this interesting principle applied to flowers, trees, rocks, etc., might be given.



A bird flying. By Bairei.

The ink pigment used in writing was, like the writing-brush and its technique, employed at the very beginning of painting, and every canon governing its uses in the writing art equally applied in the painting of pictures. And to the artist's use of the ink without other color, when art first originated in China, is doubtless to be attributed the preference of the connoisseur for what the Chinese call *boku gwa*, or ink painting, the accepted name for which in Japanese is *sumi e*.

From the dependence of the art of painting upon the earlier art of writing it can be understood that the art worth of a Chinese painting has always been judged and determined by applying to it those fundamental rules which govern Chinese writing.

The art of Chinese painting was elaborated by introducing various formulas of Chinese philosophy, such as the male and female principle, or contrast, called *In Yo;* the law of heaven, earth, and man, or *ten chi jin*, which applied to composition. Rules were devised also for ledges and ridges, and a system of dots was introduced for shrubbery, trees, near and distant effects, etc.

When colors came to be used there were invented eight distinctive ways of applying them. Many Eastern artists use colors sparingly, and others do not use them at all; the most critical art connoisseurs prefer the uncolored painting, because the ink picture discloses more successfully that which is individual and subtle in the work.

The arts of writing and painting were brought to Japan from China fifteen hundred years ago and with them were introduced all the foregoing essential ideas and characteristic principles.

In time there developed in Japan special schools of painting differing in methods of composition and execution as well as in the selection of subjects, but retaining the above four fundamental principles. Thus we have the Buddhist school of Kaneoka, with its religious scenes and saints; the Tosa school, whose subjects are preferably court scenes and court nobles, colors being used freely; the Kano school, devoted to Chinese scenery and Chinese sages, with color employed sparingly; the Okyo school, whose subjects are birds, flowers, and landscapes painted with or without colors; and the well-known Ukiyo E school.

In a Kano landscape the exact form of objects is of small importance compared with the sentiment the artist aims to suggest, like, for instance, the cheerful aspect of a spring shower, the drowsiness of a summer afternoon, the loneliness of snow scenery, or the violence of a winter gale. Such sentiment, called *kokoromochi*, the Kano artist secures by subordinating in his picture the forms of trees, people, or animals to the expression of the whole scene, and he does this by

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feeling the nature of what he depicts and conveying it into his work through the magic of the brush-stroke, through the skilful way in which the pigment is applied with its contrasts of light and shade, sheen and shimmer, and through the manner in which the ink is made to flow and float in translucent waves over the surface.

Okyo, after a thorough apprenticeship in the Kano school, concluded that better results were achieved through more realism and less idealism, and instead of studying nature from the impressionistic or æsthetic side, he and his followers carefully sketched and accurately reproduced birds, flowers, etc. The Okyo school of landscape painting, while superior in perspective, lacks that largeness of treatment and charming sentiment of revery found in the work of the old painters of China and the Kano painters in Japan.

An original painting of a badger made for the author by Nochizuki Kimpo, the greatest living Japanese painter of furred animals.

A Japanese painting not only impresses us with its vital brush force, invigorating what it touches and suggesting the very nature of the thing depicted: it also reflects the spirit of the artist at the time he executes it; so that such painting if done for money or other compensation or from sordid motives is thought to disclose this blemish in the character of the brush-stroke, the color of the ink, and the manner in which the subject is presented, and the painting loses much of its æsthetic value. There is no imagination about this: it is a canon of art and a conviction as well among all Oriental painters. The great artists of Japan rarely sold their paintings, and those who did were given a special name to distinguish them. Many of the greatest artists were Buddhist priests who, cultivating the highest ideals, lived in monasteries or were nominally attached to the households of daimyos or other dignitaries; or they were military retainers of the Samurai class. Having all their material needs provided, they painted from a pure love of art, at their leisure, and only when the spirit moved them.

The use of the black pigment, or ink, is a distinguishing feature in all Japanese painting, in which, as in Chinese painting, it is always employed whether other colors be additionally introduced or not. The best brush effects are secured with it.

The secret of the manufacture of the fine Chinese ink-sticks or cakes of the Ming period is lost, but an excellent substitute therefor is made in Japan, compounded of the soot of certain plants, with deer-horn glue and other ingredients. The same piece of Chinese or Japanese ink moistened and rubbed upon the stone to yield the black pigment will differ in intensity of tone according to the strength and manner of the person producing it. The best results are obtained when a young girl prepares the ink, her strength and skill being considered exactly requisite. And it is a singular fact that this same ink applied upon paper or silk will differ fundamentally in color, in light and shade, in contrasts, in flow, and in spread, according to the differing skill of each artist using it.

In painting on Chinese paper the brush, charged and nicely balanced with water and ink, must be applied rapidly and dexterously, because of the quick response of that material. Thus the artist produces those marvellous effects of sunlight and shade characteristic of good ink paintings and termed *boku shoku*. This means literally the color of the ink, but it refers to its striking contrasts, to produce which is an art of supreme difficulty. The manner in which the ink is brushed in is so personal to the artist that a trained eye will detect spurious work

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attributed to him wholly by the way the ink has been laid on or applied. Just as in writing Chinese characters, so in painting the artist discloses himself in his work—such latent, subtle, potent qualities inhere in the color of the ink and the character of the brush-stroke. In this connection it may be of interest to add that Japanese augurs will undertake to answer all questions put by any one who will first make for their inspection a single stroke of the brush charged with the black pigment.

To outline briefly the peculiar methods of the Japanese artist: he uses neither oils, canvas, card-board, nor Whatman paper, but employs, instead, painting-silk or absorbent paper, with ink applied with a well-watered brush, with or without other colors. There is a fixed sequence in the strokes of his painted objects and an established order in which these objects are introduced into the composition. The artist rarely outlines: he prefers to paint without defining boundaries; this charming manner is known as *bokketsu*. He paints upon the matting floor seated on his heels; he makes no tentative strokes—he knows in advance what is needed and paints from a well-stored and trained memory; he never retouches—a stroke once made can neither be recalled nor concealed; he paints with the greatest freedom of the arm, with the brush held perpendicularly, and with a stroke vigor "like the movements of a dragon," and he invests each stroke with a sentiment corresponding to the very nature of the thing painted. Nor must he hesitate or delay in the act, else the psychological moment would be gone. He never sketches casts or living models, and Buddhist influence has always prohibited the nude in art. In painting robes or other garments there are eighteen different ways of executing the lines thereof. In sketching from nature he interprets it not photographically but æsthetically and omits unessential details. He paints no shadows nor conceals in chiaro-oscuro anything he paints. Finally, he seeks for repose or freedom from all care as the ideal condition under which to pursue his art.

Nor can it be insisted upon too strongly that the chief charm of a Japanese painting lies in the inspired strength and character of the brush-stroke, which conveys a deep if unsyllabled sentiment, not only corresponding with the emotions of the artist when producing the work, but also enabling us to see with his eyes and feel with his soul. Through the magic of such stroke is reproduced the very nature of the thing represented—the hardness of stone, the mirrored reflections of silk, the fierceness of the tiger's eye and the cruel curving of his claw, the overpowering force of the ocean waves, the grace of budding flowers, the rapid flight of birds, the contained vigor of the falcon's beak, the cataract with its roar. And how is this attained? Through the artist's training, by virtue of which he is made to feel at the moment he paints the nature of what he depicts. A student of Japanese art at every stage of his work is admonished to observe this leading principle, technically called *sei do*, or living movement.

How can such essential ideas and methods of Japanese art be successfully transplanted into or influence Western painting? They are so clearly the ideals, ways of thinking and doing identified with the national life, habits, and sentiment of the East, having little or nothing in common with the West, that, if introduced into or combined with our art, the results would be undesirable and unfortunate.

Japanese painting would seem to have no more in common with Western art ideas, methods, and teachings than the Japanese language has in common with Aryan tongues. Perhaps Western art might borrow from the artists somewhat of the style of Japanese composition—that is, their way of presenting a subject—but nothing beyond this.

It is said that Whistler as a painter was influenced by Japanese art. In some of his landscapes the composition may have been suggested by Hiroshige prints which he imitated, but that hardly justifies the statement that Whistler as a painter was influenced by the essential principles of the art of Japan.

Some of our artistic posters, decoration schemes, and book covers are in the manner of Ukiyo E prints; but Japanese prints have few of the essential characteristics of the highest Japanese art, and they are not considered by Japanese artists to be at all characteristic of Japanese painting.

HENRY P. BOWIE.

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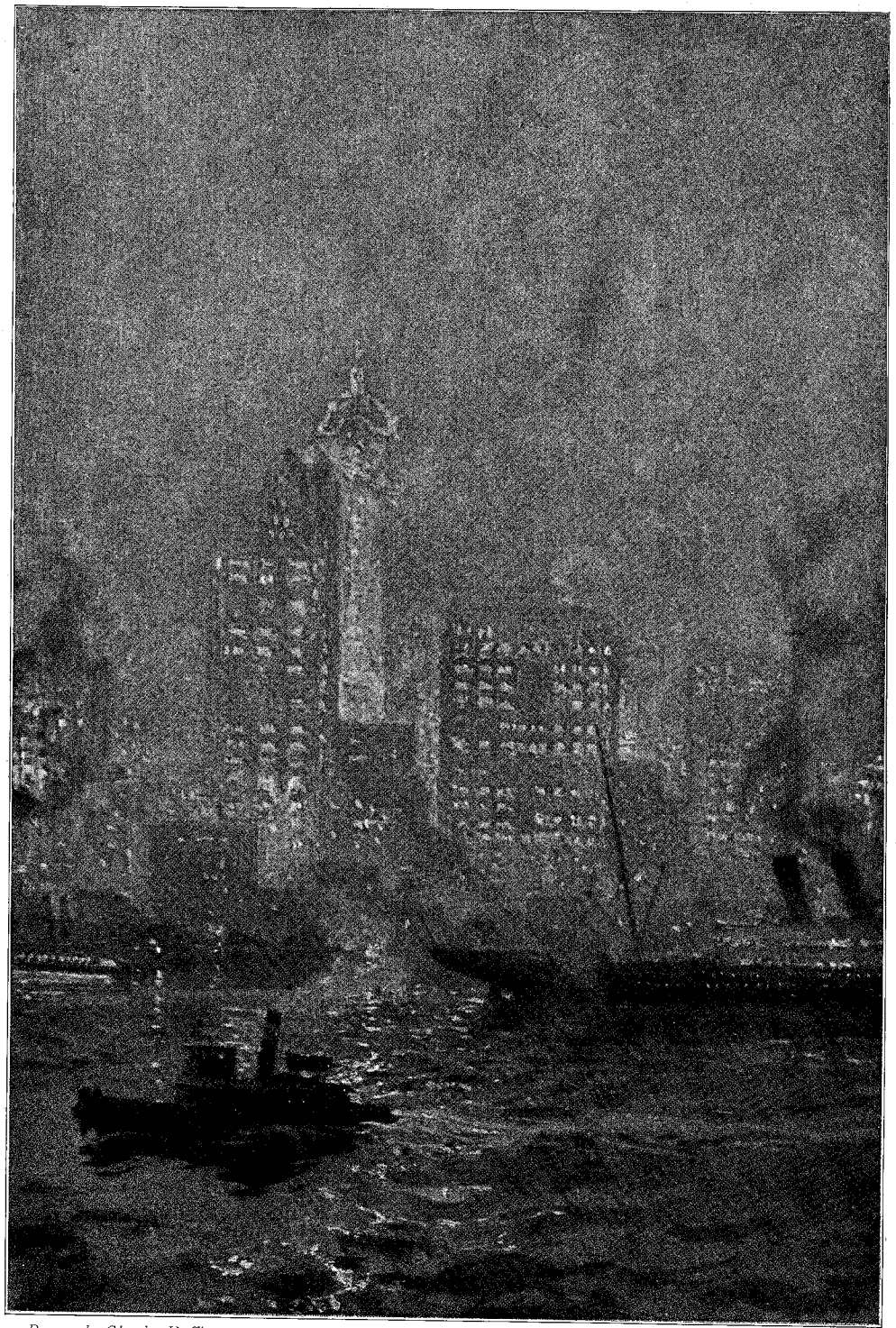

Drawn by Charles Hoffbauer.

THE SHADOWY CITY LOOMS.

—Page 467.

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